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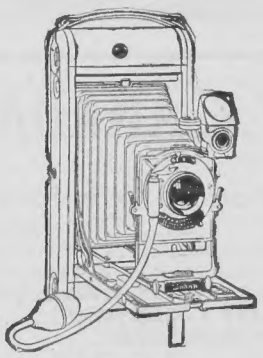

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Calgary "The House of Quality" Alberta

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A Chat with our Readers

MARCH usually brings a little warmer weather and for the first time for perhaps four or five months you will have the opportunity of calling on some of your neighbors and try to get them interested in our special club scheme. $1 a year, is in all conscience, a very reasonable price for a magazine so full of "meat" as the Western Home Monthly, but we accept three subscriptions for $2 while $2.50 will suffice to carry it every month for a year to four separate addresses. Many of our subscribers year after year, send us in subscriptions for their relatives or friends in the Old Country. The subscription price of the Western Home Monthly to England is the same as it is to Canada and so your club can include as many addresses as you like of friends in the Motherland.

If you will turn to another page of this issue particulars will be found of an entirely new premium which bids to become mighty popular among the young folks. There are all kinds of dolls but perhaps we may be pardoned for thinking that our dolls are a wee bit better than the rest. One new subscription will bring you three dolls—one whopper, 27 inches high, and two smaller ones—and if you are yourself past the age of dollies we venture to say that you know of some little mother's darling who would just love to receive such a gift. Here is your opportunity to be philanthropic and beloved at a cost of only one subscription which is surely a mighty small sum to pay to receive the hearty thanks and sincere love which only a child can bestow.

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Wawanesa, Man., Jan. 28, 1913.

Dear Sir:—It gives me great pleasure, to congratulate you on your magnificent magazine. I cannot say that I have ever before taken to a paper as I have to the Western Home Monthly.

Wishing it a continued success and good luck to the Editor, I will close my short letter, Arthur Abbiss.

Chatham, Ont., Jan. 25, 1913.

Dear Sir:—If we would all write and tell you how much we like your paper, you would have more letters than you have room for. "Like" is a slim word but in this case it means a good deal.

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Mrs. Geo. Lockhurst.

North Edmonton, Alta.

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W. Edward Sayers.

The Lighthouse Lamp

When at night I draw the curtains,
and look out upon the sea,
I watch the yellow lighthouse lamp
flash out, 'One, two and three;'
Calling, 'Here are reefs to wreck you!'
and 'Good sailorman, take care!
An island here with rocky shores, be-
ware, sea-folk, beware!
'Tis I, the lonely lighthouse lamp, that
calls you on the deep.
I glow when fog is thick and cold,
when daylight is asleep.
Watch close! Ride sure! Take heart
again! Keep safely out to sea!
I send my warning out to you, my
friendly warning out to you,
I flash, "One, two and three."'

When morning comes to wake me, and
I look across the bay,
The lighthouse lamp is fast asleep, all
in the light of day.
The tall, white tower is holding it. It
keeps it safely high.
The gray gulls circle round it, and
'We bring you dreams!' they cry.
'Dreams of the high, white stars at
night, dreams of the rocking sea,
Dreams of the ships that listen when
you call, "One, two and three!"
And more than all of these again, are
dreams to fill your sleep,
Of all the homes of sailormen, the wait-
ing homes of sailormen,
Whose happiness you keep.'
—Miriam Clark Potter, in the 'Youth's Companion.'

The Cost to Canada

The amount actually paid for drink by consumers, has been shown on a conservative basis to be at least $81,392,969. This is total loss. It may be said that it is spent for articles of consumption, just as in the case of other beverages. There is this difference,—that in this case the purchased commodities immediately disappear, without giving any benefit to the consumers. Science and experience have demonstrated the invariable uselessness, and the very frequent injury, of drinking practices. The money is paid for a product of investment and labor which product is immediately totally destroyed, just as if a house or crop were burned, or destroyed by an earthquake. The community is poorer by the value of the property that has disappeared, that is, what is received for the money unwisely paid for it.

The loss to the country through the idleness of men who are kept from work through their own drinking or the drinking of others, has been shown to be at least $66,017,429.

Not fewer than 5,445 citizens have their lives cut short every year because of intemperance. Nearly all of these, if they had lived, would have been a part of the work-producing power of the country. It has been shown that a worker is worth at least $500 to the community, and if the average shortening of the lives of the four thousand be taken at ten years each, our country is impoverished every year through drink-caused deaths to the amount of $27,225,000.

These amounts have to be added as total loss to the amount paid for drink. Had the idleness and death not taken place, all the wealth production set out would have been added to the country's wealth production, and the country as a whole and some individual citizens are poorer to the extent set out.

It has been shown that the destruction in the manufacture of liquor of grain that might have been exported or otherwise used for the enrichment of the country, involves a national loss of $4,000,000.

This, however, is a loss of a different character. It is paid for out of the money spent for strong drink, and therefore cannot be added to the aggregate national impoverishment twice. The same is true of the item representing misdirected labor, which also has been paid for by the liquor purchasers.

It is true in a sense that both the grain and the labor, if not employed in liquor-making, would have been represented by some surplus form of products which would have been available for export, and resulted in the bringing into this country of other wealth in exchange or money to represent it; but this more desirable exchange would not have altered the position of the producers, who are already paid for their product by the purchasers of the liquor. We cannot add these items unto our total bill of loss.

It is altogether different with the next item in our calculations. As a result of the drinking of the liquor for which the purchasers paid, the taxpayers were called upon to pay over large amounts for police courts, jails, and the like. It has been shown that this expenditure amounts to at least $7,087,285.

This is only a part of the expenditure for this purpose. It is the part contributed in taxes. Outside of this, individual citizens are continually paying large sums voluntarily towards hospitals, homes, and other institutions, which they would not have to pay, were it not for the liquor traffic. The amount herein set out is only the amount which the people are compelled to contribute.

It is clear, then, that really the only salvage from the money paid by the liquor purchasers is the amount which is taken out as revenue by the government authorities, and which they would have to collect from the people in some other way, if they had not collected it from them as part of the price of the liquor.

Putting the various foregoing expenditures in the form of a table, and setting out against it the total revenue which the liquor traffic contributes in every way to meet this vast expenditure, we obtain the following results:

Cost of the Liquor Traffic

Paid for liquor	$81,392,969
Labor lost	66,017,429
Loss by deaths	27,225,000
Cost of intemperance	7,087,285
	$181,722,683

Receipts from the Liquor Traffic

Aggregate of Dominion Provincial and Municipal Revenues	$19,342,924
NET LOSS	162,379,759
	$181,722,683

Readers who have carefully studied the foregoing calculations will admit their moderation. The charges against the liquor traffic have been as small as could be justified by any fair argument, and in the amount counted as paid by consumers no allowance has been made for the great extent to which liquors have been diluted by vendors, and sold below their full strength. The expense to which the country is put by the liquor traffic is very much greater on the whole than what is represented by the public outlay and loss which the foregoing table sets out. It is well within the mark to say that the liquor habit costs our country much more than $180,000,000 per year.—The Pioneer.

Mother's Darling

In the Making

A member of the British Parliament is reported to have said that in the mass of legislation for consideration he had learned to apply in most cases the test of this question: "What will it do for the children?"

The action of Congress in establishing a Bureau for Child Welfare, of which Miss Julia Lathrop, of Hull House, Chicago, has been appointed the first chief, has finally given official national recognition to the value of child life, its importance to the nation, its silent appeal for well-being registered in the pathos and helplessness of the thousands who are the victims of domestic and social conditions involving health, efficiency and morality. In the growth of the higher estimate of human life which has gradually manifested itself during the past century, and which underlies our peace and other humanitarian movements, the child has come to hold a place of increasing importance in all work for physical, mental and moral development, not only for his own sake, but because of his potentialities as a citizen and as a bearer of the life of the race.

Thus about the child to-day is waging the battle of forces contending for good and for evil. If, on the one hand, numberless agencies such as the world has never before seen, are at work to build up a sturdy manhood and womanhood, on the other hand are forces organized or inherent in the conditions of the times openly assailing the weakness of youth or subtly undermining its slender defences.

The alcohol problem, like that of social purity, is pre-eminently a problem of youth. Limited investigations have confirmed the general impression that the alcohol-using habit is begun, in the majority of cases, before the age of twenty-one. If youth can be pre-empted for sobriety, the battle will be largely won.

All studies of heredity have shown the frequent coincidence of physical or mental weakness in children of alcoholic parentage. The last report of Craig Colony for Epileptics (1911) shows that of 272 new patients admitted 19 per cent. had at least one drinking parent. The same percentage of alcoholic parentage appears in the autopsy records of 320 epileptic parents.

The parent's drinking habit may not only start the child in life with a physical handicap, but it may contribute to infant mortality through lack of proper nourishment or care; it may create an environment unfavorable to the best physical and moral development. The Chicago Juvenile Protective Association in the first six months of 1910 dealt with 1,379 cases of adult delinquency which had drunkenness as their prime causal factor. The Committee of Fifty concluded that about 45 per cent of the destitution and neglect of children was due to drink. Divorce statistics show that in nineteen years ending 1906 there were in the United States 184,000 homes broken by divorce in which drink was one cause of the divorce. Intemperance was present in about one divorce case in every five.

The report of the Chicago Vice Commission points out the heartrending part which the use and sale of alcoholic drinks play in the social corruption of youth.

If there were no other reason for combatting the alcohol evil than the spoliation of youth with all that it portends to national and human welfare, this would be reason enough. Any custom must stand or fall by the test —does it tend to improve the health, vigor, efficiency and morality of the race? Brought to this test, alcohol has no place in twentieth century social customs or economics. And just here is the ultimate reason for all efforts for the overthrow of the alcohol habit and traffic. — The Scientific Temperance Journal.

A Useful Gauge.—At a meeting of a certain parish council in a southern district a discussion took place upon the proposed cutting down of some small trees. Opinions so greatly differed as to the size of the timber that, whilst some of the speakers contended that it consisted merely of brushwood, or saplings at the most, there were others who asserted that even full-grown trees were standing on the spot in question. At length one member, of particularly portly build said—"I'd like to ask the surveyer what is the average diameter of the bushes, saplings, or trees in question?" "I should say," was the reply, "that it would not in any case be more than eight inches." "Just as I thought!" urged the querying member. "There isn't one of them as thick as my head!"

Wretched from Asthma.—Strength of body and vigor of mind are inevitably impaired by the visitations of asthma. Who can live under the cloud of recurring attacks and keep body and mind at their full efficiency? Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy dissipates the cloud by removing the cause. It does relieve. It does restore the sufferer to normal bodily trim and mental happiness.

YOU CAN'T BUY "JUST AS GOOD" AS

RICH STRONG FRAGRANT

You will realize this when you commence using it. Buy a packet and if you are not entirely satisfied with it your money will be promptly refunded by your grocer.

BLUE RIBBON LIMITED **WINNIPEG**

FIVE ROSES FLOUR

"Not Bleached--- Not Blended."

The Mills Behind the Name

"FIVE ROSES FLOUR"

are the largest, best equipped and most sanitary flour mills in the British Empire

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The discriminating housewife---on whose table is always found the best bread, the most tempting pastry---always uses Five Roses Flour, because she finds it 'always good and good all ways.'

FIVE ROSES

A test is proof.

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LIMITED

L118

NO BURNED BREAD

NO SCORCHED BISCUITS

No need to apologize to family or guest when **MOONEY** does it. **MOONEY'S BISCUITS** are always right---every biscuit inspected before it is packed--and they are as fresh as the product of your own oven.

MOONEY'S

PERFECTION

SODA BISCUITS

are the great favorites for every day use.

They are made in the big sanitary factory in Winnipeg and come to you in air-tight packages or in sealed tins as you prefer.

"LET MOONEY DO IT"

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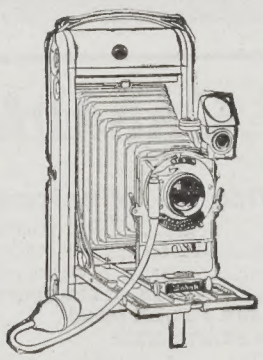

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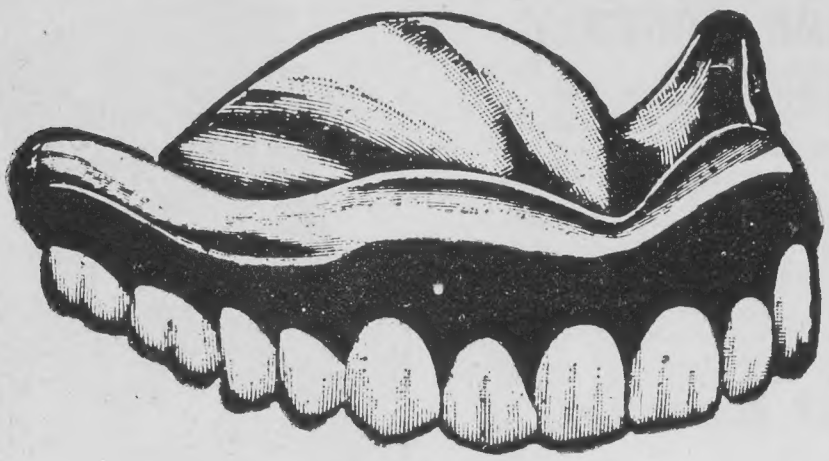
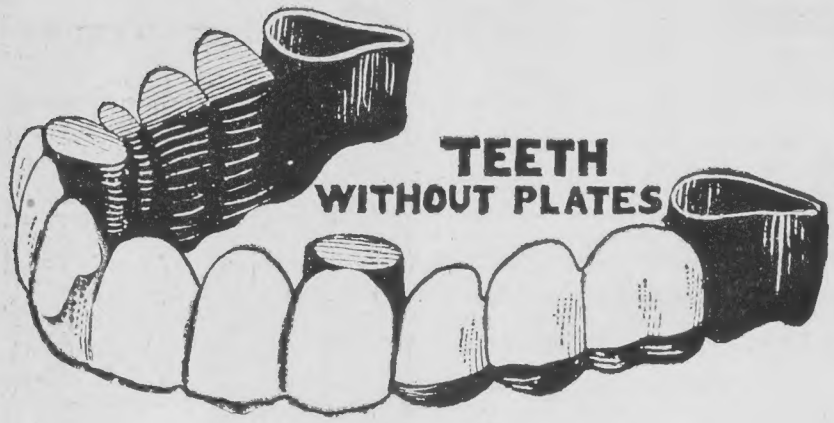


The Old Way



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Specialists for all Branches of Dentistry

Old and broken down roots treated and built up and made as useful as your natural teeth. Missing teeth supplied with or without a plate. A guarantee given with work. No more expense to you to have the work done again because it must be done properly in the beginning to be guaranteed. Estimates given and samples of the various forms of work shown, and all without cost to you.

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STAND FOR QUALITY & SATISFACTION

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Concessions

Recently a British Columbia commission was appointed to recommend provincial action with regard to our old friends, the Doukhobors. One recommendation stands out clearly above all the rest, viz., that all incoming settlers must understand that henceforth they are expected to fall in with the ways of the country, for no special privileges will be granted them. This should apply all the way round. What right have a few people, in the infancy of a great province, to ask for a concession in the name of religion or nationality, such concession to apply to their own following for all time? It is as unpatriotic as it is unjust. There should never be any concessions of this kind. Special privilege is always dangerous. Any man who seizes this fundamental idea can hardly fail to become a good citizen. If he fails to recognize it, he is likely to prove dangerous to the social organism. Special privilege in trade and commerce is bad enough, but it is unutterably bad when extended in the name of religion or race.

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REDISTRIBUTION

The making of the country's laws is entrusted to the representatives of the people in Parliament. Parliament should fairly represent all the people—every district, and every important opinion. Towards this end two things are necessary: redistribution, and proportional representation.

As it now stands, Western Canada should have twenty-five additional members at Ottawa. Unless a redistribution measure is brought down and acted upon at the present session, the newer and better Canada will be unjustly treated for another year, and perhaps for two or even three years. If an appeal is made to the country before a redistribution is made, it is possible that we may have another census taken before anything is done. This is absolutely unfair and yet it is only a sample of treatment that has become altogether too common. If the Western Provinces are in Confederation they should have the same rights as others. They demand nothing more than equality of opportunity, and this they are determined to have. Every act of unfairness on the part of the provinces who now hold the majority vote will create an unfriendliness and even a bitterness that years will not remove, and will make impossible that feeling of unity which is the condition of all permanent prosperity.

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A QUINQUENNIAL CENSUS

With our country developing so rapidly, it is only fair that a census should be taken every five years. This is necessary, not only in order to ensure a fair representation in Parliament, but to protect the country from what might be termed libel. Canada has always more than the census shows. More than that, the census would be far more accurate if taken every five years. As it is now, a new set of men have to be broken in every ten years. Under a five-year system many of the workers would belong to a permanent staff. The mistakes made in Western Canada during the last taking of the census indicate the necessity for employing more people who have had some experience in the work.

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PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION

Representation should not only be fair to districts. It should be fair to every view held by a considerable section of the people. Recently, in Australia, the Socialists polled a fraction over fifty per cent of the total vote, and yet so nicely were the majorities distributed that every member of the house is a Socialist. Now, this is hardly fair to the other side; and if the other side had the fraction over fifty per cent and all the representatives, the howl from the Socialists would be heard throughout Christendom.

In several of the provinces—indeed in all the provinces, and in the whole Dominion—the minorities have no representation in proportion to their number. The only cure for the evil is proportional representation. This system is in force not only in a country like France, but quite recently has been adopted by Great Britain in the Home Rule measure—where it is provided that where some of the cities send three members to Parliament the minority, if large enough, shall have a right to name one of them. It is not so difficult to arrange ballots for voting after this fashion. France has a very complex system but it is almost perfect in its fairness. The British system is simplicity itself and is so fair that every man who studies it will give it his endorsation.

Were the system in vogue it would end bribery and corruption. For this reason it will not be tolerated in Canada just yet, but, all the same, it is coming, with government ownership of public utilities, and a parcels post, and abolition of the bar, and the referendum, and a dozen other reforms that vested wrongs now render impossible.

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OCEAN RATES

Wheat at Fort William is eleven cents cheaper than it was a year ago, yet when it reaches Liverpool the price is the same as a year ago. What causes the difference? The middleman—in this case the transporter. What is the remedy? A merchant marine. If seven and one-half cents paid the carriage from Montreal to Liverpool in 1911, it should not take thirteen cents to carry it in 1912.

There is a good field for investigation here for those bodies that are supposed to be the guardians for the people. In making such an investigation it will be well to recognize that the rate from Montreal to the Motherland exceeds that from New York; that it is quite possible to get all the vessels required for American trade, but almost impossible to get ships to come to Canadian harbors. As a result the bulk of Canadian products is shipped from American ports. Buffalo sends out more wheat than Montreal, and this is only an illustration.

Why is this? Partly because the insurance rate paid by vessels trading to Canada is 25 per cent higher than that paid by vessels carrying trade from other countries; partly because, apart from the highly subsidized liners, there are few independent steamers in the Canadian carrying trade. Those that are in the trade do not complain of high insurance rates because, as in the case of the tariff, the producer and consumer pay the price. It is not a very wise policy, surely, to subsidize directly and indirectly great carriers by rail and water, and then find that they double rates just as they please. No one expects that rates will be as low as a few years ago. The cost of living in all lands has increased too rapidly for that, but there is no reason why Canada should not have all the vessels needed for its trade at reasonable cost to the shippers. So we expect those in charge of our affairs to take note of conditions and find a way out. The present investigation into railway rates is no more necessary than an investigation into the rates charged by ocean and lake steamships.

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POPULAR VOTING

It is customary these days for newspapers and other agencies to take popular votes on live questions. For instance, the managers of moving picture shows are taking a vote of their patrons as to the advisability of opening the theatres on Sunday. The vote is, of course, very much in favor of the proposal. No one would urge on that ground that legislation should be enacted giving the theatres the right to hold Sunday exhibitions. The thousands who never patronize the shows—and perhaps with good reason—do not appear in the vote at all. In other words, the vote is not a popular vote—it is the expression of prejudiced parties.

Similarly the vote that is now being taken by the Montreal Witness on thirteen live questions probably represents a biased constituency. It would be interesting, for example, to obtain a vote of the readers of, say, the Toronto News, on the same questions. None the less is the vote on the Witness questions full of interest. It shows a great majority opposed to the gift of battleships, and a similar majority in favor of a Canadian navy, with a strong vote in the West against both policies. There is a feeling almost approaching unanimity in favor of Imperial free trade. The parcels post idea is approved by 99 per cent of the voters, and 87 per cent favor the single tax. Government ownership finds favor with three out of four, but woman suffrage is not favored by nearly so many. The vote on the abolition of the bar was practically unanimous and the referendum was very popular in the West. This all shows that the readers of the Witness are in sympathy with its own views. It also shows that the West has opinions of its own on questions apart from trade. The question is very well raised as to whether a popular vote, taken when no election is pending, would not be infinitely more suggestive and honest than a vote taken during the heat of a contest.

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SUBSTITUTES FOR SALOONS

There is more or less of merit in the argument that when saloons are voted out something should be set up to take their places. Of course, there is a large sense in which it is true that with the disappearance of the saloon many of its customers turn their attention to work, reading, attendance on church and other public services and in other ways occupy the time and expend the effort which hitherto has been given to the barroom. But there are restless men, those who have few settled habits of life, and who lack interest in many of the ordinary things in every community. To reach such men and to provide for their social demands is a problem that should not be neglected. In short, every community which banishes the saloon should use its every effort to maintain a state of affairs such as will defeat all desire for a return of the evil business. As all legitimate means should be used to put the saloon out of business, we say now that every proper effort should be made to keep it out of business.

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THE CHURCH AND POLITICS

What is the duty of the pulpit in matters political? It should not be difficult to find an answer. It is clearly one of the supreme aims of the church to bring about the reign of righteousness—"Thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven." Now, righteousness is based on knowledge, and the Christian teacher is in duty bound to set forth the principles that govern the "Kingdom." He cannot do this effectively without referring to definite practice in the home, the state and the business callings of men. One reason why the pulpit has been ineffective is because it has been content to preach abstract truth. The most hopeful sign of the times is that the Church is awaking to the fact that it should be a practical institution. It must be willing to go one step further if it is to regain the confidence of the people. It must exclude from its membership all who are guilty of gross immorality—personal, political or vocational. A clean church of fifty members is more effective than an inconsistent church of five hundred members.

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The Loons

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by H. Mortimer Batten

SPRING was near, and the spirit of silence and sadness that had brooded upon Nighthawk Lake throughout the winter was slowly losing its potence. There was a suggestion of laughter in the very air—the laughter of a thousand little brooks that trickled through the woods under the snow. Far out on the centre of the lake the ice was already breaking up—piling itself into great, jagged packs and ridges, while along the margin the water welled and ebbed through the blow holes with multitudinous hissings and boomings.

Spring was near, and the boy at Nighthawk Lake felt the change as keenly as any. He loved the stirring and awakening of the forest world around him after the long months of silence and inaction, and at night time he lay awake for hours together, listening to the cries of the feathered kindred making their way northwards overhead, and building up all manner of romantic pictures in his mind of "the dim and desolate places" which the path of the wild swans leads to. Sometimes he wondered how old Ben could sleep so soundly while all this was going on. To the boy his father's snoring seemed a desecration, breaking in and overwhelming the spring time music of the heavens. He did not know that long ago Ben too had listened to those same, far off sounds at night time and built up his boyish fancies, like every other romantic child of the northern woods.

But spring had not yet come, for the loons had not arrived. In the north tradition says that spring comes with the loons, and in the north tradition is stronger than fact.

But one morning there was a sound of laughter—not the laughter of the springs this time but a wild, cackling laughter, that startled the whole woods into echo. Out of the heavens darted two black shapes—strangely elongated shapes, that twisted and turned in the air, then hit the water with a splash. Again the cackling laughter rang out, and the boy, who stood by the margin, his hands clasped behind him, was thrilled through and through by what he saw.

"Dad! Dad!" he cried, scrambling up the clearing. "The loons—the loons is come."

The old man laid down his axe, and hurried to the water's edge. Then he too rubbed his hands and grinned. "So they is!" he said simply; and thereafter the two lived happy in the knowledge that spring had come, and refused to believe the very obvious fact that it had come a week ago.

As for the loons—they had shown no undue haste in their journey northwards from the Gulf, and had it not been for excellent fishing near to Sundridge, spring might have come to Nighthawk Lake a fortnight earlier. For while thousands of birds had hastened northwards over their heads the loons had dawdled on the way, pausing once on Lake Ontario, to look with wonder at the throbbing streets of Toronto, and pausing again on the Georgian Bay, on Nipissing, Timiskaming, and a score of other waters that mark the northward trail of the loons.

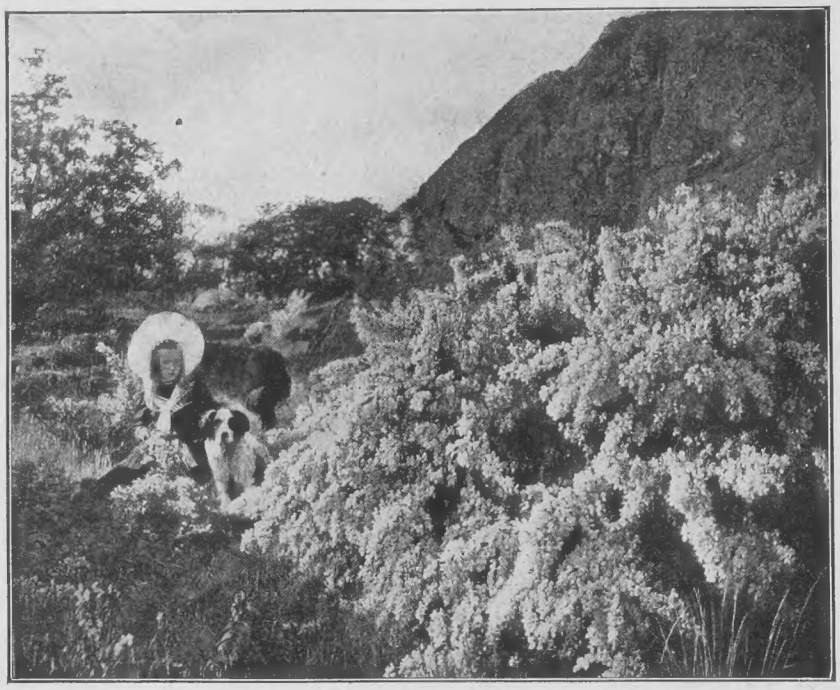
But now that they had really arrived at their summer quarters, a new spirit seemed to possess them. The female wanted to build—so much was clear, and the male seemed to busy himself, for the most part, in seeking out a favorable building site for her. During the first three days he decided upon at least a dozen different sites, and to each of them, in turn, he led his wife triumphantly. And at each the female started to build, till her husband led her away to a more favorable situation.

"Don't seem to know their own minds," said the boy in perplexity, and old Ben said that he had never known a pair of loons that did, and his experience of loons was vast.

At length, however, a nesting site was decided upon, and the loons began to build in real earnest. It was at the edge of a little grassy bay, screened from the view of old Ben's hut by a dense clump of cedar, while the nest itself was to be situated among the rushes.

The female loon was all hopefulness and diligence, but the male was somewhat erratic in his efforts. He would be quietly fishing on his own account, when suddenly the building fever would take hold of him. In twenty minutes he would collect enough material to complete an entire nest, whereupon his wife would discard the greater portion of it, and he himself would lose all interest in the proceedings. As a matter of fact he was a far greater hindrance to his wife than a help, and in the end, when the nest was nearly completed, she forbade him to go near it, opening her mouth and threatening whenever he approached. Had she not done so he would doubtless have buried her little home beneath a heap of the slimy rubbish he loved to fish from the lake bottom, and it would have taken her no end of time to put things straight after him.

Then it was that a bright idea seemed to occur to the loon. He decided to build a nest of his own—to construct it on his own lines, and be his own master. So he set to work with a will, and—well, the less said about the nest he built the better. No doubt he himself thought it very beautiful, for he spent a whole day looking at it, then forgot about it for good.



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The female, in the meantime, had accomplished wonders, and when, that evening, her husband sailed out on to the center of the water and called to her, she did not answer. The lake was stained blood-red by the sunset, and the forest on every side was dark as ebony, while the long "who—hoo-o-" that the loon uttered, as he sailed far out on the glassy sheet, expressed more adequately than words could express the solitary loveliness of his surroundings. At last, receiving no answer from his mate, he went to look for her, and found her where he had seen her last, seated serenely upon her nest among the rushing. She forbade him to approach as usual, but she did so in such a mild, half-hearted way that he could hardly be expected to take heed.

Whether the male loon was surprised at what he saw in the nest I do not know, but thereafter his care of his wife and her treasures was unfailing. There were two eggs of a greenish brown color, blotched and speckled with red, and though they were really rather bilious looking eggs, to the loons they were the dearest things in all the wide world. Sometimes the male sat on them himself, and while thus employed he would try to improve the nest by tucking in loose ends, while the female made the best of her short-lived leisure not very far away.

One day it happened that old Ben's cow strayed further from the hut than usual. Ben and the boy could hear the tinkling of her bell away up the lake margin, and when milking time arrived, and she did not return, they decided to set out and look for her.

They found her in the grassy bay, screened by the cape of cedar—standing with her forelegs wide apart, while her hind legs dangled helplessly in mid air. She had tried to scramble over a windfall, and had succeeded so far as already described, but her hind legs stubbornly refused to follow. Wedged firmly amidship, by two stout branches, it was not until Ben and the boy had cut the tree in two that she regained her lost interest in life, and proceeded to drowse as though nothing had happened.

With the mild-eyed cow bringing up the rear, Ben and the boy turned their leisurely steps homewards along the lake margin, and thus they came upon the nest of the loons. As they approached the female scrambled off her eggs into the rushes, and disappeared miraculously.

"Seemed no end scar't," observed Ben, and the boy waded out into the water and looked into the nest. Never in later life did he feel the same thrills of discovery that he felt then. He took one of the eggs in his hands and examined it lovingly. He wanted to keep it for good, to have it always by him, so he said, "Bloodthirsty varmints them loons, aren't they, dad?"

Old Ben shook his head. "Don't know as they are," he answered. "In my opinion they're the nicest bird we run up against in these parts." Then Ben proceeded callously on his way, and the boy was bound by honor to leave the eggs alone.

Later on he was glad that he had not disturbed the loons, for he spent many an interesting half hour watching them. He learnt a great deal about them too. He learnt how carefully the female hid her eggs with leaves and rushes whenever she left the nest. He learnt that the two birds each had their separate hunting grounds, and that one little corner of the lake in particular, near to the nest, the male reserved carefully for his wife. He never fished there himself, and when the smaller fowl trespassed upon it he drove them unceremoniously away.

The female would sit for hours, her bright eyes looking around her, and occasionally make a dab at some acquatic insect that settled near; but when the great brown hawk flew overhead she would freeze—remain motionless, till he passed by. But quite different was it when the other brown hawk—the one with the red feathers in his tail—sailed above her. She did not seem to heed him in the least, and it was not till years after that the boy learnt what the loon already knew—that while the first hawk was a fierce and terrible killer, the second was merely a carrion eater, and only haunted the lake on the off chance of picking up a dead fish.

Just at about this time the male loon met with a blood curdling adventure. One evening he had dived under the water, and was swimming eight feet or so below the surface looking for fish, when a small drab colored creature darted across his line of vision. It was not a beaver or a muskrat—far too small for either of these, but it was lively enough, and just the right size to swallow, which was all that really mattered to the loon.

He darted forward—faster than any fish could dart—and in a trice had caught the curious creature in his bill. Then a dark shadow flashed through the water above him. Down came the mother muskrat—a sinister vision of chisel-edged teeth and flaming eyes, for it was her little one the loon had caught.

Among the beavers and the muskrats and the waterfowl there is an alliance—stronger than the alliances that bind nations together, for in the wild, the laws do not change. Whether it is the muskquash who strikes the water with his tail, or the beaver sentry or the wildfowl that give the alarm, all the other kindred of the waterway take heed, for their foes are common foes. Thus, by a universal law, they are friends to one another, so no doubt the mother muskquash thought that her so-called friend, the loon, was guilty of an unpardonable breach of confidence. At any rate, she gave him no time to explain. With deadly aim she alighted upon the back of his neck, and sank her teeth deep in his flesh. The loon liberated the young rat, and shot upwards for the surface.

What the boy saw was a frantically struggling heap of fur and feathers, that darted this way and that, and lashed the water in foam. Suddenly it evolved itself into a musquash and a loon, swimming as though for dear life, in opposite directions—the loon lashing the air with his little wings, as though he really wanted to rise, but was in too great a hurry to do so.

The bird was not greatly hurt, though the beautiful white stripes of his summer collar were badly ruffled, and during the remainder of his stay at Nighthawk, he never again ventured into that portion of the lake which old "chisel teeth" regarded as her special domain.

A day or two after this dreadful occurrence the young loons made their appearance. They left the nest directly, and swam out on to the water with their mother, where they were presently joined by the male loon, who did not seem at all surprised at what had happened.

The boy watched the loons on this first journey of theirs out into the twilight, lead-colored world that surrounded their home. He lay flat in a blueberry clump near to the nest, and today the scent of crushed blueberries never fails to bring the whole vivid scene back before his mind. The lake was still as glass, save for the very edge, where the trout rose lazily at the myriads of mosquitoes dancing over the surface. Far ahead of him were the sweeping forest uplands, touched here and there with the lighter green of birch and poplar, and broken in places by a pine-capped ridge or a desolate row of tamarisks.

O, what glorious things the young loons were! A man may consider his own doughty, helpless offspring to be the most beautiful thing on earth, but in what standard of perfection can it compare with the merry, active little loons? Why, as soon as they were born they knew the fundamental laws of life. They knew that when the brown hawk flew overhead they must stick close to their mother, and that there was no need to fear the red-tailed carrion eater. They were not really very beautiful to look upon, except at a distance, for they were covered all over with dull black down; but they were lively and happy, and life was a great joy to them.

At this time the mother loon took to inhabiting the east side of the lake, where the water was not more than two feet deep for several yards from the shore.

"So as she can see what's coming," explained old Ben, for he stood steadfast in the faith that the lake contained land-locked salmon, which would not be above snapping up a young loon, though he had no reason for thinking so.

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On one occasion, however, the loons did not see what was coming. For days past the boy had longed to catch one of the young loons, and examine it. He wanted just to hold it in his hands for a minute or so, then let it go again. So one evening he crept to the water's edge and secreted himself in a thicket. Presently the mother loon came swimming by with her chicks, whereupon the boy dashed knee deep into the water after them. The old loon and one of the chicks dived, but the other chick lost its head, and fell an easy captive.

When the boy had satisfied his curiosity he waded back to the edge of the deep water, and anxious to give the chick a good start towards its mother, who was calling frantically a short distance away, he threw it gently ahead of him over the deep water.

But alas! his good intentions culminated in a tragedy. Somehow the chick met the water upside down, its head under the surface, its little legs sprawling helplessly in the air. And the boy, unable to help, stood by watching, while the baby loon kicked its life away, and the mother swam up and down near by—calling, calling, those long sad "Whoo-hoo's." Not till the tiny creature floated still and lifeless on the bosom of the water did the boy realize that if only he had cut a stick from the wood behind him he might have averted the calamity. In his anxiety of a moment before he had never thought to do so.

That night, as the boy lay in his bunk, he pictured the sad little scene by the lake side over and over again, and now and then the sorrowful cry of the mother loon floated across on the night stillness—a cry that went right down to where he lived, and called him a murderer. And ere he fell asleep he had come to one great decision—a decision that most good naturalists arrive at sooner or later—namely, that the greatest kindness man can do to the wild creatures is to leave them alone.

The loon had now but one chick, and all her love and care and devotion should have made a wise chick of him. For though he had been born with a certain amount of knowledge, he had much to learn from his mother in these days. The boy had few chances of studying the birds now, for the mosquitoes and black flies were such a pest that it was no longer possible to lie in hiding by the lake margin.

One morning, towards the end of summer, when the boy ran down to the edge of the clearing to haul in his night line, he was surprised to see the head of the young loon protruding from the surface near to where the line was placed. And when he began to haul in the head disappeared, and to his surprise he found it was not a fish he had caught, but the young loon. Evidently a fish had taken the bait and the bird had taken the fish, and it was very fortunate for the loon that it fell into the hands of so kindly a young naturalist.

The young loon was now as big and strong as his parents, though he was not so beautiful. He was of a dirty brownish color all over, but his eyes were like jewels,—large, black, priceless jewels, which would change in after life, perhaps, like the eyes of a child.

The summer was going south, and at night time the air became so chilly that old Ben was forced to use a blanket, though he complained about it bitterly. For the deer it was the love-making season, and as night came on the boy would sally forth, silent in his cow hide moccasins, to look out for a moose fight along the lake margin. He saw often where the fights had been—where the earth had been plowed up by the great splayed hoofs of the angry rivals, but he was never fortunate enough to see a fight at close quarters.

But though it was the love-making season of the moose, the loons seemed to be losing affection for one another. They swam about singly, sometimes miles apart, and at times positively ignored each other's existence. The young loon was becoming restless, too. Now and then he would rise up in the water to his full height, and flap his wings, letting forth one peel of laughter after another. And when one morning a great flight of wild geese, drawn out in wedge-shaped formation, passed high over Nighthawk Lake, trumpeting and booming their way southwards, the temptation was altogether too much for him, and he rose in the air and followed them. He went alone, and how he found his way along the migrating route I do not know, for all the birds who were travelling southwards at that early date were young birds, who had never made the journey before.

Not till the first snow fell did the old loons decide to go. The male stood up in the center of the lake, and lashed the water with his wings, calling loudly to his mate. But she was busy catching minnows and did not heed him, so he hit out upon the long trail alone.

Day and night now thousands of birds were passing southwards, and it must have been at night time when the female loon joined in the general stampede, for the boy did not see her go.

"Dad," he said next morning, "the loons is gone."

"Is they?" said old Ben, and with the going of the loons the silence of winter settled once more upon the lonely waters of Nighthawk Lake.

A Dog Sleigh at Fort Alexander

A certain young couple of Chicago, who were married some months ago, have never had a cloud to mar their happiness until very recently..

One morning the young wife, whose name is Marie, came to breakfast in an extremely sullen and unhappy mood. To all her husband's inquiries, she returnel short and snappish answers. To make matters worse, she was in no better frame of mind when he came home that evening for dinner. All of which mystified the young husband, entirely ignorant of anything he might have done to offend his spouse.

Finally, late in the evening, in reply to his repeated and insistent demands to know what the matter was, the wife burst into tears and replied:

"Henry, if ever I dream again that you have kissed another woman, I'll never speak to you as long as I live!"

Roger Wrayburn's Promise

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by Herbert Higginbotham

A LONG, black line, beginning at the door of a small, white-painted mission hall and stretching southwards along the east side of Third Street, gradually forced itself upon the notice of Roger Wrayburn, walking to his hotel in the city of Edmonton about half-past ten on the evening of May 13th in the year of our grace 1912, causing him first to pause and then deliberately to cross over to the other side of the street. His mind was occupied by thoughts of his betrothed and of his approaching marriage, so that it was not surprising that this unexpected interruption of his train of thought gave him a slight feeling of annoyance.

Curiosity had its way. In spite of his obsession, Roger, after an effort, realized that something extraordinary was toward; but he was not aware that he had stumbled, quite by accident, upon the scene of one of the biggest and most remarkable "land rushes" in the history of the Northwest. Nearly a thousand people, many of whom had travelled hundreds of miles, from the Pacific coast on the west and from Winnipeg and points beyond in the east in order to be present at the sale of lots in the Hudson's Bay Reserve, situate in the heart of the rapidly growing capital of Alberta, sat, sleeping and waking, through the cold night, on the comfortless sidewalks. Fifteen hundred people waited in line, while thousands more thronged the streets, until well into the afternoon of the hot, stifling day which followed.

A conversation between two fur-coated men, sitting on boxes with their backs against the railings of a lot, gave Roger Wrayburn the clue to what was going on.

"Fifteen hundred tickets are to be issued."

"Yes, and you can figure on getting a few bucks for any number up to three hundred. Nobody's allowed to buy more than four lots, and there are thirteen hundred to be sold."

"I'd like to be the lucky gink to pick number one."

"Bet your life I would, too."

"They say McDougall & Secord have offered $15,000 for that ticket."

Roger, now thoroughly aroused from his dream, did not wait to hear more. He recollected that the draw for tickets entitling the holders to buy Hudson's Bay Reserve lots was to take place on the morrow and that the newspapers had foretold a rush for the tickets, predicting that the earlier numbers would command fancy prices. Blaming himself for having so nearly missed this opportunity, he took his stand at the end of the line, which already extended half way along the south side of the block, longing, yet not daring to hope, that the magic wheel of fortune that would turn on the following day might remove the only bar to his immediate prospect of happiness with his beloved Margaret.

* * * * *

Roger Wrayburn had been destined by his father to become a member of the legal firm of Wrayburn & Son, the respected firm of family solicitors doing the largest legal practice in the ancient borough of Rugby, England. He had been educated at the famous Rugby Public School and he might have gone to Oxford, there to win distinction in academic studies; but his heart was closer to nature than to the classics. His big, manly frame required a life of toil and strenuous physical effort. In turning his back on his father's profession, he had decided to become a farmer, and in pursuit of his aim he resolved upon emigration, choosing rather to carve out his own fortune than to rely upon his father's assistance.

Sunny Alberta appealed to him more than all the other provinces of Canada. When he reached Edmonton early in 1908 he had hired out to work on the farm of Richard Lowe at Clover Bar. During the year that he had spent on the Lowe farm, by his hard work and respect for his employer's interests, he had won the friendship of the practical farmer whom he served. More important still, for Roger, he had won the heart of winsome Margaret Lowe. Well educated and bright of mind, Margaret had felt herself drawn to the cultivated English boy.

In their Sunday rides to and from church a close friendship had sprung up between them, and before Roger left to take up his homestead in the beautiful Peavine Valley, lying north-west of Edmonton, their friendship had ripened into love. When released from his homestead duties Roger had been able to pay frequent visits to the Lowe farm, and when Richard Lowe divined how things stood between his daughter and young Wrayburn he had raised no objection.

So far as Wrayburn's homestead was concerned, everything had prospered under his hand. Since Margaret had promised, nearly a year ago, to become his wife, every furrow that he had turned had seemed to bring him a step nearer to his happiness. The thought of her gave him increased vigor as he went out to his day's work in a morning; when he returned from his labor at the close of day the vision of her who would some day welcome him at his own door refreshed him.

* * * * *

During the winter season Roger had been working on his house and had finished it with lumber hauled from the saw-mill at Whitecourt. The house was as cosy a little place as one could desire, and Roger felt proud of it. His great regret now was that he had not money left with which to buy the piano and sitting-room suite which he had promised to get for Margaret. While never doubting the quality of her love for him, he thought it would be breaking faith on his part to ask her to begin without them, and he had paid an unexpected visit to the Lowe farm with the object of confessing his inability to fulfil his promise and offering to postpone the wedding until after the harvest.

Roger had hoped to unburden his heart to Margaret on their ride from Clover Bar to Edmonton on that Sunday afternoon, but the joyousness that nature breathed into the air made it all the more difficult for him to sound a jarring note. As they rose and fell gently in their saddles, their horses' hoofs beat a merry tune on the well-trodden trail, while from the clumps of bush came the song of the blackbird serenading his mate and keeping a close lookout for the approach of a possible enemy. Joy, full-measured, shone in the countenance of the handsome, well-formed girl who kept even pace at his side, riding with that smooth grace that belongs only to the woman of the prairies.

"A penny for your thoughts," Margaret had said, using one of Roger's own expressions as she caught him, for the third time, gazing abstractedly ahead.

"I doubt whether they would be worth even two cents," Roger had replied, as he turned and saw the look of slight perplexity on Margaret's face.

They were now within sight of Edmonton and the sun was setting in the west, where it hung suspended in a sea of gold and purple over the shadow-filled valley of the Saskatchewan. At the top of the hill, overlooking the river, they paused to take in the full glory of the scene.

"The golden West!" said Roger, with a touch of awe in his voice. "One is almost impelled to wonder whether it is not in some such place as this that there shall be found that new heaven and new earth. It seems almost impossible that such a great city, so full of promise of greater things yet to be, could have come into existence and grown to its present stature in one generation. On the bank yonder stands the old Hudson's Bay fort and rising just behind it the stately new Parliament buildings—what a contrast!"

"Yes, Edmonton was only a village when Dad came here twenty years ago," Margaret replied, adding, wistfully, "I

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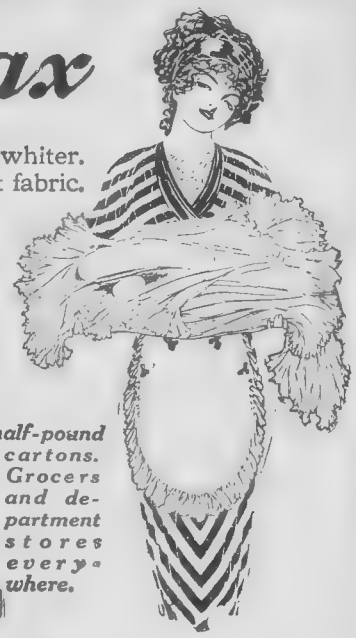

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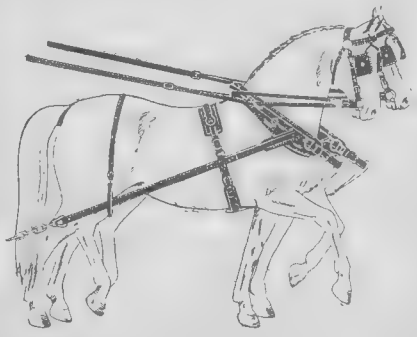

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suppose we would have been millionaires now if Dad had been in real estate."

"How glad I am, for my sake, that he never made millions. I don't suppose we should have been riding together now if he had."

Margaret's laugh, as she urged her horse forward, told him that she had no regrets.

* * * * *

The line grew rapidly after Roger had taken up his position. People who had been going home when they heard that the rush for tickets had begun and others who had been got out of bed by their friends came hurrying, anxious lest they should be too late. Some, like Roger, came singly, having made no preparation, but the majority came in twos and threes, carrying big coats and wraps to keep them warm during the night, and boxes, chairs and cushions to sit upon, while their paper parcels and baskets betokened that they did not intend to keep their vigil fasting. Many, for the most part well prepared, came in automobiles, bringing with them folding chairs and camp beds.

At midnight the rush for positions in the line was in full swing, and during the next two hours the line lengthened out until it almost encircled the block and there were about nine hundred people in line. Numerous policemen were present to keep order, but there was nothing for them to do. Everybody was in a good humor, enjoying the novelty of his position. "Open all night" cafés, deserted in the rush, followed to their patrons' encampment with hot coffee and sandwiches, which sold readily at double the usual prices. Nobody begrudged an extra dime; for was there not the golden prospect of drawing a ticket which should bring a fortune?

Dawn came early, stealing, rosy-hued, over the tops of the tall city blocks, and with its first blush came those who had gone to bed betimes, hoping by early rising to secure good positions, but, finding to their chagrin, that, for once, fortune had favored the night owls. Several hundreds of the early birds, however, got places in the line and their chances in the lottery were just as good as were those of the first halfdozen; and, besides, they had missed the all-night wait, and knew that they were at the right place, whereas the night-watchers had been tormented by a feeling of uncertainty about the location of the draw.

About nine o'clock Roger was aroused from a doze into which he had fallen by a sweetly familiar voice. Opening wide his eyes he beheld Margaret and Dora, both refreshed and radiant.

"You!" he exclaimed, recovering from his surprise.

"Whoever would have thought to find you here? I guess you want to be the millionaire now."

"Never mind the millions. I feel hungry enough to sell my chance for a good breakfast just now. I suppose you didn't bring any with you?"

"I'm not a thought reader," Margaret retorted, "but I'll keep your place while you go and get some. Dora will keep me company. Why didn't you tell me about this? There are lots of other girls in line."

At noon Margaret came to relieve Roger again. She was waiting outside as he went into the hall to draw his ticket just before three o'clock. The two or three minutes he spent inside the building seemed to her an age, but his smile, as he emerged, signalled to her his success.

An hour later Roger realized a thousand dollars on his ticket, which was well within the first hundred, and the same evening Margaret chose her piano and sitting room suite.

The Mister Clink Thurston's Duel

By Edward Peple.

CLINK THURSTON had committed a breach of French etiquette, i.e., he had thrown a gentleman through the plate-glass window of the Cafe Beau Garde.

Now, the subsequent duel was caused, not so much by the forcible ejection, nor the personal accumulation of splintered glass, but, rather, by an incident immediately preceding the crash; for Clink had dealt a wound to dignity. With one powerful hand he had seized Monsieur by his collar—the back of his collar—but we let that pass. With his other powerful hand he had seized the slack of Monsieur's own trousers, and this latter unpardonable familiarity could be washed away only in the Mister Clink Thurston's blood. Voila!

The Mister Clink Thurston was a six-foot specimen of Arizona's superior brand of ranchman, a clean-hearted, good-looking chap whose superb teeth made his smile a thing to be remembered, and whose laugh was a joyous, open-throated roar. Two things were said of him. First, he could shoot the fuzz from a peach without bruising its skin; second, his sense of humor would conduct him to the gallows. With his brace of attributes, a well-filled wallet and his friend Chub Peters, he had come to Paris to rope enjoyment as a rest from longhorns.

On the first evening Chub had met a lady, and become lost for two days. However, he had his guns, so Clink was untroubled as to his friend's destiny. On the second evening Clink was dining alone in the Cafe Beau Garde, when the corns of the angel of peace were indirectly trodden upon by the advent of M. Foufalle. This personage was a chest-protruding, slim-waisted little wasp with straight, black, waxed mustaches and a dangerous eye. Immaculate—and proud of it—he strode into the cafe after the manner of one who owned it all, yet cared not a fig for such a lowly trifle. It was a nothing. Bah!

Now, had Monsieur been possessed of a humble mien, causing him to look floorward instead of heavenward, he might have observed a champagne bucket which sat directly in his path; but Monsieur was not of a humble mien. Therefore, he seemed to try for a "goal kick," missed it and made a foul "touchdown" on a small but well-ladened dinner table, which he bore with him in a glittering, dramatic splash.

The Mister Clink Thurston unbuckled a laugh of the earthquake variety, jarring Parisian decorum in three distinct shocks. M. Foufalle emerged from the wreck, covered with mortification and puree la cuisine de Paris. He annihilated the Mister Thurston with a so fierce glance. The Mister Thurston continued to erupt. The outraged M. Foufalle turned green. He seized a neighbor's wine-glass and dashed its contents full in the face of this unspeakable, laughing beast. The beast arose with a quickness. He laid hold upon the sublime person of M. Foufalle, in the unseemly manner first set forth in this narrative, swung him once, and heaved him through the plate-glass window.

Instantly there was an uproar in five languages. The proprietor of the Cafe Beau Garde was devastated with despair. Why not? Was peace not destroyed, together with every earthly hope and his priceless front window? Bon dieu! And yet—! The beast paid for the broken pane—three times over—but we let that pass. Tiens! What more may a gentleman do?

The angel of peace limped back into the Cafe Beau Garde, and the muscular Mr. Thurston returned to his interrupted meal with the air of one of whom an incident is closed.

Not so with M. Foufalle. His waspship chanced to be the editor-in-chief of a hair-triggered Parisian journal known to fame as La Moutarde, which, being duly translated, purported to be a pretty hot little sheet. As for M. Foufalle, was he not, also, a hot one? He was. His hotness usually arose in the region of his collar, exuding an essence of To-

basco. Attends! He sought his friends and resolved upon a revengement.

* * * * *

Mr. Thurston was having his breakfast in his apartments. His friend Chub Peters had not returned from being lost. However, the coffee was good and the two-pound steak better; therefore, the beast was in a joyous frame of mind. Entered a servant, licking his chops and bearing a card which had the honor to hold an imposing inscription, to wit:

Marquis Emil St. Honore de Gaufre.

The Mister Thurston looked upon the card, then looked upon his servant:

"Mon dew, garcon! did he come in his chariot?"

"But no, monsieur—the coupe."

"Ah! Then lock up the silver and bring the absinthe. You may show the presence up."

The presence made entrance. Clink afterwards described him as follows: "It was a funny little runt, about as big as a minute, with the importance of a thousand years. It doffed its sloping tile and achieved a bow like the opening and shutting of an axle-box." Clink was about to offer him two chairs, when he waved a perfectly gloved little hand majestically.

"Sair," began the Marquis de Gaufre, "have I the honor to address the Mister Surston?"

"Well, yes," grinned Clink, "that's near enough. Sit down, won't you, and have a bite."

"Eh—a bite?"

"That's it—a whack at the viands—breakfast, you understand."

"Ah! Sank you, no."

Mr. Thurston outbowed him and suppressed a smile.

"Then have a seat and a snifter."

He indicated one chair and the absinthe. The Marquis permitted himself to comprehend . He bowed and accepted both. Clink bowed also and begged to know his chances of serving an intelligent and charming guest.

"Sair," said the presence, laying a hand upon his abdomen, "by my friend M. Foufalle am I select to wait upon the Mister Surston. Permit me, this honor is to me done, for I—Emil St. Honore de Gaufre—may spik the lan' wich Amerikenne with a so great affluency. Eh, bien?"

"Wonderful!" commented Clink solemnly. "I was just about to compliment you. Go on."

The Marquis smiled in pardonable linguistic pride.

"Sair, you have the misfortune to wound in the dignities my friend and confrere, M. Foufalle, of the journal La Moutarde."

"You don't tell me!" said Clink. "What was the precise nature of my enormity?"

The presence bowed gravely.

"Mais! In the Cafe Beau Garde you have make at M. Foufalle the ver' gross laugh. Then, of an also, was his apparel disarranged, the hand of you to his pantaloon descending—in the rear, mon dieu!—thus causing to M. Foufalle a so great immodesty."

Mr. Thurston tried nobly to keep his face straight, but, in spite of him, his blue eyes crinkled and the corners of his mouth worked till they tickled him. Monsieur le Marquis observed and swelled visibly.

"Sair, it is not of the jokes I have the honor to spik."

Clink took a fresh grip on his risibilities.

"I beg your pardon, my dear Marquis. How may I atone for my flagrant sins?"

The presence brightened and bowed.

"My principal would beg of the Mister Surston some opportunities immediat, to the honor of a gentleman, his just revengement."

The Arizonian's jaw dropped in sheer amazement.

"Good Lord, man! you don't mean to tell me that your principal wants some more?"

Monsieur le Marquis achieved his inevitable bow.

"With M. Foufalle, it is of his most heartfinished desiring—nay, permit me—the demand. May the Mister Surston be so amiable that he to me give of his acquiescence?"

Clink's smile broadened. His blue eyes danced in soulful joy. He delivered his answer to this fiery challenge in one short, cordial word:

"Sure!"

"Eh?"

The presence was doubtful of a perfect comprehension. The beast reassured him:

"With all the delight in life, my son. Aveck pledjoor!"

"Ah! I am please that I find the Mister Surston of so grand amiability to be."

"Right you are!" declared that gentleman jovially. "Amiability? It's my longest suit! Why, my dear boy, it oozes out of every pore. When would your friend desire to honor me with his just revengement?"

"Ver' soon," replied the little Marquis, without a trace of humor; "if by convenience, at the morning of to-morrow. The spots of meeting we have select him, not one time but many, should the Mister Surston, of his pleasing courtesy, not to reject."

This statement was a trifle involved, but Clink dissected it and absorbed its gist.

"Perfectly satisfactory. Do we blaze or carve?"

"Eh—pardon——"

"What weapons do we fight with?"

"Ah!" cried the little man, rubbing his hands and offering a lucid explanation: "When challenges to one come, him shall of the weapon make selection. Eh, bien?"

"Yes, that's so," agreed Clink thoughtfully. "I had forgotten about it. At home, you understand, we settle little difficulties of this character with our hands. Perhaps your principal——"

He paused, then held out his own brown hands for critical inspection, but the Marquis recoiled in horror.

"But no!" he declared. "Impozzebul! M. Foufalle is a savage not, nor will he his nation's honor to forget in the fighting with his nails."

"All right," agreed the American; "anything to stir the pot of happiness! What would you suggest?"

"Mon dieu!" cried the tiny presence, in open admiration of such generosity. "I would not of myself—how you call her?—butt in—yet if the Mister Surston nothing cares, then, soever, why not the foil? Aha! Eh? Not?"

"The foil!" cried Thurston, knowing well that in his hands such a weapon could only be employed in spanking an antagonist, "the foil! Well, not on your life, old chap! I'm far too amiable. Why, what earthly good would it do your principal to poke me in the eye with one of those ridiculous little wires? No, sir! M. Foufalle has demanded of me a dignified revengement, and, by Jupiter! I'm going to give him a fine, large, juicy one. Look at these!"

He dived into his traveling bag and produced a brace of .45's, of a wicked build and a glossy, blue-black complexion.

"There," said he, in beaming satisfaction, as he patted one of the beauties lovingly, "what do you think of that for a promoter of duelistic joy?"

"Ciel!" breathed the little man. "Sang dieu, but that were murder!"

"Possibly," agreed the American heartily, "but when a chap is as hot after his revengement as M. Foufalle, why, a little thing like murder shouldn't affect him in the least. Monsieur le Marquis doubtless agrees with me. We are men of honor, my dear sir. We understand—perfectly!"

He beamed upon the nobleman, urging him to partake of another snifter. He did it with grace. The Marquis poured his liquor with a trembling hand and swallowed it at a gulp.

"Just cast your eyes on these!" begged Clink, when another dive into his traveling bag brought forth a box of vicious-looking cartridges. "Permit me to explain." He lifted one heavy shell and held it between his thumb and finger, smiling happily the while. "This infant is known as a 'soft-nosed bullet.' When the courageous M. Foufalle draws his bead upon me and turns loose, this bullet enters my body—say in the region of my breast-bone. Very good. Upon entering my body, it makes for itself a small round hole; but, . . . coming in violent contact with the bone alluded to, this bullet mushrooms."

"Eh?" gasped the Marquis. "Mushrooms?"

"Exactly," assented Clink, with a cheerfulness. "Doubtless Monsieur le Marquis has partaken of the mushroom upon his steaks. Excellent! This bullet, then, takes the form of that suc-

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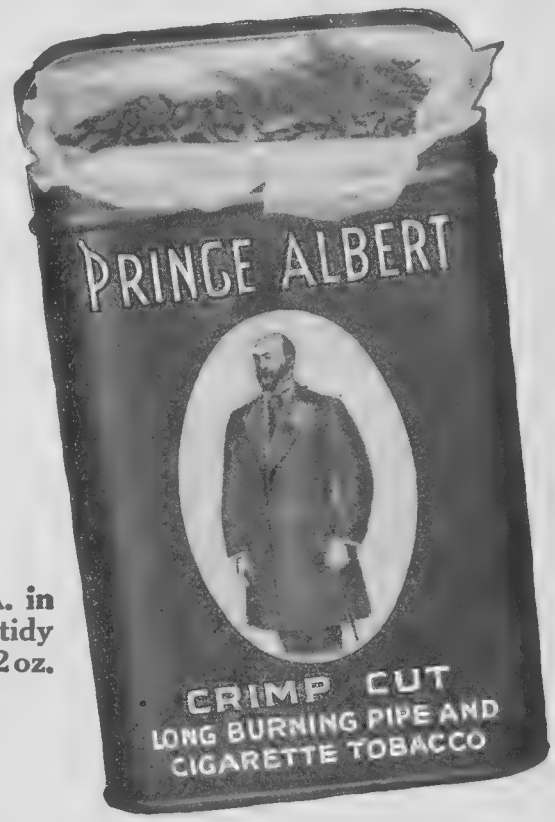

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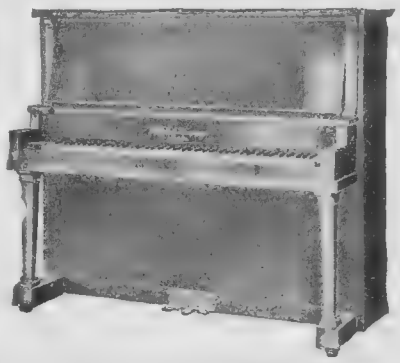

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culent vegetable by spreading at the nose. Consequently, when it has spread and become large, it tears a hole through my amiable carcass to the size of Monsieur le Marquis's fist. Eh, bien?"

The presence mopped his noble forehead. Happily he was of an intelligence. He reasoned. He arrived upon conclusions. They were axiomatic. If this bullet with a nose could perforate the amiable carcass of the Mister Thurston, thus causing a gory cavity to the dimensions of one's clenched hand, might not its brother slug, of an also, take liberties with the sacred person of M. Foufalle? But yes!

"Quelle horreur!" he murmured—with a simplicity. Was there else for him to do? But no! Could a man of aesthetic nature bring reason to a soulless animal? How, then, should this mad vulgarian understand? Most certainly it was a straight, plain case of quelle horreur.

"You see," continued Clink, now flushed with anticipatory pleasure, and pacing jauntily up and down, "I desire to excel in the courtesies of your glorious France. Therefore will I not deny the right of M. Foufalle to butcher me. I will stand before his gun. Honor has demanded it. He shall slay me. Of course I may slay him first, but that is a detail. In the end, he shall have wiped away the stain from the cloth of his worshipful pantaloons. And I—Clink Thurston—shall cast away my life in sacrifice before the gun of this so great worm. Great Scott! Can a man do more? Not so! The meeting will be—how shall we say?—amusing."

The Marquis committed a breach of French etiquette. He absorbed four fingers of absinthe without the suggestion of his host. His host continued:

"You will say to M. Foufalle that this honor done me has ravished my soul with a gratitude. He has chirked me up. He has taken away my gloom. Since arriving upon his France, no one has shot at me. Not once! I was getting lonesome." He paused to display his splendid teeth. "Ah, my dear Monsieur le Marquis, your divine land suffers from an overdose of civilized inertia. At home it is otherwise. We quarrel. We kill—on the spot, you understand. If we haven't a gun handy, we take a hatchet. Why not? We are a hurried people. Our engagements are many. Your health, mon ami! Here's wishing that M. Foufalle may set a new example for his cultured countrymen. Eh, bien?"

The moist presence rose weakly.

"Sair," said he, "I shall do myself the honor in conferring at my principal. Permit me—au revoir!"

He tottered to the door and tottered down the stairs. He tottered to his waiting coupe, fell in it, and was driven furiously to the offices of La Moutarde.

The Mister Thurston lay down upon his hearth rug, amusing himself with earthquakes. He had a strange humor, this American. He was inartistic—a barbarian. He refrained from his gross laughing only because of pains in his ribs. The garcon knew and told of it. To ease himself the animal then lighted a black pipe and waited the return of Monsieur le Marquis de Gaufre. The presence came of himself back presently. He stood once more before the Mister Thurston. He bowed.

"What luck?" asked Clink, the pipe stem clasped between his beautiful teeth. "Does your sublime principal still thirst for my humble gore?"

"Sair," said that troubled second, leaning against the doorjamb, "at M. Foufalle I deliver words of you, even to these pistols with a nose. I expound, also, of those mushrooms. Dieu vous garde! He is much enrage. He spik for you a curse. He—" The chivalrous Marqius hesitated. "Shall I say the words outrance of M. Foufalle?"

"Sure," and Clink. "I reckon I'll survive. Heave ahead!"

The Marquis bowed.

"'Emil,' he spik, 'go other time to this revolting beast from the barbarous island of Arizone, and say at him that I—Raoul Foufalle—shall meet him in manner whatsoany of his own desiring. Dam!"

"Bully!" commented Clink, in genuine admiration of this blind, unreasoning, stupendous grit. "Your principal is a little brick! I have the honor to take off to him my hat."

The Marquis bowed.

"Sair, permit me, I send to you a carriage at the time of six. Of an also, I have the service engage of M. Rochelle—a surgeon with the so great name."

"A surgeon!" exclaimed the Arizonian. "What for?"

The Marquis explained, in disgusting detail. The Mister Thurston laughed.

"Look here," said he, displaying his wisdom teeth. "It's nonesense! We don't want a surgeon. Get a coroner!"

The Marquis tried to bow. He failed. He went downstairs—backward—on his hands and knees, and once more fell into his waiting equipage.

"Sacre nom de tonnerre mille Diables!" he gurgled—with a faintness.

* * * * *

It was evening. Mr. Chub Peters returned from being lost. He returned with much experience and no bank roll. Also his cuffs and collar were attached to his shirt with pins. But what have we to do with these so youthful discretions? Sapristi!

"Say, Chub," remarked Thurston, casually, "I've got a duel on in the morning with the editor of La Mustard Plaster."

"That so?" inquired his friend. "What time?"

"Six of the clock, old sport."

"Gee!" commented Chub. "That's mighty early, ain't it?"

Whereupon these mad Americans went peacefully to sleep.

* * * * *

The morning arrived at France. "A carriage" arrived at the Mister Clink Thurston. The two friends got into it and were driven to a very distant spot of a most happy seclusion. The friends got out. Through the mists they descried the dark-cloaked figures of M. Foufalle and his several friends. The Marquis de Gaufre advanced and bowed. He looked like a wan little ghost, yet he bore himself with pride up.

The Marquis de Gaufre was presented to Monsieur Chub Peters. They bowed. Then everybody bowed to everybody. Clink and Chub bowed to each other, and tried manfully to bow to themselves. It was perfect, this etiquette of the code—charmante!

The details of meeting were brought to a conclusion by the spirituel Marquis and M. Chub. Their principals would engage at ten paces. Attends! At the

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count of twice, they would raise their soft-nosed pistols. The handkerchief should drop—so! The gallant ones would let-her-go-Gallagher with their canned mushrooms. And then—ah, what? Dieu defend le droit!

All was ready. The Marquis le Gaufre advanced and embraced M. Foufalle upon both cheeks. M. Chub advanced. The Mister Clink Thurston grinned and offered to punch the head of M. Chub should he permit himself to get gay and affectionate. M. Chub permitted himself to take a chew of tobacco. It is beautiful, this parting from those we love. Ah, bon dieu!

All was again ready. It was now the duel a la mort!

"Hold!" cried the Mister Thurston. Everybody held. The Mister Thurston spoke once more: "Monsieur le Marquis, I crave a word. The courageous M. Foufalle has honored me in his high desire to blow my head off. Very good! I am a man of honor. I appreciate his wish. Yet, before the funeral, I yearn, in turn, to become of some assistance to Monsieur." Clink paused and spun his .45 on his trigger finger. "Monsieur is doubtless unfamiliar with the use of this the weapon of my sacred, savage land; and I, as a fair antagonist, would instruct him in its art. Permit me to expound and demonstrate."

It was wonderful! Both the Parisian principal and his worthy second, being moved by this grand, unselfish courtesy, bowed and permitted said instructions to proceed. The Messrs. Thurston & Peters bowed and gave an object lesson in gun work.

First, M. Chub, from his pocket, produced a five-franc piece which he twirled into the air. Clink blew it heavenway, so that it came not back again forevermore. Certain Parisian jaws sagged open and remained immovable. These mad Americans then shot the walnut from one another's hat. The Mister Thurston destroyed a fine cigar in the dauntless M. Chub's teeth. In his teeth, mon dieu! His teeth! The Marquis de Gaufre concealed his own cigar behind his back—not that the Mister Thurston would permit himself; yet, strangely, the bouquet of that cigar was gone.

The sublime M. Foufalle sat down upon the earth, perspiring freely, albeit the morning air was chill. On the earth he could better observe the wondercraft of the two vulgarians who smiled and shot and smiled. He observed how those mushrooms whined as they bored through space. He observed that, by whatso any misfortune they never missed their mark. Of an also, he observed that the islanders from Arizone seemed to make dischargement of their guns with a carelessness. He was moved.

"Now, perhaps," said the Mister Thurston, with a tactless display of his gleaming teeth, "Monsieur is ready for my crossing over. Eh, bien?"

The Marquis advanced and conferred with M. Foufalle, who still retained his grand-stand place of vantage on the earth. M. Foufalle conferred with the Marquis de Gaufre. Monsieur le Marquis advanced to the mad Americans and bowed.

"Sair," said he, addressing Clink, "my principal, M. Foufalle, most willing is to engage in combat, employing any weapons of a gentleman, from the lands of Iceland to the Tim-buck-too . . . but he be dam that he commit the suicide!"

The Mister Thurston cast down his eyes and bit his lips. He was moved. "Too bad!" he sighed. "You'll never know, old chap, how much I wanted to have my head blown off." He paused and pondered. "Alas! it is not to be; yet, since my opponent, M. Foufalle, thus, generously, shall spare my life, I, too, will not be backward in advancing forward, but will make profound apologies to his amiable pantaloon."

He paused and bowed. The Marquis de Gaufre advanced to embrace him upon his cheeks, but Clink demurred.

"Hold on, old horse!" he urged. "Not yet! I request—nay, permit me, I demand—that the whole Parisian gang shall breakfast with me at that most amusing Cafe Beau Garde."

He bowed.

"Sacre!" observed the valiant M. Foufalle. "This madman is before and after all of a so delightful courtesy. Allons!"

They went—the whole gang—to the amusing Cafe Beau Garde. What would you have? Absinthe? But yes! It was beautiful—superb! Everybody bowed.

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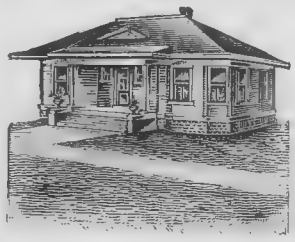

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He Found Something Unusual

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by Aubrey Fullerton

SINCE noon Alan Mowbray had followed a winding trail through the woods, and as yet it gave no sign of ending. It had not been a way of his own choosing. Back at the little Round Lake store and post office, where he had stopped to ask for information about the country and its more peculiar points of interest, the merchant-postmaster had told him that if he turned off the main road below the lake and took the forest trail for ten miles, he would find what possibly would satisfy his desire for something different and unusual. What it was the old man refused to say: it was ten miles further on, and the trail was easy.

And so Mowbray had come the unknown way, half-wondering at his own folly. It had been pleasant enough, to be sure, for the woods were cool and fragrant, and the pony had brought him through at a comfortable and leisurely gait that fitted very well with his own mood. Only once had he seen or heard signs of human presence. That was a mile or two from the start when the trail had led into a small farm clearing and bush-encircled homestead. Three rude little boys had there run after him, crying in shrill derision:

"Goin' up to Norton's, mister? Oh, I say, he's goin' to Norton's!"

Till then Mowbray had not been quite sure that his ride was leading to any definite place or person, and with the satisfaction of even this slight and doubtful information he had kept on through the woods till the sun began to cast long slanting shadows among the poplars.

A glimpse of water through the thinning trees gave the first hint of another clearing. The woods ended abruptly, leading out upon a stretch of natural meadow, from which could be seen, some distance beyond, a small lake. Across this meadow the trail led to a grove of balm-trees, and to their right were a log shack and a sod-roofed stable. Mowbray rode up slowly and watchfully, but no sound reached him, and no evidence of life appeared. He dismounted, tied the pony, and walked to the front of the shack. The door stood open, and at a glance he saw that the house was empty and unused. Abandonment marked also the yard and the stable.

But the trail went on. A hundred feet beyond the shack it brought him to the verge of a gently sloping hillside, which fell to a lower level along the lakeshore. A small farm-clearing stretched out from the foot of the hill, and half way to the water was a house. This must be Norton's.

Mowbray, unhesitating, went down the hill-path. There were still no signs of life, and the place seemed half uncanny. The house, however, fronted the lake, and passing around to that side he came suddenly upon two persons seated on rough chairs in the light of the waning sun.

A man of middle age, somewhat bent and frail, was the nearer of the two. The other was a young woman. Mowbray's approach startled them both, and the man, turning to him, but not rising, spoke gruffly.

"What do you want?"

It was not a promising welcome, and Mowbray was a bit nonplussed.

"I'm just looking around, sir."

"What are you looking for?" still harshly, and in a strange uneven tone.

Mowbray answered unawares. "Why, I'm looking for—for something unusual."

Instantly the man rose to his feet, and with blanched face looked searchingly at him for a moment, then turned and went quickly into the house.

The girl followed, but paused at the door, facing Mowbray in what he fancied to be reproach. He, too, had moved forward, and in a low voice and with evident concern she spoke to him.

"Don't come."

"Is he ill?" asked Mowbray.

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"No. Don't come, but I would be glad if you would stay near by."

"Where?"

"In the shack on the hill," she said, with a moment's hesitation, then hurried indoors.

Mowbray went back to the deserted shack, which he had left scarcely twenty minutes before, in perplexity of mind. Something about this man and woman in manner, look, or voice—had laid strange hold upon him; but how or why he knew not. Perhaps, after all, it was nothing. And yet what had the old storekeeper meant? Those boys, too what had they meant?

At any rate, he would sleep over it. The day was too far done to go further or to go back; and besides, he didn't want to do either; he had been invited to stay the night. For which good reasons he fed and stabled the pony, ate his own portable lunch of biscuits and meat, and made up a bed of hay in the inner room of the shack. He had camped far less comfortably than this in the past few weeks; but the background was unique.

At dusk there came a lad of ten, or thereabouts, bringing a small dinner-pail. This he cautiously set within the door and at once withdrew, tarrying not in the way of the stranger.

Mowbray lifted the pail with somewhat the air of a juror taking up an exhibit at court. It held something to eat, he saw, done up as only a woman could do it, but on the top was a piece

of paper thrice folded into letter form. Opening the note by matchlight, he found this message:

> "Please stay in the shack tonight, and in the morning come to the house again when you see a little flag flying from the back porch.
> "Freda Norton."

Mowbray threw himself upon his hay bed to think the thing out. A day that had begun as tamely as any for a fortnight past was closing in bewilderment. In that strange mood that comes upon one in the face of something imminent but unknown, he thought over the facts of his present condition and the things that had led up to it.

Six weeks before, in his own office in Winnipeg, a couple of his fellow-practitioners had said to him: "Get out of the city. You're pretty near played out, and before you try to cure any more folks you've got to cure yourself. Get off to the woods." He had taken their advice and, with only a pony and a dunnage-bag for his travelling equipment, and with no definite plan for his journey, had set out in quest of a holiday. Almost aimlessly he had since crossed on horseback the wide plains of three provinces and was now in the bush-country of Western Alberta. He had been going as he pleased, stopping for a day here and there, camping at times on the road, sauntering always. It had been good fun and good medicine; but his holiday thus far had been lacking in that personal excitement which sometimes does a tired man more good than rest. It now looked as though he had found that too and, for the first time in half a year he went to sleep with an eager expectancy for the morrow.

It was full day when he awoke. Stopping only to let out the pony and tether him in the field, he hurried to the brow of the hill, there to await the signal from the house. What it might mean he could not know; but he was under orders. An hour he waited, with unaccustomed patience, and then from the porch at the rear of the house there fluttered a little red and white flag.

Freda Norton came from the house as he drew near it, and stood under the big balm-trees, where he had first seen her. She fitted perfectly into the morning view and very pleasingly, too, confessed Mowbray to himself, into the mystery that seemed to be weaving around him. There was color in her face and an eagerness in her eyes that he was sure had not been there the night before; and this same eagerness showed also in the first words she spoke.

"My father is sleeping now, and I must talk with you before he wakes. But first, are you willing to help me?"

"You need not ask it. Tell me how."

It was her voice, Mowbray knew now, that had somehow moved him and was at this moment compelling his own words. There was a hidden depth in it, a rich softness that, though she spoke rapidly and low, seemed to come from some inner well of feeling. It had, too, a trace af anxiety and perhaps something of doubt as, with a sudden flush on her face, she went on.

"Why I am saying this to you, whom I had never seen until a few hours ago, I do not know, except that I somehow feel it right to do so. You saw my father last night and thought he was ill. He is ill, though I said he wasn't, and I am determined upon trying a cure. I must go back a little to make you understand.

"Two years ago, while clearing some land up the lake, Dad was knocked down by a falling tree, which hit him a crushing blow on the head and stunned him nearly to death. He has lived under a cloud ever since. People say he is crazy, and I know we have a bad reputation among the settlers, for they avoid us.

"During the last year his trouble has taken a new turn that grows out of his former life. Before we came here from Ontario—just the three of us—Dad was a high school principal and much given to the study of philosophy. Since coming west he has kept up his reading fairly well, even here in the woods, and after the accident, which left him none the worse physically, he gave more attention than ever to his favorite study. But his thinking no longer runs smoothly, and latterly, perhaps from too much brooding over it, his hobby has become a mania. At times he works himself, despite all I can do, into very agony over his perplexities.

"For nearly a year now he has been troubled by what he calls the 'Quest of the Unusual.' I won't try to tell you what he means by this, except that he desires to find the source and centre of all that is above the ordinary in human life. What it is that makes things wonderful and unusual is his problem. He has latterly become convinced that he cannot solve this problem alone—the search for the Unusual needs someone to help him. It worries him that he cannot get such a helper; no one cares for or appreciates the Unusual, he thinks, and alone he cannot find its source. I have tried to humor him in this, as in everything else, but not to much purpose, for he always says I am only a woman.

"Now it happened that yesterday his melancholy was worse than it has been. He sat and brooded all day, and I could not comfort him. Then suddenly you came upon us. In his depression he greeted you, I am afraid, not very kindly. But you remember what you said—that you were 'looking for something unusual'? The word caught him, of course, and I myself wondered for a moment if you knew. But he wasn't able to endure the thought, or perhaps, as it may have seemed, the apparition, and he left you abruptly.

"All night he was distressed, even to walking the floor and beating his hands. He is sleeping now but is likely to waken soon.

"Your remark, whether you meant anything by it or not, has had a strange effect on him—I don't know just what. As soon as you spoke the word I saw that he had caught at it and that he was very deeply moved by it. It has aggravated his melancholy, for I think he feels as if that which he is searching for is now pursuing himself. He has probably forgotten about you by this time, but the impression remains.

"I asked you to stay near us and to help us, for I felt the time had come for a cure that was the effect of your appearance on myself, though I may be as badly deluded about it as poor Dad. Your reference to the very thing that is troubling him made me think that perhaps you could help. Stranger though you are, I must ask you. I have read that in cases of mind trouble like this a sudden shock will sometimes make right again, and that is what I am now building my hope on.

"When Dad wakens presently, he will take up again the burden of his search. Very likely he will cry out, as he did at intervals all night, for a man to help him. If you would then suddenly surprise him, appearing as if in answer to his cry and announcing yourself as also a searcher for the Unusual, I believe it would help him greatly; and then if you would talk with him quietly along the same line it would perhaps put his mind nearer right again than it has been for a long time. I tried this myself a few weeks ago and it nearly succeeded, but then I was a woman—he wants a man helper. I will go to the house now and will call you when he wakens. This is a strange request to make of you, but will you help me?"

"Yes, I will help you," answered Mowbray huskily.

For half an hour he was left to his own thoughts. They were not hopeful. Well he knew that it would be a slight cure by any such treatment as that proposed. The sick man's daughter was building bravely, but not substantially, upon a very slender chance. A shock might restore mental balance, it was true, but not so light a one as this. It would need to be a physical shock, as severe perhaps as the one that had caused the injury, and even that would depend very much upon the circumstances. He had known of cases in which a blow on the head had pressed the bone upon the brain, and another blow afterward had released the pressure. But if this were the trouble with Norton, his daughter's cure would come very far short.

Nevertheless he would do as she wished; for surely she had earned the

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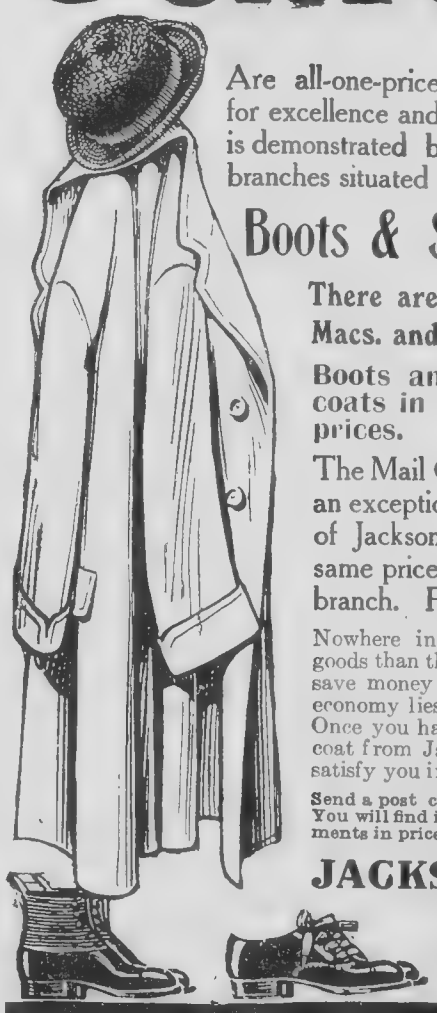

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right to try. What a time she must have had of it these two years alone with a demented man to care for! Among the women of the West who had borne much as their share in its development, here was one of the bravest. She herself was unusual.

When Freda Norton came to the door and beckoned to him, Mowbray went with set purpose and a great desire to aid her. The color had left her face now, and in its place was pain and anxiety.

"He was wakened," she said. "He is in the kitchen. Listen outside the door, and you will hear for yourself. I leave the rest to you. Break in on him when you think best."

Mowbray stepped into the house, through the living-room, and stood with lowered ear at the kitchen door, from the other side of which came the weird and labored voice of a man crying in the wilderness of despair.

"Oh, God of mystery and of pity, where shall I go? I have searched til I have wept, and I cannot find. I have looked long and deep, I have ventured into the realm of hidden things, I have agonized within the pale, and all in vain. I have found the marks of the Unusual, but I cannot find its source, nor how it comes. Hear me! Where is it? What is it? Can it not be found? It escapes me just as I would lay my hand upon it, and I have not strength to pursue it, though betimes it pursues me. Should I have looked below when I have looked above? Must I now go into the underworld to complete my search? And must I do this mighty work alone? God of the great Unusual, have pity. Send me a man, a man who cares, a man who will help me. Is there not one who——"

"There is! I am he."

Mowbray had flung open the door and burst in upon the troubled man.

As he did so, Norton turned toward him, tripped and fell through an open trap—down which he evidently had been looking as he prayed—into the cellar. A clumsy ladder was the only stairway, and his fall was unbroken. At the bottom his head struck heavily against a piece of timber, and rolling helplessly to the earthen floor he lay there unconscious and bleeding freely from an ugly scalp wound.

Mowbray was instantly at his side and lifted him to the room again. Like a mother defending her young, Freda sprang forward and faced the man whom, a few minutes before, she had asked to help her.

"You have killed my father!"

Her voice was tense now, and full of pain, but even so, Mowbray felt its peculiar appeal.

"Hush! Your father is not dead. Show me his bed, then heat some water at once. I am a doctor," he added, as he saw the girl's anxiety.

When Norton regained consciousness and he was strong enough to speak, his words were clear and rational. The unhappy and unnatural look had gone from his eyes, too. Mowbray knew then that, after all, a cure had been made—the last blow on the head had undone the injury of the first.

A few weeks later, when Mowbray and Freda had nursed the sick man back to health of body and mind, Mowbray rode over the woody trail again to the Round Lake post office and general store. The way was as pleasant and the forest sounds as sweet on this ride as on the first, but another voice, richer and sweeter than they, now sounded above them. For he had followed the trail that that alluring voice had led him to, and had learned what lay behind it.

The merchant-postmaster at Round Lake was glad to see him.

"Well now, I guess ye went that ten miles," he said, with a chuckle. "And how's things over at Norton's?"

"Quite normal, I should say," answered Mowbray, somewhat unconcernedly.

"You don't tell me so! Well now, I've always thought the folks over there were kind of unusual-like. Didn't you find something unusual, as I told you?"

"Yes, my friend, I surely did," declared Mowbray, with more interest than before, "and I thank you."

"Ha, ha, I thought you would." And then, as no further information was offered, "Well now, what do you think of doing about it?"

"Why, I'm going to marry her next month," said Mowbray. "Please give me a quarter's worth of stamps."

An old-time Mississipi River steamboat captain, who had been successful in raising fruit in the Northwest, could not get over his longing to hear a whistle blow. When his bank-account had reached a certain figure he had a miniature steamboat made, and placed it in a small river near his ranch.

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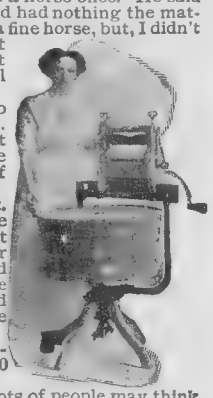
A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.



So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right," but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse was'nt "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking,

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

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But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

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Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it.

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In a Far Country

By Octavia Roberts, Author of "A Badge of Servitude," Etc.

JERRY O'CONNOR limping nimbly from one end of his grocery store to the other, tried to forget in the manifold details of his business the domestic tempest that seethed in his apartment above. Yet even as he directed the hanging of a long line of Christmas geese and turkeys and the outlining of the windows with holly his mind was filled with the humble picture of Maggie, his niece, as he had left her, seated provisionally on the extreme edge of one of the plush chairs in the O'Connor parlor, cowering before the scornful glances of his wife and daughters.

He had been startled the night before by a heavy knocking on the door and had been roused from his slumbers to hear exclamations of astonishment and dismay from his daughter, Lillie. and the smart young salesman, Mr. Finley, who was spending the evening with her.

"Pa! Pa!" he had heard Lillie calling, and staggering into his clothes he had found the commotion to be caused by a poorly clad trembling young girl, bareheaded save for an old shawl, who stood beside a rude, stoutly roped box staring at him with eyes like a frightened animal's.

"Are you my Uncle Jerry? I'm Maggie, yer brother Mike's gurl; I've come to Amerikay."

By this time Jerry's wife and his daughter Aggie had partly dressed and peered curiously into the room, sheltering themselves as best they could from view of the young salesman, who was smiling broadly behind his mustache.

Mr. O'Connor, though petrified with astonishment, had been guiltily conscious of Lillie's mortification and had collected himself sufficiently to draw Maggie into the kitchen.

Here, as she stood shrinking by his side, his wife and Aggie, taking in every detail of her uncouth attire, had harshly questioned her:

"Why didn't you write you were coming?"

"Where do you mean to stay?"

"Are you meaning to quarter yourself on your uncle?"

Suddenly in the servant's small room that adjoined the kitchen, some one moved restlessly, and Aggie, whose quick ear caught the sound, warned her mother:

"Ma, Hist! The girl will hear you. Leave her be."

Then, at last, they begrudgingly prepared Maggie a couch for the night; showed her how to extinguish the gas, and left her to what sleep she could find.

At this point old Jerry would willingly have resumed his broken slumbers, but his wife justly argued that as Maggie was his niece, not hers, he plainly had no right to sleep when they could not. He lingered therefore for the family conclave in the parlor, where Lillie now sat deserted.

That Lillie, whose smart prettiness and position as cashier in a fashionable restaurant were matters of family pride, should feel the contrasting coarseness of Maggie with especial keenness seemed inevitable.

"Mr. Finley will never come no more," she said sharply, dabbing at her eyes with a scented handkerchief. "What will he be thinkin' of us, wid a cousin like her, no hat on her head, that ole trunk tied wid rope." —she laughed shrilly and hysterically. "I never seen the like; I thought she was a tramp and so did Mr. Finley. 'I'm yer Uncle Mike's Maggie,' sez she, 'come to Amerikay.' I thought Mr. Finley would die."

"What are you a-goin' to do?" O'Connor's wife demanded of him at last. "Mike must have known you were a softy or he'd never have landed her here." And Jerry, scratching his white poll meditatively, had stolen to his bed, abashed and puzzled.

Jerry O'Connor had left Ireland twenty years before, years that had transformed him from a poor peasant to a prosperous grocer in the New World. His wife, an Irish-American, of grim ambition, had made the most of every penny. Her determination had furnished the parlor in plush, had bought the piano, given the girls music lessons and, lastly, released them from the manual work so generally scorned by securing them positions in stores and offices and boldly engaging a hired girl to help with the work.

He saw clearly, from the point of view of their mounting ambition, that Maggie would be a stumbling block not to be tolerated. Torn between his love for his family and his desire to do his duty by Mike's girl, Jerry tossed uneasily until the small hours, his heart swelling with tenderness for the wanderer, the unavailing tenderness of a timid, henpecked man.

Next morning at breakfast Maggie sat timorously in the seat assigned her, blundering over the various dishes, awkwardly handling her napkin, flushing painfully when she met the repellent faces of her cousins.

"Didn't you have no hat on the ship, Maggie, nor no warm cloak?" old Jerry had asked, with husky emotion.

"I had the blanket off my bed whin it blew cold," she articulated, with a wan smile into his kind face. She gathered courage to ask:

"Is Amerikay a large place? I'm thinkin' I'll be a-goin' on to Baltimore. I've a fri'nd there," her color mounted to her curls. "Is Baltimore anywhere near yez?"

They exchanged smiles of superior knowledge. The hired girl grinned openly.

"You should have gone to Baltimore from New York, Maggie; ye're miles and miles past it now."

"Wad it be takin' much money to get there?"

"Yes," the aunt said sharply, "twenty dollars anyway. You haven't that, have you?"

"No," she said hopelessly. "I ain't any money at all. I must get wark."

"What can you do, Maggie?" her uncle questioned.

"In the ole country I tinded cows, and thin a lady taught some of us to make lace. I've me loom in me trunk."

Maggie followed her uncle with wistful eyes as he departed soon after for the store. Lillie, resplendent in a feathered hat and braided jacket, started for the restaurant, with no pretense of farewell.

"You'll have to get her work," O'Connor's wife whispered fiercely as he clattered down the stairs to the store. "She's mortifyin' the girls to death. She sha'n't stay here."

"I'll take her into the store," he promised, trying to retreat.

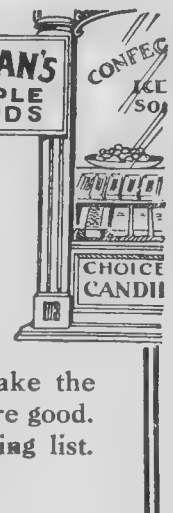
"The store! no, indeed you won't; she'd expect to live with us. Why can't you give her the money and send her to Baltimore?"

Jerry unexpectedly asserted himself: "I'll not turn me brother Mike's gurl into a strange city. He sint her to me and here she shall stay."

During the morning's rush he stepped forward to wait on a customer, and patiently awaited the conclusion of a conversation, tablet in hand.

"You don't mean to say, Mrs. Dean," the lady was saying with a shade of triumph in her manner, "that even you are in the general predicament. I thought that with your small family you never had any

-And DON'T Forget the Maple Buds, Grandpa!"



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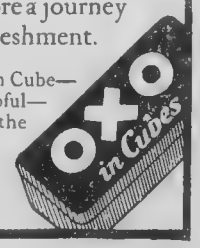

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trouble." She glanced at Mrs. Dean's daughter, who waited for her mother at the door.

"Yes, my two perfect servants, Christine and Hedda, have shown themselves both ungrateful and heartless. They walked out of the house yesterday without warning, just because I had invited guests for the holidays—my son and his family. They were afraid of doing extra work and objected to the children." She glanced in her daughter's direction. "Amy had planned to entertain also—indeed she had the cards engraved for a little dinner dance, but Christine and Hedda cared little for that!" she flushed indignantly. "I have a cook who is to come in by the day, but I can't get another girl at this season. The minute you say 'guests for the holidays' they retreat. What are we coming to, Mrs. Baxter?"

Mrs. Baxter shook her head in her inability to account for the incomprehensible, gave her order and left the grocery.

With some hesitation, Jerry limped toward Mrs. Dean.

"Wad y' be willin' to try my niece from the ole country, mum? She's green, but willin', and could come to ye at wance."

Mrs. Dean hesitated. With three in her family, she had been accustomed to pick and choose from the intelligence offices, but the holiday season, her son and his wife and their two lively boys, made the chances of getting a servant almost impossible, and with a sigh of surrender Maggie was engaged.

When Maggie found herself at the Deans', in the servant's room on the third story, she looked about her with a feeling of relief. The bare little room, with an old-fashioned motto of "Home Sweet Home," which had been carelessly hung upside down, had no ironical significance for her. Those four walls stood for liberty; and she was glad to escape the malignant glances of her uncle's family at any cost. If the fine lady would only teach her the new work, all would be well.

In spite of her inexperience, Mrs. Dean had promised her four dollars a week. Twenty dollars to Baltimore where her "fri'nd" dwelt; surely it would not take long

She thought of him with great longing and saw him round and ruddy, in rough clothes, as he had looked when he had left Ireland. "Good-by, Maggie," he had said solemnly, "I'm a-goin't' make a home for you in Amerikay. I'll be a-sindin' for ye wan foine day."

He had never come back. Two years passed in the dull village, broken only by letters that grew farther and farther apart. The kind old priest read them to the illiterate girl and wrote for her in return, but at last, after much thought, he refused to write again. He became convinced that James would never send for Maggie, and he offered to arrange a marriage between the girl and Patsy Mullane, who owned three pigs.

Twenty dollars to Baltimore; surely it would not take long. She crept timidly down the steep stairs, walking backward, as though the flight had been a ladder.

The new cook was a negress and Maggie started back in terror from the dark face and the glittering eyes that rolled inquiringly in her direction as she entered the kitchen.

"Feared o' me?" the woman laughed good-naturedly and gave her some rough directions about setting the table. As she watched Maggie's clumsy efforts she showed her white teeth in a broad smile.

"No, greeny, that hain't de way. You des over f'om de ole country? What brought you here? Have you any friends in de city?"

Maggie turned away her head and her voice was muffled. "I come to me uncle, me own father's brother; 'twas he got me the place."

"Weren't they pleased to see you? I'm a-fixin' to go down to Tennessee after Christmas myself, to see my brother."

The girl turned her head away. "Me uncle is a foine rich man; he owns a store, his dauhgters wear silk and play the piany."

"Too grand for their cousins, were they?" the cook said with quick comprehension. Her voice, soft and slow and vibrant with sympathy, moved Maggie to tears. "I wish y' were my colah, I'd take y' home with me to-night. I'm a-goin' to the theayter."

"Will she let you?" Maggie gasped, motioning meaningly toward the house, where the mistress' voice could be heard.

"Let me! I do as I please. I'd walk out on her, with her visitors here, if she said anything to me I ain't a-goin' to stay long. I told you I was a-fixin' to go to Tennessee."

"Have you ever been to Baltimore?" the girl asked wistfully.

"No, I hain't ever been there yet. I knew a colored gent'man, a nawful nice yaller boy, that went there to live. Do y' aim to go there?"

"Is it a large place? Wad I be able to find a fri'nd?"

"Do you know his address?"

The girl paled. "I ain't got his address; the priest at home kapes it fer me. Would n't they know him by name? He's a foine boy." Her eyes dimmed. "Tall and foine, wid a hearty laugh. His name is James Cahill and he's makin' a home fer me."

"Dis yaller fellar said Baltimore was a big city, most as large as this yere," the negress said sympathetically, as she looked up from her potato peeling. "Y'd best stay here till y' hear from the priest. When y've heerd from him you can go."

Her rough kindness warmed the wanderer's heart, but unconsciously increased the terrible nostalgia that tore her soul. Through eyes dimmed with yearning, she saw in fancy the village with the dirty, straggling cabins, and the field where she had watched the cows. With an aching heart she thought of her father and mother, bent with toil; of the little brother, who at the moment of parting had clung to her and cried, "Maggie, Maggie, don't l'ave me," and of the old priest who had sorrowfully watched the departure of the boys and girls from the village, in spite of all his warnings, looking for nothing but fortune and happiness in the New World.

Maggie had met her first disappointment early; in her ignorance she had peeped out eagerly from the folds of her old shawl at the crowds of people who poured to Ellis Island to meet the ship, in the expectation of seeing James Cahill among them. The great extent of the country had only gradually penetrated her consciousness as the tourist cars swept her on and ever on until she reached the Prairie City.

In a world unaccountably callous to her suffering, Eva, the black cook, had been the first to hold out a helping hand, and with difficulty Maggie tore herself from her genial presence to answer the first summons of the new mistress.

Mrs. Dean, with recollections of Hedda in her neat uniform, looked despairingly at Maggie as she trembled before her, then gathered courage for the endless instructions which she must begin; and Maggie, unhappy and homesick, looked appealingly into her new mistress' face in the hope of human understanding.

She listened duly to her mistress' directions: "Get the dishes from the slide, present each one to me, then go in regular order about the table. Have you no black dress?"

"No, mum, I've just the wan you see on me back."

"Very well, to-morrow you must buy some clothes. I'll let you have some money in advance. I furnish the aprons. I hope you have no objection to one with a bib, and to wearing a cap. It's a point I insist upon."

"Mum?"

"Will you wear whatever I wish you to wear?" with rising impatience.

"I'll do as ye say," and she squeaked to the shelter of the kitchen and black Eva's protection.

"Was she m'aning I was to buy clothes wid my first earnings?"

"Yes, y' can get de dress ready-made."

"I won't be a-goin' to Baltimore so soon thin, will I?"

"Say, greeny, y'd better forgit Baltimore; y'd be lost there afore night."

Maggie started to the table with the soup; her coarse hands trembled, her coarse shoes squeaked at every step. She saw dimly a blur of faces at the table—Mr. Dean, who reluctantly laid down his newspaper; Mrs. Dean, who nervously watched her progress; Miss Amy; the son with his wife, and the two little boys, who grinned openly.

Maggie's red hands shook as they offered each dish; her frightened "Mum," hoarse with agitation, came explosively from her twitching lips. She jerked the

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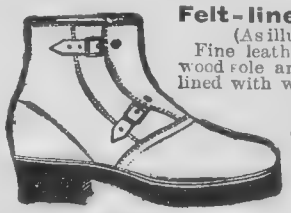

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plates from the members of the family who had not finished. She passed the sugar before the coffee, she ran excitedly for missing spoons. She dropped the bread at the pantry door and spilled the water as she tried to pour it. The multiplicity of details necessary to serve the dinner bewildered her. Accustomed only to the wicker basket in her own cabin where the potatoes smoked for all, how should she know that crackers and cheese followed dessert, and why did they all laugh when, footsore from the shoes she must wear, she stumbled from the room to the kitchen where Eva was hurriedly washing her pans?

After her final exit Mrs Dean bowed her face in her thin, ring-ladened hands and shook nervously. "I can't bear it," she cried. "Such service! Where did the creature come from? And you all sat there laughing, and made it worse."

Her son tenderly encircled her with his arm. "Never mind, mother, we only laugh because it is so unlike your usual perfect housekeeping. Emma," he turned to his wife, "Emma knows what a well-served table you always have. I've told her often enough."

His wife murmured perfunctoriey, "Yes, indeed, Mother Dean," but her lips twitched in an involuntary smile as she recalled Maggie's horrified expression when she had dropped the bread. She herself lived in a family hotel and hoped this domestic turmoil would silence once and for all her husband's oft-reiterated request for a home life.

Amy Dean laughed gayly at her mother's discomfiture. "Don't take it to heart, mother," she cried, seating herself at the piano for some desultory playing. A low light shone on her heavy waves of brown hair and her soft, blooming cheeks. From time to time she looked over her shoulder in the direction of the entrance.

Charley Dean raised his eyebrows in quiringly at his mother.

"Is Amy expecting someone? She seems restless."

"Mr. Eldridge is apt to come; he is here very frequently." She smiled meaningly.

"Anything serious?"

"It looks as if there might be, though Amy is rather impartial. She has had a great deal of attention since she came out, you know."

Charley Dean looked at his sister with the affectionate criticism which he allowed himself. "Mother, I dare say Eldridge would scorn to think of it now, but what kind of a home is Amy capable of making him? What does she know of the superintendence of a house, for instance?"

"Quite as much as any of her friends."

"That means almost nothing, doesn't it? How should I run my factory if I didn't know what I was about?"

"Charley, that's really very trite. Amy has had a good education that took a great many years to acquire. Then two years ago she came out, and since then I don't know when she could have found a minute for domestic science (which is what I suppose you mean). She couldn't make a drudge of herself, especially such a favorite as she has been. The men talk a great deal, I notice, about the domestic accomplishments after they are married, but you must admit that they do not attract them beforehand. You yourself," she cried conclusively, "never thought of them when you chose Emma."

And Charley Dean acknowledged soberly, "No, I certainly did not."

"Amy will pick housekeeping up," the mother continued. "Why! I myself knew next to nothing when I married your father."

She paused in her smiling triumph to listen to a long peal of the bell, followed soon after by Maggie's heavy step.

Amy waited expectantly, her hands pausing over the keys.

"Yer young man is here, miss." Maggie smiled broadly, in her pleasure at the announcement.

"What young man?" Amy snubbed her, conscious of the family's amusement.

"A foine b'y, he give me his ticket," and she handed the card to the girl.

"Where is he?"

"Standin' on the doorstep, if he hasn't gone by now."

"Did you shut the door in his face?"

"Sure I wouldn't be lavin' it open and the night so cold and blowin'."

"Don't take it so to heart," Mrs. Dean mocked as Amy hastened to the waiting Mr. Eldridge's relief. She could hear their laughter in another room; then Amy, her face glowing and beautiful, ran back to the living room.

"We're going to the theater, mother; oh! what shall I wear? I'm so tired of my pink hat; Mr. Eldridge doesn't like me in pink anyway." Her face was flushed with excitement.

"Wear something the snow won't spoil," her mother advised practically; "and, oh, Amy, see that that wretched girl brings up the silver—don't forget."

As Amy Dean stood before the mirror, pinning, regardless of the snow, a delicate hat of lace and feathers above her waving hair, she caught sight of Maggie, as she wearily passed her door, on her way to the solitude of her own room. With a guilty start for her forgetfulness, Amy delivered her mother's message.

"Have you brought up the silver, Maggie?"

"I don't rightly know about the silver, miss. Eva didn't tell me. Wad you be showin' me where 'tis to go?"

Amy hesitated. "I don't know myself where they put it," she said vaguely, "but gather it all up in something"—she paused indefinitely before adding, "and put it somewhere."

Maggie smiled faintly. "I'm awful green, miss, but how am I to learn? Where do you get yer t'achin' in Amerikay?"

She quivered sensitively. "Ye didn't laugh at me, miss, to-night; could you be tellin' me a few things?" Her gaze, wistful and timid, rested on Amy's young face beseechingly.

Amy colored. "I don't know, Maggie," she said kindly, "where girls do learn; our maids have always been trained before they came. I'd teach you if I knew," she laughed in pretty embarrassment. "You see, I don't know myself. I know when things are not right, but that's about all.

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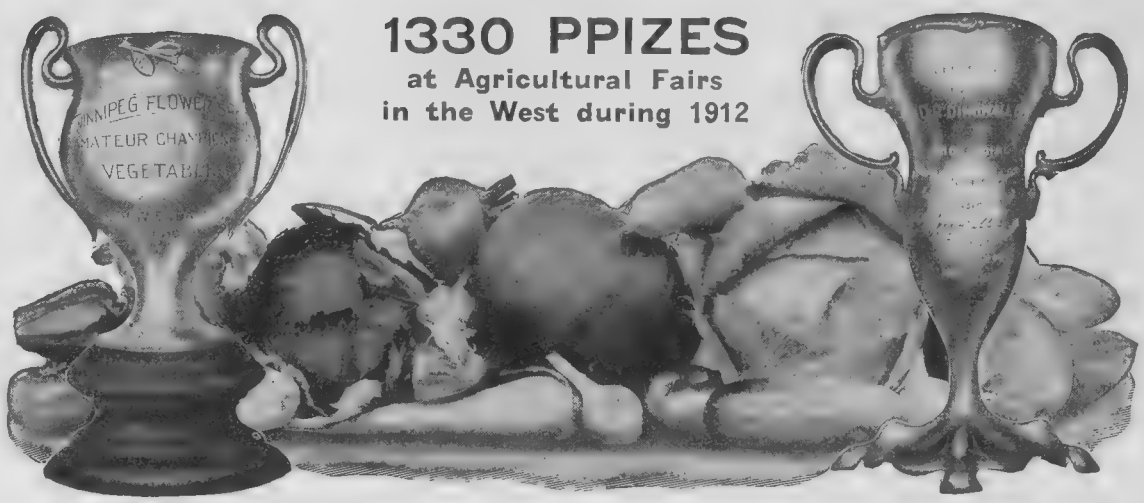

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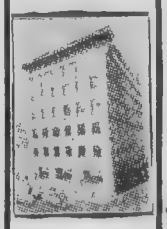
KENTUCKY BLUE, Gilt Edge	5.50	10.00	19.00	5.75	10.50	20.50
CANADIAN BLUE, Gold Standard	4.25	8.00	15.00	4.50	8.50	16.00
RED TOP, Gold Standard	5.75	11.00	21.00	6.00	11.25	22.00



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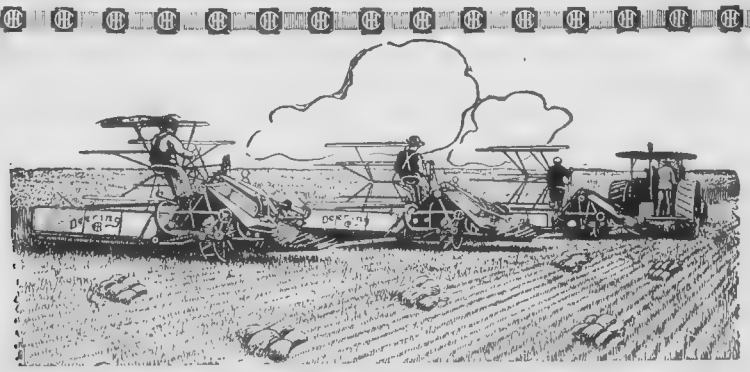

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You'll pick it up," and she ran lightly down the stairs.

The days that followed passed rapidly for the Deans, burdened with long Christmas lists that kept them the greater part of the day in the shopping district. But to Maggie the time crawled slowly by. The very joy of the season, filled with homecomings and good cheer, accentuated her own isolation, while in spite of herself Eva's words had convinced her of the hopelessness of her quest. At times she gazed dully at the great throngs of people that poured down the avenue, and realized with a sick heart what it would be to search for James in Baltimore, in streets that Eva had told her were equally crowded.

This hope, that was slowly dying, had steeled her against her parents' lamentations and the priest's advice. She had never for a moment doubted her lover's truth nor his eventual success. Timid and patient by nature, she would, however, have contentedly awaited his summons in Ireland, if it had not been for the project of the priest to marry her to Patsy.

By hours of secretly working at her lace she had made the money for her passage and obtained her parents' reluctant consent to go to America, on the condition that she would join her uncle.

The Dean family, happy in their own reunion, did not notice that her face was red and twisted from weeping, as she bungled about the house. To interest themselves in the human side of Maggie had never occurred to them. The regretted Hedda and Christine had been as lacking in personality as the filter or the hot-water plant.

But in the democracy of their common work, Eva was keenly alive to the girl's distress. "Greeny," she said one late afternoon, "set by the table and watch me. I'm a-goin' to do something fer you. It's all I kin do, too,—I wisht it was more."

The speaking tube sounded. "Maggie," Miss Amy called with irritation, "come upstairs and finish your work. You have left my waste basket overflowing and have brought me no towels."

Maggie's heavy tread thundered up the stairs. Her childish imagination was filled with the happy mystery of Eva's words. She seized the waste basket and disappeared.

"It's less trouble to get the towels myself," Amy laughed in explanation to her mother, as she rummaged in the linen closet. "Mother, that girl is not only incapable, but unwilling. After every task she runs back to the kitchen to visit with Eva. Isn't it queer that she doesn't object to her color?"

"The worst of it is," Mrs. Dean sighed, "that I shall probably have to keep her. The intelligence offices hold out little hope of any one better before spring. I've bought her some good stout gingham aprons for Christmas. She hadn't any of her own. Do you think they will do? It isn't as if she had been here long."

Meanwhile, in the kitchen, Maggie sat eagerly by Eva's side, her eyes, that gazed dully at her mistress, now bright as stars.

"Tell me who you are a-writin' to, Eva, that's a good gurl?"

But Eva, shaking with suppressed laughter, wrote slowly on, her glittering eyes rolling roguishly at Maggie. "Thar," she finished grandly, stamping and addressing the envelope. "Don't you wisht you could read?" She held the letter teasingly before her. "I'll tell you this much and you can guess the rest: it's to that yaller fellar that lives in Baltimore." She smiled kindly at the Irish girl.

"They say the Irish and the colored folks can't get along, but I've seed dogs an' cats a-eatin out o' the same saucer, when they couldn't do better. I'm 'bout the only friend you've got, greeny, hain't I?" and her guttural laugh rang good-naturedly through the kitchen.

Early Christmas morning, before five o'clock, Maggie, her shawl over her head, crept down the stairs, past the sleeping family, on her way to mass. From the fireplace in the silent living room two thick-ribbed stockings, suggestive of the boys' chubby legs, dangled expectantly. Piles of gifts awaited the family. The out-line of a Christmas tree showed black and irregular in the wan light. The house was icy cold, comfortless, forbidding.

Maggie slipped quietly into the street and walked rapidly along in the bleak darkness toward the shadowy bulk of the church that loomed in the distance, its gold cross silhouetted against the sky. From every house in the block dark figures were emerging from the back doors and walking rapidly in the same direction.

Maggie crept into the warm shelter with a glow of the heart to find in a world where no trace of the old life was left that the church awaited her, familiar, unchanged, welcoming—a great rock in a thirsty land.

The pungent smell of evergreen, the flicker of many candles, the star of light that gleamed over the main altar, the white robes of the three officiating priests, the thirty altar boys in flaming scarlet capes touched with gold, the stealing odor of incense, the full orchestra and the great choir chanting the responses, filled her soul with beauty—comforted her weary heart.

At this same hour, for the first mass was earlier in her own land, her mother and father across the sea were reverently muttering the same prayers, and James she pictured wistfully kneeling somewhere in Baltimore. They were all poor, humble and obscure, part of the great body of the church, a living rosary that stretched about the world.

She bowed her head and prayed to meet her lover and to find him true, and ended with the promise that if the Virgin would only smile upon their love she would work a cloth, all of Irish lace, for her blessed altar.

As the mass ended and she moved toward the door, refreshed and comforted, she caught sight of her uncle and his family and shrank back into the crowd. Her cousins glanced consciously the other way, but Jerry O'Connor limped to her side, his face wrinkling into a kindly smile.

"Merry Christmas to you, my gurl; I hoped to find ye at mass." He fumbled in his coat pocket, glancing furtively in the direction of his family. "Here's a little money fer yez, Maggie; ye're to buy a hat wid it." Then he slipped a small box into her hand: "I guess ye're a young enough gurl to loike a ring." He beamed happily at her radiant face, as she slipped a heavily chased band on her forefinger.

"I thought ye'd be loikin' of it, Maggie." He cleared his throat in embarrassment. "Air ye not goin' to take dinner wid us to-day?"

"I must wark," she said simply, glancing proudly at her ring.

"Well, well, so be it," and the old man conscious of having done his duty, limped after the girls, who were attended by the devoted Mr. Finley.

Maggie sped happily homeward, feeling from time to time to see if her ring was still in place. She could scarcely wait to show it to Eva. With all her crying necessities, no gift could have pleased her as did this gold band which had no purpose but adornment. She refreshed her eyes continually with its luster.

"I'm thinkin' my luck is changin'," she breathed ecstatically.

As she opened the back door of the Deans', sounds of horns and trumpets greeted her ears, a phonograph metallically sang a popular song. The boys, their stockings half empty, greeted her hilariously as the only one down:

"Hi there, Maggie, see what I got! Have some candy, Maggie? What did you get?"

She showed her ring, smiling broadly, and the boys gave her gift unstinted admiration.

"Lemme try it on, Maggie. Gee! it fits my thumb just fine. Can't I wear it to breakfast?"

Eva soon appeared and handed the girl a handkerchief with a gay border. The household awoke one by one. Gifts were being exchanged on every side. The good will and peace to men, which the day before seemed in their fatigue a mere mockery, had become an unaccountable reality, they scarcely knew how.

The little boys were perhaps the mainspring. They ran to and fro with gifts of their own making in confident expectation of giving pleasure. They had painted book marks for Maggie and Eva, and watched with glee their faces melt to laughter when they unwrapped the tiny packages. They flew to and fro between the kitchen and the house democratically all the morning. They were glad to take the letter to Maggie that the postman brought and watched her with open curiosity, while Eva read it aloud.

"Maggie's got a letter," they confided to the family. "I think it's from her beau; he sent her some money and she's a-cryin' on the kitchen table."

Amy Dean raised her face from the brooch of pearls she was contemplating. "Isn't it strange how in that class," she mused, "they will take money from their lovers?" Then, with a start, she remembered the aprons.

"Mother, I hate to give those aprons to

her. They look so harsh and ugly this morning. After all, Maggie is a young girl too, and she must have interests outside of her work. If she has a sweetheart," she colored delicately, "she'll like something pretty to wear. I'll give her my pink waist with the lace collar," and she ran downstairs to the kitchen.

"I was a-prayin' to the Virgin, Eva, I'd be after makin' her an altar cloth if she'd give me back me b'y," Maggie was saying.

But Eva, scratching her woolly head, answered meditatively, "I don't know about that, greeny—I ain't a church goer—but I kinder think that that yaller fellar, to say nothin' of m'self, had something to do with finding James." She paused suddenly, as Amy Dean smilingly entered: "Merry Christmas, Miss Amy. Look yere, greeny, what she's brought yer."

Either Mrs. Dean was too happy to be worried, or Maggie was slowly improving, for the Christmas dinner passed off with fewer blunders, and at the conclusion Mrs. Dean sought the new maid with benevolent intent.

"Maggie, you are improving a little, I think that you may be a good waitress in time. If you will try hard not to be so forgetful and not to nick the dishes, I'll keep you. Miss Amy is to be married soon and I don't want to make another change if I can help it."

Maggie twisted her apron strings through her fingers.

"I'll be after tellin' you, mum, that I'll have to be lavin'. I'm a-goin' to get married myself."

"Married! Whom can you know to marry! I thought you'd not been here a week?"

"I've a b'y in Baltimore, mum, and he's sint me the money to come to him. 'Twas thinkin' of him took me from the ole country"—she smiled broadly. "He's just been made a policeman."

Mrs. Dean's eye wandered; she was not interested in Maggie's prospects as compared to her own comfort. She walked slowly back to the living room and announced tragically:

"Maggie is going to leave"

"What's the matter?" Amy questioned.

"Matter! the same old story! After I've made up my mind to endure her deficiencies, she gives notice. Prefers to leave a good home like this, with every comfort, and become the drudge of some policeman. She's going to be married! What did she take the place for if she didn't intend to stay?"

But all unconscious of her mistress' displeasure, wholly ignorant of her share in augmenting the vexations of the servant problem, Maggie, her heart filled with eager anticipation of the future, sat by the kitchen table dreamily listening while Eva reread the letter. And, far from resembling a mischievous disturber of domestic peace, she looked, with her work-worn hands crossed quietly on her knee, her luminous eyes staring unseeingly at the snow, like some pilgrim, pausing ecstatically—the Golden City at last within her reach.

The Swiftest "Moving" Picture Camera.

By Bonnycastle Dale. Illustrated by Fleming Brothers.

WHEN you look at the tame sheep shambling off over the field of the lower levels of the inhabited valleys of British Columbia, then raising your eyes and scanning the mighty snowcrowned mountains on either hand, which you know to contain the native Bighorn Sheep in its wild state, you do not wonder that Felis Concolor, our native panther, prefers to hunt these well placed titbits of the cultivated plateaus to the swift, watchful, white specks on the very summits of the lofty peaks.

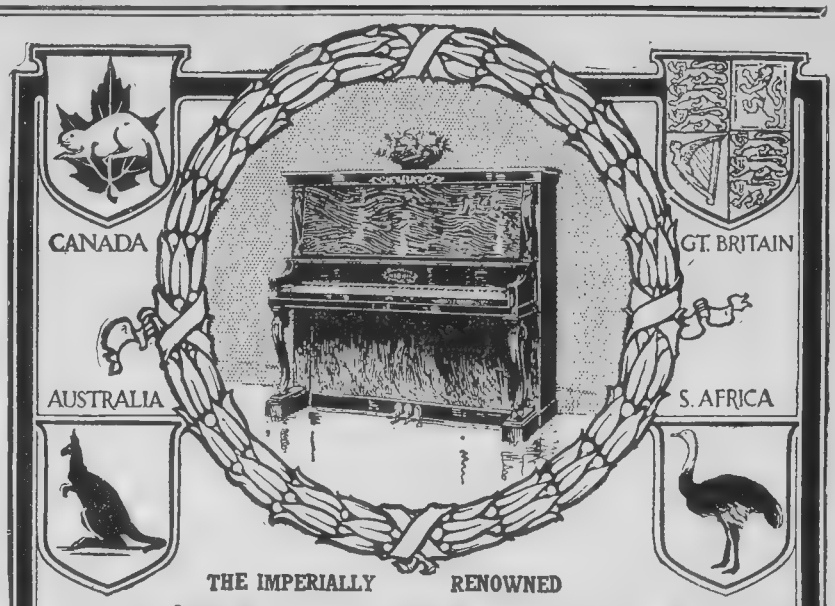
Here we were on the levels. Some seven thousand feet of virgin forest, ridge, terrace and peak lay between us and our much desired game. The scene was of impressive grandeur. The everlasting hills were clothed on their north sides with a deep mantle of bright green and bronze and golden mosses and lichens. The trails of the whitetail deer made an upward path to these rugged heights of the Kootenays. The telltale sands on the edge of the clear brawling mountain stream near our shelter tent told, that since the sun sank so early yesterday behind the great shoulder to the west, the inhabitants of this primeval wilderness had been astir. In one place the arrow prints of a band of deer were deeply imprinted, the sharp front sunken in the sand where they had stood to drink, then all confused where they had leaped instantly into a desperate rush—and the soft big pads of the panther that missed them told the cause.

As we trudged upwards we crossed some huge deer trails that must have been caused by the so-called wapiti or elk, now exterminated over so great a part of its range. We found where bears, common black ones, had been tearing into hollow logs after ants and grubs. Did it ever occur to you how many a concealed beast with watchful eyes intently studies us—the only upright standing animal—as we pursue our way through their haunts? And it is the fear of us, in that alarming attitude of attack, that natural fighting attitude of man, that has made us the so-called "Lords of Creation."

As we toiled slowly up the stiff grade we passed from the firs and giant cedars of the lower levels into the stripling growth of the heights. We lunched on a scarred outcropping of granite where the view over the lower hills and drainage streams was one of great magnifi-

Mountain Sheep

cence. We were in an unmapped land, a land clothed to about six thousand feet with a glorious mantle of green, watered by silver streams that glittered in their ribbony ways, a land of absolute silence. From where we sat not a bird was to be seen, not even a common ground squirrel set up its cheery complaint. It seemed to us as if the far reaching scene had been set—stage-like—all ready for the living actors to appear—hist! there is one now—right in front of us, across a deep valley, was an upreared lip of some light grey rock, its crevices clothed with green mosses. On the ledge that ran beneath appeared the lonely actor—the very incarnation of pantomime—a huge grizzly bear, with his summer coat showing a yellowish tinge in the clear September air. Through the glass I watched him play his lonely part. With shambling tread he advanced close to the edge of his high set stage and with slowly swinging head scanned the unchangeable scene below. Once his deep set eyes were raised and it seemed to me, looking through the glass, that he was staring straight up at me out of his deep-set orbs. Suddenly he opened his mouth and called. I could not hear him, but I saw the muscular action of the cry, and out ran two fairly well grown cubs. Intently they all surveyed the scene, then the cubs, following no doubt, the dam's eyes, peered intently in the same direction, and with one accord they all took a downward trail—and left the mighty scene, stage, proscenium, all empty.



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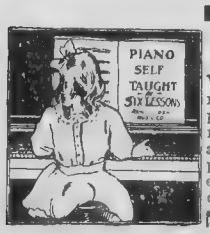

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We slept that night below the grasses of the upper slopes and early next morning crossed these high meadowlike plateaus and stood at last upon the outgrown rock shoulders of the range. Above us the snow-covered, debris-littered rocks, glared in the bright sunshine. Armed with my big focal plane and field glasses I started. Even as early as this there were steady falls of snow on the upper heights as I was soon on fresh untrodden virgin fields. Glum—a really expressive cognomen—remained below. He stolidly refused to believe I could get the active bighorn "with my little black box." He resented, as absolute folly, our going into the woods without a perfect arsenal of weapons. He had his rifle for protection if needs be. (No animal has ever molested me in thirty years of continent wide field work).

About a projecting cliff I found the first signs of the bighorn. Here had passed a band of about six. From memory of tracks of the bighorn I would think they were all ewes and lambs. No trails but theirs impressed the snow, so evidently the wolves were on the lower brush clad heights. Once a slow dragging trail of a wolverine told of another enemy to the bighorn having passed—these two with the fox, lynx and golden eagle comprise the enemies of the mountain sheep—all of them together do not kill as many as the greatest enemy of all animals—Man.

From these great heights the view was inspiring, so I set the "black box" down on the snow and taking out the glasses searched the scene. Across, on a lower height, where the debris from the precipitous cliffs was not snow covered, I made out several sheep. One big ram, an old one from its well ringed horns, fed on the scanty grasses and weeds. The ewes, together with some half dozen lambs, lay on the more exposed parts, they seemed to face everywhere and were constantly searching the scene. Some of the lambs looked quite white, others had the greyish coat of the ewes, while some were as dark as the big horned ram that cropped the scanty herbage. Suddenly they all stretched their necks, rose to their feet, flicked their short tails and started up that sliding rock slope as if their lives depended upon their speed. Now what had alarmed them?—not I, for I was fully a thousand yards off. What ever is that black thing leaping down the sides of the hill I am on? I tried to get the glass on it. I did. At first I thought it was a wolverine by its tail—but never before have I seen a wolverine that progressed by somersaults only, as this black thing was turning over and over, once I caught sight of its tail. Now it has stopped, right against a big gray rock. Surely I focus it and bring into the object glass. It was my favorite camera—alas! my only camera on this trip.

Discouraged, for a time, I decided to eat my lunch while considering what to do. My cake of chocolate did not take long to munch and I was soon sliding and slipping on my way to the valley. Alas! the first shake confirmed my fears. The leaves of my lens were as wrinkled as the yellow leaves of the scrub beside, so I cached the wreck and climbed back. By two o'clock I stood on the well worn trail of the bighorn on the knifelike crests of the very peaks. Within a mile of the spot I stood, I saw two dark figures—of that very common animal—man. At four o'clock we met. He and his guide had seen the band my erratic camera had startled. We returned to the spot where I had first stood in the morning. Circled about were the tracks of at least two rams. The marks led right up to the spot where my camera box had rested; and I will always believe that ram was in league with Glum and sent my "black box" spinning into the valley.

Mr. Johnson and his guide had killed two fine old rams on the other side of the range, so he sent his man down to tell Glum to cross to their valley and with me dipped down into the lower levels to recover my cache. Twice that night, before we made Johnson's camp, we saw bighorn. He said they were quite plentiful all over the Kootenays, and that the railway authorities can tell all incoming hunters just where to get off. If you want to hunt the bighorn write to the department "Bureau of Provincial Information, Victoria B. C." for latest information—I have to deal with Johnston's guide and Glum. We made our supper, smoked our pipes, lay down for a while and then began to wonder why the guides did not put in an appearance. Ten o'clock came, the supper was still hot, another pipe was smoked—midnight—no sign of the guides. Tired and sleepy we both dozed off on the hemlock boughs and the sun woke us next morning—then our men appeared from two different directions. It turned out that my man had been telling the other guide that I never used a rifle, but that I got deer and sheep (as I had often told him) and carried them home in my "black box." This was too much for the Kootenayan and he refused to track with such a liar and the result was that my man had to trail him all the way to a new and unknown camp.

Sheep of the Northern Pacific Coast

We saw the two fine rams Johnston had killed (Ovis Canadensis). These sheep are darker than any I have seen to the North-Fannins, or Stone or the Yukon, and Alaska sheep—which is pure white. Roughly speaking I think the colourization is based on the locality, the further north ones white, and those to the south gradually getting darker. What a marked contrast these white, clean limbed, alert, swiftly leaping sheep are to the solemn old Billy Goats some of the hunters follow. We watched a band of some ten rams and ewes and lambs. They had been chased from their last feeding place by the accidental intrusion of a black bear—it does not eat mutton—at least not as swift mutton as this, but its big black body scared the alert sheep and off they bounded. Two of them went back to within a short distance of the bear, then the rest of the band walked past him undisturbed. Once they reached the well trodden trails of the

summits they bounded off in good shape, taking excellently well placed leaps, from tiny peak to peak, down sheer sides and up apparently unscalable cliffs, then they stopped—clearly outlined, on the very top of the highest peak, and settled themselves about it in a circle, so that danger from all points was guarded against. I do not

White Type of Mountain Sheep

remember seeing anything that so thoroughly appealed to me as the very essence of the wild life of the hills.

Glum and I made the descent leisurely. I think this method suited him for he became almost garrulous—for him. He said "Ugh" once when he rolled down about twenty feet and briskly removed a long strip of time stained hide from his arm, and when we stepped into the canoe, on the lower plateau "Ugh" again. This time he had slipped off a rock into very cold water, so perhaps he had reasons and I may be unfair to him to call him garrulous.

Still, sphinx though he was, he was a master hand with pole or paddle where the river leaped and boiled. He took me through what the Chinaman truly calls "mad water" where the wild stream roared like many bulls and the waves seemed to leap back upon themselves from very fury. Once, as we swiftly swept about a boulder strewn bend, we found the channel narrowed down to one madly leaping pass that swirled its waters a good two feet higher on the rocky sides than in midchannel. Without a single exclamation Glum put the high prow of the canoe for that wild spot. Instinctively I felt like the frightened child—ready to close my eyes, but my paddle had helped in many a close shave, so I grasped it firmly—the big cedar log canoe fairly trembled as it got the clutch of the current, and we were thrown through

Two Big horn Rams

that angry pass as swiftly as I have ever travelled by uncontrolled forces.

Glum said "Ugh" when I sent him to express the broken camera to New York. Another "ugh" as I paid him and he entered his canoe and pushed her off on his lonely trip down the turbulent river—and to my knowledge he has not even said "Ugh" since.

THAT LAD WILL GET ON.

Willie Thompson, the office-boy to a large firm of publishers, was a smart lad, and when recently he was sent to one of the operative departments with a message he noticed at once that something was wrong with the machinery. He returned, gave the alarm, and thus prevented much damage. The circumstance was reported to the head of the firm, before whom Willie was summoned.

"You have done me a very great service, my lad," said the genial chief, who had now recovered from the effects of much enforced Christmas genorsity. "In future your wages will be increased by two dollars weekly."

"Thank you, sir," said the bright little fellow. "I will do my best to be worth it, and to be a good servant to you."

The reply struck the chief almost as much as the lad's previous service had done."

"That's the right spirit, my lad," he said. "In all the years I have been in business no one has ever thanked me in that way. I will make the increase four dollars. Now, what do you say to that?"

"Well, sir," said Willie, after a moment's hesitation, "would you mind if I said it again?"

IT WAS MY BANANA.

"Ah, little boy, I'm glad you didn't laugh when that poor man slipped on a banana and fell down."

"Boo-hoo-hoo! It was my father!"

"Was it? Well, well, cheer up, sonnie! He's not badly hurt."

"No, but—but—it was my banana he stepped on, an' there's hardly any of it left!"

HANDY HUBBY.

Mrs. Jones: "That old maid next door is the most brazen borrower I know."

Mrs. Brown: "Indeed!"

Mrs. Jones: "Yes. Why, only yesterday she came over to enquire if she couldn't borrow my husband for an hour to mow her lawn, thrash a man who had insulted her, and discharge her cook."

NOTHING MUCH IN 'EM

They were walking on the beach when the subject of bathing suits was introduced by the young lady as follows:

"Men are always criticizing women about their bathing suits; but I don't see anything to brag about in the men's suits here."

He glanced at a scrawny man who was sunning himself on the sand and replied: "I don't either."

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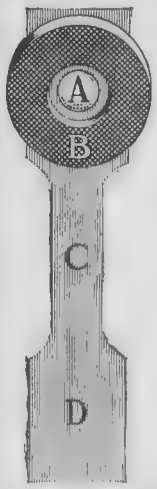

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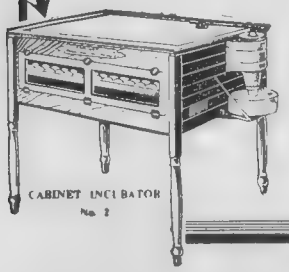

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Canadian Progress and the Panama Canal

(E. B. C., in the "National Review," London.)

Unquestionably Canada and other parts of the Empire will profit greatly by the reductions in steaming distances which will follow the opening of the Panama Canal as a conduit of sea-borne commerce. The fact that British Columbia (and a part, at all events, of the territory beyond that province) will be brought into touch with both sides of the Atlantic is perhaps the most important, as far as the Empire is concerned, of the inevitable results of the construction of the canal. For Vancouver and all other ports in British Columbia there will be a reduction of 8,400 miles to New York, about 7,000 miles to Montreal, and 6,000 miles to Liverpool. The reduction to New Orleans will exceed that to New York. The sea-voyage from Yokohama to Montreal will be about 2,700 miles less; that from Sydney to Montreal at least 2,500 miles less, or 3,000 miles if the call at Tahiti be avoided.

All the British West Indies, no longer at the entrance to a maritime "cul de sac," will be brought thousands of miles nearer to Canada's Pacific Province. Generally speaking, the fact that the circumnavigation of the globe in the Northern Hemisphere (in which most of the "red circle" of the British Empire lies) will at last be possible means to Imperial commerce practically what the discovery of a practical "North-West Passage" would have meant. The United States becomes an island, and so does Canada.

Vancouver and the Grain Traffic

The people of British Columbia have not been slow to grasp the meaning for them of as drastic a revision of the world's maritime trade routes as that which was brought about by the building of the Suez Canal. The Vancouver Board of Trade has been securing information as to the prospects for exports of Canadian grain and other products to European markets from that magnificent port via the Panama Canal.

The Board reports that, in the matter of grain, future rates from points in Saskatchewan and Alberta, west of Moose Jaw to Vancouver, should approximate to 9 cents per bushel as compared with 14 cents per bushel now in force, and that ocean rates from Vancouver to Liverpool, via the Panama Canal, should not exceed 20s. per long ton, or 13 cents per bushel, or a total charge of 22 cents per bushel from the point of production to the consumer in Great Britain or the Continent. This compares with 25-26 cents per bushel, the present rate on grain from the Prairie Provinces during the season of open navigation and with a rate of 36-37 cents during the winter. Storage charges during winter on wheat amount to 5 cents per bushel or more when kept waiting for shipment. If shipped through Vancouver these charges would, it is hoped, disappear, as the port is open all the year round.

Ocean charges from Vancouver to Liverpool, via the Suez Canal or around Cape Horn (a distance of 15,000 miles), for the last three years have been from 25s. to 30s. per long ton. By Panama the distance would be brought down to less than 9,000 miles, and the added tonnage regularly making Vancouver a port of call, in addition to the tramp tonnage available, should reduce the water rates to the figure already mentioned. The completion to the coast by 1914 of the Grand Trunk Pacific, Canadian Northern, and the practically new main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway (double tracked, with gradients equal to and in places better than those on the prairies) will, it is stated, give the same rail rates westbound for the same distances as the present eastbound rates, and, by equalizing conditions, immensely improve the shipping prospects of the west coast. Delegates from the Vancouver Board of Trade are at present holding conferences at Calgary and other points to discuss what Western Canada should do to prepare for the opening of the canal.

A Forecast of the Future

It is obvious that the economic progress of British Columbia will be vastly accelerated by these changes. The following passage from an address before the Royal Colonial Institute, by Dr. F. B. Vrooman, perhaps the most far sighted student of the potentialities of Western Canada's development, is an admirable forecast:

"We can now consider Vancouver as an outlet towards Europe and the Atlantic coast for Alberta wheat. Even now, with the present excessive rates over the Rockies, wheat may be shipped in winter from Calgary to Liverpool more cheaply then by the all-rail route to St. John in New Brunswick. The winter rates to Liverpool are four-tenths of a cent per bushel in favor of Vancouver from Calgary. The eastern route is blocked by ice five months in the year. The British Columbia route is open twelve months in the year. The Panama Canal will give the decided advantage to Vancouver all the year round. From Calgary to the head of navigation on Lake Superior is 1,260 miles. From Calgary to Vancouver is 644 miles. It is now generally believed in the West by the shipping people that Vancouver will be the port for the wheat of Alberta and West Saskatchewan which is destined for Europe and the Southern States.

"New markets will be found on the Atlantic for British Columbia lumber and paper. This new large demand will increase the price. But the saving of freight is an enormous item. The present freight-rates from Vancouver to Liverpool are sixteen dollars per 1,000 feet. The canal will give British Columbia a rate of about eight dollars per 1,000 feet. This difference per 1,000 will add to the value of British Columbia timber destined for Europe. But it is for more reasons than this that British Columbia is destined to be a vast Imperial industrial workshop. While her agricultural and horticultural possibilities are far beyond what is generally supposed, British Columbia is in natural resources and raw materials of industry one of the richest areas on the globe. But above all she is rich in mechanical power—water-power and coal. These are about to be opened up and developed. Their development soon will be beyond computation, for, roughly speaking, there is not an investment in British Columbia today which will not be directly increased in value by the new canal; but also much indirectly by the impetus given to development. This one thing—this canal, costing nothing—will double, quadruple and quintuple values out there in a few brief years. With easier access will come new trade, and new demands will create new products, and soon the innumerable water-powers of British Columbia will start the wheels of a thousand new industries. The illimitable resources of the province will be opened up, developed, and utilized at home or shipped abroad. The value of every town lot and of every acre of land of the 395,000 square miles of the province will be greatly enhanced; town sites will be hewed out of the forests, and the forests themselves—every stick of wood of their 182,000,000 acres of forest and woodland—will be increased in value directly, by reason of cheaper shipping alone, to the extent of several dollars per 1,000 feet; and in the items of lumber and wood-pulp alone the Panama Canal will make as a free gift to British Columbia considerably more than the United States is spending on the whole canal.

"The mines of British Columbia, which have already produced over £70,000,000, will leap forward with renewed prosperity. Her fisheries, which have produced £21,000,000, will be more extensively developed and, let us hope, be made again a British asset—since they are now wholly in the hands of the Japanese, who not only send their earnings home to Japan but are criminally

wasteful in their methods. The coal deposits of the Province, which promise to be the most extensive in the world, will, with immense deposits of iron, be opened to the world's markets. It is said that the coal-fields in one small district in the Kootenay are capable of yielding 10,000,000 tons of coal a year for over 7,000 years, and a new district has been discovered within a twelve-month which the provincial mineralogist told me on Christmas Eve was the most important economic discovery ever made in British Columbia, where there are known to be 1,000 square miles of the best anthracite and is probably the richest anthracite district in the New World west of Pennsylvania."

Speeding British Development

Hitherto the growth of British Columbia (essentially the most "British" of the Western Provinces) has been slower than that of Canada's demesnes between the Great Lakes and the Rockies. The building of the Panama Canal will equalize the rates of development of the two sections of Western Canada and so tend to check the political influence of the polyglot, half-assimilated, alien population which is massed in the great wheat-growing Province of Saskatchewan. We shall hear less and less of a rupture between East and West as the opinion of British Columbia, a country that looks towards the ocean and has correct ideas concerning the scope and intention of sea-power, gathers force with a more rapid increase in wealth and population. And "pari passu" Western Canada's understanding of an Empire, which has been from first to last the creation of sea-borne commerce, will be rendered more complete and far-reaching.

SHE LOOKS IT.

Walter found his mother talking to a portly lady.

"Walter," said his ma, "this is your great aunt."

"Yes," said Walter, looking at her ample proportions; "she looks it."

"RAINBOW" PEOPLE.

Gussie was feeling very nettled because a black man had been admitted to the club, and was expressing his views on the questions of racial intercourse very strongly with his friend as they sat at dinner.

The friend, however, was not so narrow-minded, and offered to bet a dollar that although the other was so proud of being a white man, he was in reality a man of many hues.

"Done," said Gussie.

"Well," replied the friend, "you turn white with fear, red with embarrassment, blue with cold, green with envy, purple with rage, black with anger, you're pinked when you fence, u go gray with worry, you are party colored at election times, and when you are 'had' you are 'done brown.' Hand over the dollar."

FRESH COUNTRY VEGETABLES.

"I saw you digging in the garden at daybreak."

"Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel, "I have to be up bright and early so as to get the tomato cans hid from the summer boarders."

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The Bashfulness of Bodley

By Henry Gallup Paine

THOSE who know Bodley do not need to be told that he is bashful, and those who first hear of him now will be of the same opinion.

It is not worth while to go into particulars about his bashfulness. Think of almost any bashful man you know and you will have Bodley. He never spoke first to any woman except his landlady, though he got so that he could reply without embarrassment to remarks addressed to him by some of the middle-aged lady boarders. But the advent of a young and fairly good-looking woman was enough to shut him up like a trap; while once, when Mrs. Prendergast's pretty niece visited her for a week, he took all his dinners at a restaurant on the pretext of being compelled to work late at the office.

But Bodley was no milksop. He could spar, he could sail a boat, and he could swim like a duck. He went on a cruise around Long Island last summer, and one morning they ran into Great South Bay. So the boys put on their bathing-suits and rowed to Fire Island for a dip in the surf. They went in near the life-saving station, out of deference to Bodley, as there were many people of both sexes bathing in front of the hotel. But after awhile his companions led him on, under pretext of a race, to swim opposite the bathers—though a good way out—and then made for the beach. But they could not induce Bodley to go nearer shore; and after paddling around for awhile he was about to swim back, when his attention was arrested by the sign of a great commotion on the beach; people running to and fro and calling in agonized tones. Suddenly he saw a white face rise between him and the land and then sink out of sight.

He was after it like a flash, although he was near enough to see that it belonged to a beautiful, fair-haired girl. Somehow he entirely forgot that he was bashful.

He caught her just as she was going down for the third time; whereupon, in the uncomfortable fashion of drowning people, she convulsively entwined herself about him, so that he was powerless to use hand or foot, and they went down together. It was a critical moment; two lives now instead of one were at stake; time was short and explanations out of the question. There was but one thing to do and Bodley did it. He wrenched his left arm free, and planted it with some force between the lady's eyes. It raised a large lump, but it caused her to release her hold of him, and they began to come up again.

When they arrived at the surface Bodley took breath and a fresh grip and started for shore. He was soon met by the surf-boat and pulled in with his burden, whom he proceeded to resuscitate in the most approved fashion and a perfectly unconscious manner. So vigorous and skilful was he that by the time shore was reached he was rewarded by signs of returning life.

Once on dry land Bodley took command and quickly had all the available forces and appliances marshalled and at work. There was a human life to be saved and he proposed to save it.

Then, at last, after no end of rubbing and rolling and artificial respiration, the human being gave a quiver and a sigh, and opened her eyes and looked at Bodley, and behold it was a beautiful, fair-haired girl, with a black-and-blue lump as big as a hen's egg between her eyes, and Bodley fled from her like a startled fawn, or, if there is anything that gets away quicker, like that.

His absence did not cause any surprise, as the people around supposed he had gone to get something for his patient and would return; and in the meantime the too daring young mermaid having recovered sufficiently to be taken to her room, the excitement subsided, and it was not until later in the day that people began to wonder who the mysterious stranger was who seemed to have risen out of the sea to rescue the drowning girl and then to have as mysteriously disappeared.

The heroine of the occasion was especially desirous of meeting and thanking her rescuer, but he could not be found, nor any trace or clue of him. There was no guest at the hotel or cottages answering to his description, nor had any such person arrived or departed that day.

The mystery was as mysterious as any other mystery, yet it failed of its full effect, because it was so very mysterious that many of the people who came to the hotel after it had happened could not be made to believe it, and thought that it was just the stock ghost story without which no summer-resort is complete, and declared that the young woman had never been nearly drowned, and that if she had been, she had never been rescued—and this although she remained until the house closed and was in constant and lively evidence.

In the meantime the conscious and elusive Bodley had sped to the life-saving station, where he joined his companions, who had returned there after their failure to lure him among the bathers, and before they had been noticed from the shore. They had thus entirely missed the accident in which Bodley had taken so prominent a part.

Together they rowed back to the yacht and, at Bodley's s uggestion, made sail t once. He said that it was important to get into the Sound before the weather changed.

They were at dinner when they left the hotel well down on their port quarter, but Bodley carried that beautiful, pale face with its halo of golden hair with him all the voyage, and right in the middle of its forehead was an ugly bruise as if made by a man's fist.

And the boys said that they would never ask Bodley to join them in another cruise—unless they couldn't handle a boat any better than they could this year. They said that something seemed to have gotten into Bodley. Something had; it was the memory of that drowning human being who had suddenly turned into a beautiful girl. And he couldn't get it out. Sometimes he wondered if he would ever see her again. Then he would remember how bashful he was, and he would picture how some fellow who didn't love her half so much as he could, but who was not afraid to speak to her, would marry her; and then he would seem very disagreeable to the boys, and they would talk among themselves about putting him ashore. And then the weather would turn nasty, and Bodley would take the helm and they would decide to give him one more chance.

After the cruise Bodley went back to New York, his business, and his boarding-house. His friends hoped that the change would do him good, and so did Bodley. He devoted himself energetically to his work, and even tried to interest himself in his fellow-boarders in the hope of driving out of his mind the thought of the girl he had saved at Fire Island. For her image kept constantly recurring to him, and he was surprised to find that the more strenuously he tried to forget her the easier it seemed to remember her.

He thought of her so much that he was afraid he was going to fall in love with her, not realizing that he had done so already for it seemed futile to fall in love with a girl whom he had only seen once, whom he had brutally assaulted then, and whom he probably should never see again. The recollection of that blow made Bodley sick every time he thought of it, and as he thought of it whenever he thought of the girl, and as he thought of her all the time, he came to regard himself as an inhuman monster. Of course he knew that he had done the only thing he could have done under the circumstances, and that his prompt action had saved her life and his own. If the drowning person had been a man, the blow would not have caused Bodley a moment's uneasiness, and if the man had complained afterward, Bodley would have told him he was an idiot, who ought to have been left to drown.

But because it was a girl, and a beautiful girl, and Bodley had fallen in love with her, he could only see that big lump on her forehead and remember that his big knuckles had raised it. After awhile however, Bodley began to believe he

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might as well fall in love with a girl whom he had only seen once as with one whom he saw every day, because he would never dare speak to her anyhow; so he began to believe that it might be as well for him never to see this particular girl again, because even if he ever got to know her, she would never have anything to do with a ruffian like himself. It never occurred to Bodley that a girl who would complain at having her life saved in the most certain, speedy, and, indeed, the only possible manner, would be an idiot who ought to have been left to drown.

But then, as has been stated before, Bodley was in love, and, as has been stated and sufficiently demonstrated, Bodley was bashful.

It did seem an awful pity to him, however, that so long as he was fated to fall in love under such circumstances, it must be with a girl who, if she ever thought of him at all, could only do so with loathing. He realized the triteness of the saying, that true love never did run smooth, and composed himself to a life of settled melancholy.

Things had been running on in this way for some time, and Bodley had almost succeeded in adjusting his feelings to their new conditions, when, as he was walking down the front stoop one October morning on his way to business, his left eye was suddenly attracted by the glint of golden hair, and a more comprehensive glance showed him that walking down the stoop of the adjoining house, step by step with him, was the girl he had pulled out of the water at Fire Island.

It seemed so absurdly impossible to him that he thought he must be getting a little crazy on the subject, so he looked again. No, there was no mistaking it, she was the very girl. He instantly withdrew his gaze and looked straight in front of him. Cold shivers ran up his legs and into his body, paralyzing his nerves, so that his brain lost control of his actions, though remaining dimly aware of their results. He was totally unconscious of the fact that he continued walking down the steps, although he felt that he must be, because he could see that he was approaching the level of the sidewalk. Then he began to wonder which way he would turn. His ordinary course would take him past the house next door, and his mental impulse was to turn the other way, but he began to perceive that his legs, though he had lost all sense of their existence, were turning him in the usual direction. Then he began to hope that the girl was going to turn the same way; but no, he could see that she was turning toward him and he was going to meet her face to face.

It was a terrible moment in his life. He did not know whether he should be able to live through it. No one who has not been through a similar experience can really understand what that moment was to a man of Bodley's temperament.

He tried to look away from her in order to avoid the look of contempt and horror and disdain he expected her to cast on him, but his eyes would pay no attention to his will and gazed at her, full in the face, as his unresponsive legs carried him by her. He walked on for some time in this semi-conscious state, and then, little by little, the numbness left his body and ran down his legs, and he began to feel the pavement once more under his feet, and his heart, which had been thumping like a trip-hammer, began to resume its normal beats.

Then suddenly two great facts thrust themselves upon his consciousness; the first that the bruise on her forehead had entirely disappeared! This was not strange when Bodley came to think of it, because it was now three months since he had hit her; but such an impression had the blow made on him that it had never occurred to him that she would not carry that black-and-blue lump between her eyes as long as she lived. And he blessed the happy chance that had permitted him to see her once again, so that in the future he could bring up her picture in his mind without that hideous reminder of his cruelty.

The second fact was that she had not regarded him with horror and contempt, but that she had not apparently regarded him at all. Not that she hadn't seen him, for he remembered that as she had looked brightly about her, her glance had fallen on him, but without the slightest sign of recognition.

And after Bodley had wondered at this for awhile, he suddenly realized that she had never seen him before For when he came to put his mind on it he perceived that she could hardly have been sufficiently conscious to notice anything when she opened her eyes for the first time after she had been taken out of the water, and that even if she had really seen him then she could scarcely be expected to recognize him now. And Bodley's heart was lighter than it had been for many weeks, and he walked all the way down town with elastic tread, which made him late at the office; and when he met a member of the firm as he was coming in, he alluded to his tardiness with a jesting remark, and seemed in so bright and pleasant a mood that the member of tne firm seriously considered suggesting to him to come late every day if it were going to have so delightful an effect on his spirits. But, being a member of the firm, he did not do it.

Bodley got through the day in a sort of ecstasy, floated home at night, passed the evening looking out of his window thinking happy thoughts, which he could not formulate, and floated to bed and off into dreams in which he was always meeting golden-haired angels at every turn.

Then it was morning and he woke up, took his plunge, and he was on earth again. He began to wonder if he had really seen the girl at all, or if she were not possibly a vision sent to show him the folly of his melancholy and to bring him to a better understanding of himself. Then he remembered that he was not superstitious and that he didn't believe in visions, whereupon he easily persuaded himself that it was not the same girl, but one who greatly resembled her. But he was glad, nevertheless, because his thinking it was she had served to clear his mind on many points. So it was with quite his old-time manner that he started off for business after breakfast.

Again he caught the glint of golden hair.

This time she was several steps below him and he could observe her, unobserved himself, as she turned and walked past the house. He experienced no return of his ridiculous tremors of the day before, and was able to watch her closely and critically.

No, he had made no mistake the previous morning. She was undoubtedly the very girl whom he had pulled out of the water. He knew he could not be mistaken in that. He had carried away too vivid an impression ever to forget her. If he had only caught that one first glimpse of her pale face as she sank beneath the water he knew that it would have s.ayed with him forever.

If she had proved to be some other girl, Bodley would have continued in the normal condition which he had been restored and would have lived happily ever after; but the fact that the object of his affection—he no longer had any doubt on that subject—was actually living next door to him so disturbed his mental equilibrium that he did not know whether to be glad or sorry. But he was so sorry when he failed to see her the next morning that he knew he was glad.

After this Bodley used to see her quite often—not every day, but several times a week—and the oftener he saw her the gladder he was. He was beginning to consider himself one of the most fortunate beings in the world when it gradually dawned on him how much more fortunate it would have been if she had taken board at the house where he lived instead of going next door. Then he could have seen her many times oftener; in time he might even have come to know her The very thought made him rush up-stairs to his room and shut the door in a sudden attack of embarrassment. But by and by he became quite accustomed to the idea, and he pictured to himself how, perhaps in time, he might have mustered up courage to speak to her, and to lead the subject up to the dangers of ocean bathing, and to tell of the various ways of saving drowning people, and how, if one grasped you so as to render it impossible to swim with him, the only thing to do was to hit him, so as to render him insensible, and then save him, or both would drown. Bodley had armed himself with numerous authorities which he would have cited to back up his case. If he could only get from her an expression of forgiveness for the unknown person who had so maltreated her, he was sure he could ask nothing more, and he cursed the fate that had tantalizingly sent her to the house next door instead of to the house next door to it.

The more he thought of it the more the possibilities of what might have happened widened, until he gasped at his temerity in even thinking of it; but the more he

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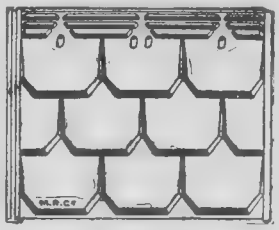

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thought the less he gasped, and suddenly an idea struck him.

It was the old one of Mahomet and the Mountain.

What was there to prevent his taking board at the house next door and bringing all these things to pass?

His bashfulness.

Already he was gasping again.

But in time he grew accustomed even to this idea. It occurred to him that he had been forced to change boarding-places once or twice before, and while the experiences had been trying, he had lived through them, and never before had he any such inducement as this. He resolved to do it.

Once having made up his mind it took him only about a week, in which he passed the house fourteen times, to muster up sufficient courage to ring the bell and to interview the landlady. Yes, she had a nice room that he could have Monday, so Bodley paid a week's board in advance and took it. But when it came to announcing to Mrs. Prendergast his intention of leaving the house where he had lived so long, Bodley almost wished he had been less precipitate. But he made some confused remarks about going to a place where he had a—a friend, blushed violently, wrung her hand, and fled from her presence.

Monday came and Bodley moved. He dodged up to his room, peering about, ready to flee if he should but catch a glimpse of a golden head, and his agitation when the dinner-bell rang would have been something painful to see if there had been anyone to witness it.

He pulled himself together at last and went down and was shown to his place. A hasty glance around showed him, to his infinite relief, that the girl who owed her life to him was not there; and he blessed the happy chance that had taken her somewhere else to dine that evening. It would give him time to accustom himself a little to his new environment before meeting her. He was sorry, however, not to see her at breakfast, and when she again failed to appear at dinner, he began to be alarmed, and when his new landlady asked him if he found his room satisfactory, he ventured to inquire if the young lady—with light hair—whom he had seen—occasionally—coming out of the house—were—were ill.

"Oh, the young lady who has been here for a month getting her trousseau ready? No. She went back to Detroit Sunday night to get married. Quite a romantic story, too. The gentleman saved her from drowning last summer at Fire Island. And she never knew who it was till somebody introduced them in the fall, after she'd gone home. That's her room you've got."

The Engineer's Christmas

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Vera Roberts

IT was Christmas eve, and all was peaceful and quiet around the little home of Engineer McBride.

His wife was busy preparing their supper, and little Hilda, their three-year-old daughter, was occupied with her playthings.

"Are you feeling any better now, Clyde?" asked his wife as she came to his bedside.

He had returned from his ride the day before, feeling ill, and today had seemed so much worse that he had received leave of absence and permission to stay at home.

"Not very much better—I am afraid it is a touch of pneumonia I have, but likely it will wear off by morning."

"Now, Clyde, I am going to run up town and have the doctor step in, and then we will know what to do for you. It's no use putting it off any longer, and I have been wanting to have him call all day."

"It isn't anything worth worrying over," he said. "I wouldn't bother to get him."

"Well, I will go and have him come. Keep your eye on supper and I won't be gone but a moment."

She pushed things back to the back of the range so they would not burn and, telling Hilda to stay and talk to papa, she threw on a few wraps and went away.

When she had gone, Hilda came and climbed up on the bed, and her papa began telling her about the pictures in the picture book she had been playing with.

While they were engaged thus, there came a hurried knock at the door. "Come in," called Mr. McBride, and the door opened, admitting one of the railroad men he worked with.

"Well, what's the matter," he asked taking off his cap on seeing Clyde lying on the bed.

"Oh! nothing much, I don't think, only a cold, but Nellie thought I had to have the doctor, and she went to get him. Have a chair."

"Haven't time," answered Johnson. "I was sent down to tell you that you were to take the special tonight as it was very important, and that you could have a holiday later to make up for it."

"But," said McBride, sitting up in bed, "I got leave of absence just this morning. What is the reason for this call?"

"Well the president of the road got a wire from his wife's people, saying she was not expected to live, and it is a special train they are taking from here for him. They expect him in now in about three quarters of an hour, and they want the special all ready to go. That is the order."

As the man finished speaking, Mrs. McBride came in, also the doctor.

"Good evening, Mr. Johnson," she said. She was well acquainted with all Clyde's friends, for they often came to eat supper with them.

"Clyde is on the sick list," she explained, "and I went for Dr. Grayson. Won't you sit down?"

Johnson explained the case to her, and while they were talking the doctor had quietly taken off his coat and cap and warmed his hands, then had gone over to the bed.

He examined his patient very carefully and shook his head doubtfully. Mrs. McBride and Johnson came over to the bed, both eager to hear what the doctor was saying.

"He has been ordered to go on the road tonight," said Mrs. McBride. "I don't think he can go, can he, Dr. Grayson?"

"No indeed," said the doctor firmly. "He has too much fever to even think of such a thing. I would not answer for the consequences if he went," he continued.

"Now you see" she said, turning to Johnson, "You will have to tell them that Clyde is sick in bed himself, and they will find someone else to take his place."

"I will do my best," said Johnson, taking his departure.

The doctor left several different medicines and, as he had several other calls to make, he left orders as to his eating, etc., and then he left also. When he had gone, she finished supper, and fixed a tempting little supper for her husband also, and took it to him. Taking up little Hilda, she placed her in her high chair, and they were soon "quite busy," (as Clyde expressed it.) In the midst of their supper another knock sounded on the door.

"Who can it be this time. I wonder?" she said as she went to the door.

"Why! It's Mr. Johnson again!" and as he came in she knew he had a disagreeable errand on hand.

"I hate to bother you people," he blurted out, "but it is simply impossible to get another engineer to take the engine and I explained at headquarters how things were here, but they sent word that you must take the engine or lose your job."

When he had finished speaking, Clyde started to get out of bed, but his wife laid her hand on his shoulder and said, "No you must not go."

"I am sorry" said Johnson, "but I cannot help it, for I did my best to get some one else."

"That's all right, Jack," Clyde assured him. "Don't worry about it. But who is fireman?"

"Mrs. McBride's brother, Jim, is going

to do the firing, but I must get back," and with a hasty good-bye he was gone.

"It's no use, Nellie, I simply must go, for I cannot lose the job," and McBride started to get up, reaching for his overalls, and lantern.

"Now Clyde, you heard what the doctor said, and you cannot endanger your life by going out tonight," and taking the overalls from him, she placed them out of his reach.

"But Nellie," he urged, "I was just promoted, and such good wages I would not get again. I must take that engine."

"If that engine goes tonight, it will not be Clyde McBride who takes it," she answered firmly. "I can take the engine and you must stay in bed."

"You must not think of such a thing, I cannot allow it."

"Well, I am going, whether you will allow me or not. You heard Mr. Johnson say brother Jim was fireman, and I used to go on the engine with you, just for the fun of the ride. Now I will go from necessity."

She picked up his overalls that lay across the chair, and in spite of all protests from her husband she proceeded to put them on. She then got his jacket, and lighted the lantern. He, seeing it was useless to argue the case, lay watching her, as she donned the jacket and reached for his cap.

"Rather a neat fit," she said laughingly as she picked up baby, who had fallen asleep in her chair. She carried her over to the bed and tucked her in bed behind her papa.

"Now, Clyde, take this medicine just as the doctor ordered and above all, don't worry about me. I have just ten minutes left to reach the yard now, so good-bye," and she stooped to kiss him.

"Nellie, I do not like you to go at all. I can stand the trip and it would not hurt me in the least."

"You are as much to me as the president's wife is to him, I guess," she retorted, "so we will take no chances. I will get back by midnight." She fixed the fire, kissed him once more, and was gone.

Her brisk walking soon brought her to the yard. Men were hurrying here and there, with lanterns flashing, and were nearly ready to pull out.

"Hello! McBride," said Johnson, "I was just about to give you up." She simply nodded, and stepped into the engine. Her brother was already there, and said "Hello! how are you Clyde, thought you weren't coming, and was wondering what we were going to do?"

She pushed back her cap, and her brother got a good look at her. "Nellie!" he exclaimed, "what does this mean?"

"It means," she answered, "that I am going with you tonight in Clyde's place. We have run an engine before tonight, Jim, when father was the engineer, and we can take it again. He let me run the engine and I know how."

"Well," answered her brother, "I guess it will have to be a go tonight anyway. We can try our best, and I suppose that is the most any one can do."

In just a few moments the other train rolled into the station.

"There," said her brother, "is the president of the road himself," as a tall, well-dressed man stepped to the platform, and there, that must be the specialist he is taking with him to see his wife. I heard them saying she had about one chance in one hundred to get well." In another few moments, they heard the familiar "All aboard," and the train pulled out of the station.

The many rides on the engine with her father when he was living came back to Nellie that night, and she attended strictly to business. The track had been ordered left clear for his special and they had no stops to make. The engine seemed to fairly fly over the track, and in two hours they were at their journey's end. It was a tiresome two hours for Nellie, but not one word of complaint did she utter.

"Well sis, the worst is over," said brother Jim when they had stopped at the station.

"Yes," said Nellie wearily. They saw the president and his specialist get into an auto and whirl rapidly away.

"Well, I guess they are through with us for tonight," said Jim, "and we will see how soon that next train goes through here, so we can get back home." He made enquiries, and found the train was due in about half an hour, and Nellie pulled her cap down over her head, sat down in a dark corner of the depot, and waited with what patience she could to get started back. Now the excitement was over, she knew she was very tired. She wondered how her husband was getting along, and how he was feeling, and if Hilda were still asleep, and so on, and so forth, until the train finally pulled in. She was glad to hear the "All aboard," and know she was on her way home.

"How was Clyde, Nellie?" asked Jim when the train had started. "I have been too much engrossed with other things to ask. Johnson said he wasn't very well."

"No, the doctor said he could not go at all tonight, but I had hard work persuading him to let me come. He protested to the last minute, but I was determined to come, and you see we did get through all right."

"Yes," answered her brother, "but it was risky, and if they had known before we left the station they would never have allowed it."

"Well, what they don't know won't hurt them, as the old saying goes," she answered. "The president reached his wife's bedside, and Clyde McBride is in bed, where he needs to be, and no one any the worse for the experience."

"Well, Sis, you were always plucky," said her brother admiringly. "Father always said it was a pity you were not a boy, for you loved an engine as much as he did." Before they realized it they were pulling in at their own station.

"It's eleven o'clock, and I told Clyde I would be back before midnight," she said, as they stepped down to the platform." Are you going down, Jim?"

"Sure," answered her brother, and in a few moments, they had left the station and were walking rapidly down the street. They soon reached the house, and when they went in Clyde heaved a sigh of relief.

"Back again," he said. "Hello Jim. I am surely glad you are both here. I was beginning to get nervous. How did you get along with the engine?"

"Fine. You should have seen us fly over the rails with a new engineer at the throttle, too," he replied. Nellie had disappeared into another room and came out minus her overalls, jacket and cap, and she looked quite different when she had found the soap and water and had removed some of the engine black. She stirred up the fire and, setting the coffee pot on, she soon had a cup of hot coffee ready, and Jim declared they both needed it. Her husband declared he felt better and knew he had a pretty brave little woman, which made Nellie blush. Her brother stayed all night with them, and Christmas day dawned clear and bright.

Santa Claus had not forgotten his visit and baby Hilda was happy over the things he had left in her stockings.

The doctor called during the day and pronounced his patient doing well. "Did you obey orders last night?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, I have not been out of the house."

"All right, just stay inside and take care of yourself for a week or ten days and you will be all right. Jim and the doctor left together, and while on their way Jim told how Clyde was persuaded to stay at home and Nellie had taken his place.

"Well, of all things!" said the doctor. "Who was it this special had to go for?" Jim explained things, and Dr. Grayson looked wise, but made no further comment. When he arrived at his office, he sat down at his desk, took up his pen and writing pad, and wrote quite busily for a few moments.

"It's a lucky thing, that specialist happens to be an old college chum of mine," he mused, as he sealed the letter and addressed it.

During holidays, Clyde and Nellie were greatly surprised to get, through the mail, a personal letter from the president, telling them his wife was better, but they had been just in time to save her. There was a substantial check enclosed for Nellie, for, he said, a special engineer deserved a special price and he was sending it to her, Clyde received notice also of a months vacation, which pleased them both.

"Well, this has surely been a memorable Christmas," Clyde said, when they had finished reading the letter."

"Yes," Nellie answered absently, "but I wonder how he found out I was engineer?"

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Improving on Nature

What Man Has Made of Woman. (By Charlotte P. Gilman, in the 'Forerunner,' London.)

Mother Nature had been dozing. She had worked very hard and brought up most of her children, until Man, the youngest, had learned to walk and to feed himself; and then the old lady thought she could safely take a nap.

She dozed and dozed, while a few thousands of years flitted by, and finally woke up with a start.

There was quite a noise going on. Man, it appeared, had grown somewhat; indeed, he imagined he was really grown up, and had been managing things to suit himself for a long time.

He made a good deal of noise himself, but that never would have awakened Mother Nature; all the large he-creatures made a noise; she was used to that.

This was different; it was something she had never heard before since anything could squeak; it was a sort of screaming sound made by the woman.

'Dear me! Dear me!' said Mother Nature, gazing about her in surprise. 'Well, I never did!' And she never had; no other of her females had ever cried for help.

'Goodness me!' said the old lady in rising anger. 'Come here at once and tell me what it's all about.'

Then Man came readily enough and explained to her that his female was behaving in an abominable and unheard of manner, and that he should really have to be severe with her if she did not cease.

'What's she trying to do?' asked Mother Nature.

'She's trying to be a man!' he protested, and it's against nature.'

'It is, indeed!' said the old lady.

'I never heard of such goings-on in all the millions of years I've been doing business. Where is she? Why doesn't she speak for herself.'

The Man exhibited with fond pride the female of the species, and she was a plump, pink little person; hobbled, stilted, and profusely decorated, she approached Mother Nature, and that aged parent laughed till she cried, and then laughed again.

'Why are you so little?' she demanded.

'He likes us that way,' answered the female. 'He would only marry the little ones.'

'And why are you so weak?'

'He likes us that way. He keeps us shut up in houses and tied up in clothes, and says it isn't proper for us to do anything to develop strength, and he only marries the weak ones.'

'And why are you so meek?'

'He likes us that way. He says it is proper for us to be meek, and improper for us even to use strong language—much more strong action. He only marries the meek ones.'

'And what on earth are you doing with all these tail feathers? Don't you know that tail feathers, and manes, and crests, and wattles, and all those decorative appendages are masculine sex characteristics?'

'He likes us that way; he only marries the decorated ones.'

'I never heard such talk!' said Mother Nature. 'What business has he to do the choosing That is your place, my dear, and has been since you was a cirriped. Picks out the little weak timid ones, does he? And what does he inherit then?'

'He is as you see him,' replied the female. And Mother Nature looked at him and shook her head sadly.

'This is what comes of neglecting one's business,' said she. 'Now, look here, Man! Why have you done this?'

Then Man began to explain to Mother Nature how much better he understood this business than she did.

'You see it is all in a nutshell,' said he. 'She is a female, and that's all there is to it!'

'Oh! Oh!' said she. 'You call that a female, do you!'

'Certainly it is a female!' said he. 'And the female must be small and weak and foolish and timid and inefficient—because she is a female. That,' said he, pompously, 'is the law of Nature!"

Mother Nature flushed up to her eternal hair.

'You dare!' she said. 'You dare to call that a law of Nature! Look here, son!' Then she hastily summoned before him a few of her females, and he saw the careful female cirriped with a few microscopic males tucked away in the crevices of her person; and the terrible female mantis, tearing her persevering little lover limb from limb; and the economical female spider eating up her little husband; and the watchful female bee, only using one among a swarm of would-be mates, and that one dying when his mission was accomplished; while all the rest died without accomplishing anything.

She showed him the female eagle and osprey and hawk, larger and stronger than their males; and the female stork and swan and swallow—migrating their long sky miles besides their mates.

She showed him the female cat defending her young against their greedy father, the female fox and wolf and bear, leopard and tiger and lion—as fierce, as clever, as skilful, and ravenous as their wild mates.

'Now, then, young man!' she said still sputtering with rage. 'You that are so conversant with the laws of Nature! Be so kind as to pick me out a female to suit your definition—"small and weak and timid and foolish and inefficient!" And if these don't suit you just name one that does—and I'll send for her!'

And the great lean lioness stretched out a heavy paw at him, the tigress opened her red jaws at him, the vixin sniffed disdainfully at him, even the lit-

AS TO FLAVOUR

Found Her Favorite Again

A bright young lady tells how she came to be acutely sensitive as to the taste of coffee:

"My health had been very poor for several years," she says. "I loved coffee and drank it for breakfast, but only learned by accident, as it were, that it was the cause of the constant, dreadful headaches from which I suffered every day, and of the nervousness that drove sleep from my pillow and so deranged my stomach that everything I ate gave me acute pain. (Tea is just as injurious, because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.)

"My condition finally got so serious that I was advised by my doctor to go to a hospital. There they gave me what I supposed was coffee, and I thought it was the best I ever drank, but I have since learned it was Postum. I gained rapidly and came home in four weeks.

"Somehow the coffee we used at home didn't taste right when I got back. I tried various kinds, but none tasted as good as that I drank in the hospital, and all brought back the dreadful headaches and the 'sick-all-over' feeling."

"One day I got a package of Postum, and the first taste of it I took, I said 'that's the good coffee we had in the hospital!' I have drank it ever since, and eat Grape-Nuts for my breakfast. I have no more headaches, and feel better than I have for years." Name given upon request. Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

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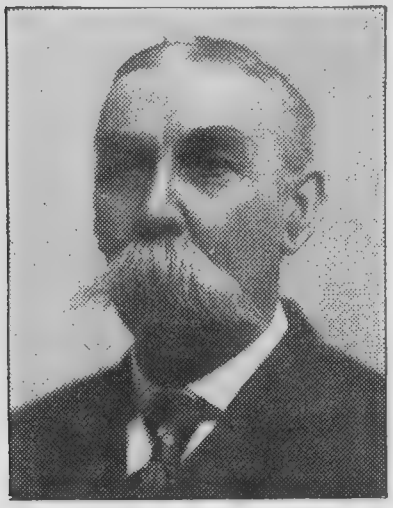
Sent on Trial



James A. Britton, 80 Spring St., Bethlehem Pa. U.S.A., says: "I was ruptured for six years and always had trouble until I got your appliance. My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your appliance."

Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that cures rupture will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. **Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb.** No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Pat. Sept. 10, '01. **Sent on trial to prove it.** Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Write me to-day.

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Painful, Knotted, Swollen Veins, Milk Leg, Mammitis, Old Sores, Ulcers. It is healing, soothing, strengthening and invigorating—allays pain and inflammation promptly. Germicide and antiseptic.

Mrs. R. M. Remler, R. D. No. 1, Federal, Kan., had enlarged veins that finally broke causing considerable loss of blood. Used ABSORBINE, JR. and reported Nov. 5, 1910, veins entirely healed, swelling and discoloration gone and has had no trouble with them since July 1909. ABSORBINE, JR. is invaluable as a general household liniment, for the cuts and bruises that the children get, croup, deep-seated colds, stiff-neck, sore-throat. Removes fatty bunches, goitre, enlarged glands, wens, cysts, weeping sinews, etc. $1.00 and $2.00 per bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 3 G free.

It is spelled A-B-S-O-R-B-I-N-E and Manufactured only by W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Lyman's Building, Montreal, P.Q.

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FREE

These high grade WATCHES GIVEN ABSOLUTELY FREE. The BOY'S WATCH is GERMAN SILVER-PLATED, and has fine Swiss Movement, is so constructed that spring cannot break by overwinding. THE GIRL'S WATCH is solid silver and stem wind and set, Swiss Movement. Send now for a selection of our LATEST ART POSTCARDS, BEAUTIFULLY EMBOSSED IN COLORS AND GOLD, these only include very best cards and sell fast at 6 for 10c. (for Boy's Watch $4.00 worth or Girl's $5.00 worth) When sold return money and we will mail WATCH FREE by return of mail. **THE POSTCARD PREMIUM CO. Dept.** W.H.M., Winnipeg, Can.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

tle mantis sat up tall and twiddled her mandibles at him.

And Man clung rather closely to the skirts of Mother Nature, and admitted that these did not seem to agree with his ideas of females.

'But mine is higher!' he said, and held himself erect with renewed pride. 'She is finer and nobler. She is sacred to maternity!'

Mother Nature looked at him dubiously, and then at the weak-legged toddling thing in the hobble skirt.

'That a sacred mother?' she demanded. 'Does she bear many strong children, easily, successfully?'

Man admitted that she had but a few, and that he had to help her as a physician.

'Hm!' said Mother Nature. 'Your super-mother has to have assistance to begin with. Does she suckle her children successfully?'

Man admitted that he had to help her as a manufacturer of infant foods.

'Hm!' said Mother Nature. 'Does she provide food, shelter, defence for her children—like these others?'—

Man admitted that he did all this himself; he had to—she was so busy.

'Mm!' said Mother Nature. 'Does she teach them all that is needed to carry on the race?'

Man admitted that so far he had invented and managed education.

'Hm!' said Mother Nature. 'Will you explain to me wherein this pretty pet of yours is a better mother than her ancestors?'

But while he hesitated she lifted her head and listened.

'Look here!' she said to him. 'I still hear that noise. This isn't the one that was screaming!'

'No, indeed!' said the high-peeled pet. 'I wanted to tell you that. I don't complain. I have all these decorations and nothing much to do, and no children to speak of. My weakness is my power, you see. At least, I know on which side my bread is buttered!'

But Mother Nature swept her aside. 'You wretched little travesty!' she said. 'You weak little imitation of a parasitic he-cirriped and a peacock! Out of my way—let me see the real ones!'

And she stood up and looked far and wide at the female of the human race. African woman; a sturdy straight-backed woman of the hill tribes of India, bearing great stones upon her head; a vigorous, big-armed German peasant woman; a free-limbed athletic English woman; a swift, agile, competent Western woman from America; and all of these were big and strong and brave and wise and efficient.

'Are these females?' she demanded of him. And he perceived that each one of them had her children with her, so he could not deny it.

'Where is the child of your pet?' asked Mother Nature. 'Has she it there behind her?' But all the pet had behind her was a little yapping dog on a string, and she burst into tears.

Then Man was enraged that Nature should dare to find fault with the work of his hands. He held up his head in pride.

'I love my pet,' he said; 'I made her like this. I prefer her like this. By careful selection and education I have made the kind of woman I like.'

'I see,' said Mother Nature thoughtfully. 'With all nature behind you, for example, and all womanhood around you, for illustration. You deliberately chose to evolve this work of art! It shows, my son, how utterly unfit you are to do the choosing.'

Then Mother Nature turned to the women who were making the noise.

'Come, come, children,' said she, 'you do not have to make all this fuss. Develop your brains and muscles, earn your own living, be bought by no man, and choose the kind with which to replenish the earth. He has created the kind of woman he liked, and a pretty poor job he's made of it. Now do you resume your natural function of choosing—and make the kind of man you like—that is your especial duty to the race.'

But the Man raised a fearful outcry.

"This is an outrage against Nature!' he cried. 'Is not this the woman that God gave me? Is not this my female?'

'Tut, tut, my son!' said Mother Nature, now quite calm again, and even a little sorry for him since he was about to lose his pet. 'I can't say about that donation, but I do know that she is not your female—you are her male! Go study your biology!'

And Nature began to pay attention to business again, rather regretting her nap.

Acted on Orders.

When I sailed with Commander McCalla several years ago, said a young naval officer, he had already made a reputation as a rigid disciplinarian. One day it chanced that a midshipman whom he had sent ashore went a trifle beyond the instructions given him with relation to his errand. The matter was not of the least importance, but McCalla chided him sharply, saying:

"When you receive an order, sir, do simply what you are told to do, and never a particle more or less."

The midshipman touched his hat respectfully, but he thought the rebuke uncalled for. A few days later McCalla summoned him and said:

"You will take a boat, sir, and go ashore to the post office. See if there is a package addressed to me."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The midshipman took the boat and went ashore. When he returned, McCalla asked:

"Well, sir, was there a package for me at the post office?"

"Yes, sir," replied the midshipman, touching his cap.

"Where is it?"

"At the post office, sir."

"What! you didn't bring it with you?"

"No, sir."

"Why not, sir?"

"Because I had no orders to do so, sir."

"I told you to get the package."

"Beg pardon, sir, but I understood you to tell me merely to see if there was a package for you at the post office, and I could not venture to do a particle more or less than my instructions indicated."

A Thanksgiving Offering

"Come, hear the tale I would unfold," said the Gobbler to his flock,
"For what the stars this day have told has given me a shock.

"The zodiac, in days of old, with twelve signs was complete,
But woe is me, this day I see, thirteen are on the sheet!

"The last, a man with axe in hand, and blood within his eye,
Determination on his face, and teeth for turkey pie.

"I hied me to the Oracle to see what did portend,
And this is what he calmly said, 'I see your blooming end.'

" 'This man will grab you by the feet, with ne'er a chance to peck,
And though the axe is in his hand, you'll get it in the neck.

"Don't think that to your memory he'll offer up a toast;
But on the other hand, I see you'll get a frightful roast.

" 'And when you're roasted to a turn, the tale is not half told;
For while he likes you served up hot, you are not bad sliced, cold.

" 'You think your finish then you've seen—it were a view quite rash;
This ruthless man with heart of stone will chop you into hash.

" 'E'en then he will not stay his hand he'll make another swoop,
And at the end you'll surely find you've landed in the soup.' "

The Gobbler paused and wiped his eye, and then he simply said:
"My friends, if all of this is true, there's lively times ahead!"

—R. L. Courtney.

All mothers can put away anxiety regarding their suffering children when they have Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to give relief. Its effects are sure and lasting.

Unable to Work for 14 Months

Complete Nervous Breakdown Left Mr. Black an Invalid—Cured by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

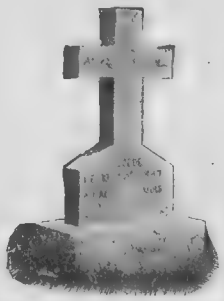
Mr. Henry Black.

What a helpless mass of flesh and bone the human body is, once the nerves become exhausted. Extreme weakness comes over you, and you lose control of the limbs. The next step is paralysis.

You will be fortunate if, like Mr. Black, you get the building-up process in action before it is forever too late. By forming new, rich blood Dr. Chase's Nerve Food carries new vigor and energy to every organ and every member of the human body.

Mr. Henry Black, 81 St. Catherine street east, Montreal, Que., writes:—"The wonderful results I obtained from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food constrain me to write this letter in order that others who suffer from nervous exhaustion and weakness may use this medicine with equally satisfactory results. As the result of overwork I became completely exhausted, and was unable to work for fourteen months. As I am the father of a family, these were sad days for me, but after I had used six boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I had improved so greatly that I continued the treatment until I was completely restored to health and strength. I now work twelve to fifteen hours a day, and keep in excellent health."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.



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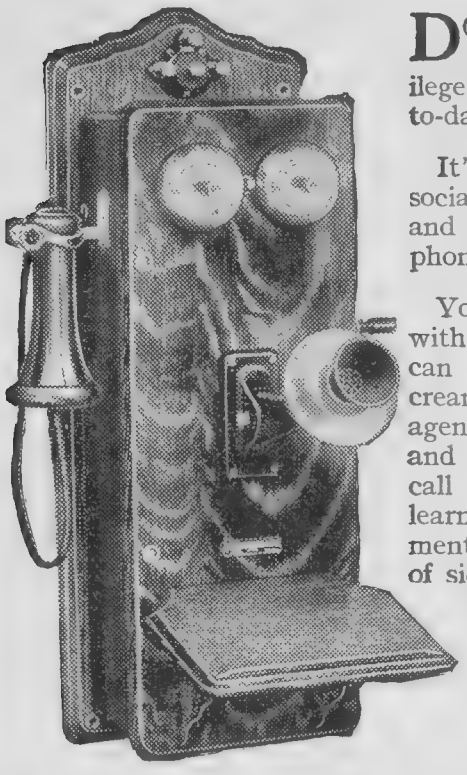

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It's more enjoyable, more sociable, more business-like, and safer, living in a telephone-served locality.

You are always in touch with your neighbors. You can talk business with the creamery, the implement agents, the stores, the bank and your lawyer. You can call the railway station and learn if an expected shipment has arrived. In time of sickness you can summon the doctor immediately. You can call your neighbors to assist you in case of a fire, an accident, or an unwelcome visit by tramps

If there is no telephone system in your locality send for our famous book entitled

"Canada and The Telephone"

With this book, which shows by means of vivid pictures the necessity of rural telephones, you can quickly promote a local company, and enjoy the distinction of being known as the most progressive man in your locality.

Our Engineers will assist your company or any municipality requiring expert advice in planning construction or solving operation problems. This service is free.

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Our new No. 3 Bulletin gives a complete description of our telephones, which are the highest-class on the market to-day. It also tells how rural telephone lines are built, how equipped and how maintained. Write for this bulletin.

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Inquire about our Free Trial Offer, whereby the quality of our telephones can be judged by your company without spending a dollar.

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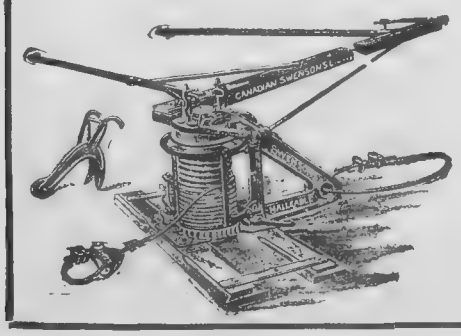
Swensons Malleable Stump-Pullers

Made in Five Sizes



Write for booklet "D" and get full information about the only all-malleable stump-puller made. We make special apparatus for pulling willows and scrub, large or small stumps. Every casting guaranteed, flaw or no flaw, and every machine guaranteed to be better than any other made.

Do you want the best?

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Sunday Reading

The Two Shades

Late in the night, when no man saw or heard,
Two Shades returned to earth from some far place,
And came together for a ghostly word,
Though hands met not, nor face looked into face.

"Alas," complained the first, "the years are few
Since here I dwelt and mingled among men;
Ties had I many, comrades who were true,
With whom I had full share of honors then.

"But now none speaks my name in praise or blame;
They go their happy ways who shared my lot;
I have no fragment left of goodly fame—
Dead but a day or two, but quite forgot."

"Full fifty years have passed since that I died,"—
Thus said the other,—"And my place is kept
By one who dreams that I am by her side,
Who weeps today as then she sorely wept.

"One speaks my name when that her heart is sore;
Hunger is hers a little time each day;
And so she loves me; and for evermore
Will love me as when first I went away."

"Strange," said the first, and sadly turned to go.
"I was a father fond, a husband mild—
And who were you, that are remembered so?"
"I," said the other, "was a little child."

—Louis Dodge.

The Secret Hiding Place

Many famous old houses in the old country have secret chambers and hidden passages, where in the old days persecuted people, sometimes Protestants and sometimes Roman Catholics, took refuge. The ancient manor house at Armscote, in Worcestershire, afforded an asylum of this kind to John Knox, the Scottish Reformer, who was in hiding there for a considerable time during the Reformation. A little grated window high up in the roof looks into a secret chamber said to have been his hiding-place.

In his book, "Secret Chambers and Hiding-Places," Mr. Allan Fea says that the persecution of the Roman Catholics in Elizabeth's time was the cause of building many secret retreats in the houses of Roman Catholic families. A Roman Catholic priest, Father Gerard, gives an exciting account of the search for him in a Roman Catholic house in 1504.

The searchers broke down the door, and forced their way in. Their first step was to lock up the mistress of the house in her own room with her two daughters, and the Roman Catholic servants they kept locked up in divers places in the same part of the house.

They then took to themselves the whole house, and made a thorough search in every part, not forgetting even to look under the tiles of the roof. The darkest corners they examined with the help of candles. Finding nothing, they began to break down certain places that they suspected. They measured the walls with long rods, so that if the measurements did not tally they might pierce the part not accounted for. Then they sounded the walls and all the floors to find out and break any hollow places there might be.

Finding nothing during the whole of the third day, they proposed on the morrow to strip off the wainscot of the room. Meanwhile they set guards in all the rooms about to watch all night lest I escape.

The way I got into my hiding-place was by taking up the floor (that overhead in the chapel) under the fireplace. The place was so constructed that a fire could not be lit in it without damaging the house, although we made a point of keeping wood there, as if it were meant for a fire.

The men on the night watch lit a fire in this very grate, and began chatting close to it. Soon the bricks got loose and nearly fell out of their places. I thought they were going there and then to break open the place and enter, but they made up their minds to put off further examination till next day.

The next morning they resumed the search most carefully everywhere, except in the top chamber, which served as a chapel, and in which the two watchmen had made a fire over my head. God had blotted out of their memory all the membrance of this thing. The searchers, forgetting or not caring about this room, busied themselves in ransacking the rooms below. They stuck to their purpose of stripping off all the wainscot till they came to the very place where I lay and there they lost heart and gave up the search. They thought I had escaped somehow, and so they went away at the end of the four days, leaving the mistress and her servants free.

Spiritual Dyspepsia

He who takes no interest in and gains no profit from religious services has usually no one to blame but himself. He may find fault with the preacher or the music or the people, just as some people find fault with their food when the trouble is altogether within themselves. A writer makes a physician say to a patient: "When you complain that nothing you eat agrees with you, does the fault lie with the bread and the steak, the milk and the coffee, the apples and cheese? Do you not rather, when honest with yourself, charge it home to your own abuse of your digestive organ which in consequence shows resentment?" When one can not enjoy and be strengthened by the reading of God's Word, or prayer, or preaching, the probabilities are that sin or lack of spiritual exercise has impaired his spiritual digestion.

We knew a man who suffered torments after every meal. He went into the woods with an axe. Four hours' hard work a day gave him appetite and comfortable digestion for three meals a day. We know spiritual dyspeptics who need nothing so much as spiritual exercise. An hour's work in the Sabbath school would give them a healthy appetite for the preaching service. A few hours' Christian visiting every week would be a blessing to them as well as to those they visited. One of the most efficient Christian workers of this city said to us that his first personal effort to lead a soul to Christ was a revelation to him. He went home too happy for words. Christ never before seemed so near to him. The oftener one shows others the way of salvation the more clearly he sees it himself, and the greater joy and hope he has in travelling it.

Signals of Distress

Time was, long ago, when the doctor said: "Headache? Here's a fine powder to stop a headache"; time is, now, when the doctor says: "Headache? Let's see what causes it"; and puts glasses on eyes or forbids the eating of sweets. He cures the cause which flies headache as signal of distress.

Slowly we are learning to apply this principle of investigation to moral illnesses. Sarah is habitually impertinent; is it sufficient to silence her tongue and leave resentment in her mind? There must be a cause; perhaps she has caught the habit from a playmate; perhaps she confuses sharpness with quick-wit. The cause must be

found and treated with the deft, sure touch that moral surgery requires.

Charles is incited to bully his younger brother by the consciousness of his growing mental and bodily power; he needs to learn the pleasure of protecting and aiding the weak.

Little Kitty lies, from no malicious impulse, but because her sense of accuracy is undeveloped.

When Jack plays truant from school, if nothing is radically wrong with school or teacher, there is some personal reason why the lad does not fit in. It may be eyes, ears, weary brain, or just lack of interest in his studies. Neither a scolding nor a whipping will help these. It is futile to pull down the danger signal and give no thought to the cause that raises it.

Hope

You scarce can wander in a wood so dense at night
But if the heav'ns be clear
Some trembling star, rejoicing in its grateful light
Gleams through the atmosphere.

You scarce can tread a track so sadly dark in life,
But, if thy heart be right,
Some kindly hope, benignly beaming o'er your strife,
Illuminates the night.

Wilbur V. Bell

"No One Liveth to Himself Alone"

By Elihu Burritt

There is nothing in the universe that stands alone—nothing solitary. No atom of matter, no drop of water, no vesicle of air, or ray of light, exists in a state of isolation. Everything belongs to some system of society, of which it is a component and necessary part. Just so it is in the moral world. No man stands alone, nor high angel, nor child. All the beings "lessening down from Infinite Perfection to the brink of dreary nothing" belong to a system of mutual dependencies. All and each constitute and enjoy a part of the world's sum of happiness. No one liveth to himself. The destiny of the moral universe is affected by his existence and influence. The most obscure individual exerts an influence which must be felt in the great brotherhood of mankind. Should the hand say to the foot, "I have no need of thee," the world would stand still.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disc of non-existence, to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world. Everywhere his presence or absence will be felt. Everywhere he will have companions, who will be better or worse for his influence.

It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathomless import, that we are here forming characters for eternity. Forming characters!—whose? our own? or others? Both; and in that momentous fact lie the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought!—thousands of my fellow-beings will yearly, and till years shall end, enter eternity with characters differing from those they would have carried thither had I never lived. The sunlight of that world will reveal my finger marks in their primary formations, and in all their successive strata of thought and life. And they too will form other characters for eternity, until the influence of my existence shall be diffused through all the future generations of this world, and through all that shall be future to a certain point in the world to come. As the little silvery, circular ripple, set in motion by the falling pebble, expands from its inch of radius to the whole compass of the pool, so there is not a child, not an infant Moses placed, however softly, in his bulrush ark upon the sea of time, whose existence does not stir a ripple, gyrating outward and on, until it shall have moved across and spanned the whole ocean of God's eternity, stirring even the river of life and the fountains at which His tall angels drink.

THE HEART'S DESIRE.

(Psalm xxxvii. 4)

Say, will it come to me?
The Glory that I look for day by day,
The Light that shall illumine all Life's way,
The Hope that seems to tarry, oh, so long,
The Touch that shall wake all Life's chords to song?
Ah, yes, 'twill come, Dear Heart.

How will it come to me?
Oft Life would seem a medley of blind chance,
And accidental shifts of circumstance.
Thy Heavenly Father all thy life hath planned,
Thy heart's Desire He holdeth in His hand,
From thence 'twill come, Dear Heart.

When will it come to me?
Ah, there will dawn for thee a glorious day;
The shadows of the night shall pass away,
Thy Lord, who ordereth all, that day hath set.
It only waiteth, though thou knowest not yet
His own good time—Dear Heart.

Will it be all to me?
Shall I find in it all for which I long,
Will it be Bread to me, and Light and Song?
Ah, yes, Love's Blessedness in richest store
Shall satisfy the soul with far, far more
Than thou canst wish—Dear Heart.

—"Christian Advocate."

ANOTHER PROOF FROM THE WEST

THAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS ARE A NATURAL REMEDY

For Cases of Exhaustion and Nerve Weakness — How S. Jeremy Found Relief When He Cured His Kidneys.

Sniatyn, Alta. — (Special.) — That the natural remedy for exhaustion and nerve weakness is one that will give good circulation and pure blood carrying nutrition to all parts of the body, is again proved in the case of S. Jeremy, a well-known resident of this place.

"For over two years I suffered from attacks of exhaustion and nerve weakness," Mr. Jeremy states. "I tried many nerve foods and tonics, but must admit that Dodd's Kidney Pills have benefitted me more than anything else I ever used.

"I am more than grateful for what Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for me."

Nerve weakness and exhaustion are caused by impure blood. Impure blood is caused by diseased kidneys failing to strain the waste matter of the body out of the blood. The natural remedy is to cure the kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills have yet to find a case of kidney disease they cannot cure.

STEAM ENGINE FREE

This Stationary Steam Engine has brass lacquered boiler with safety valve, whistle and stack, steel fire-

box with spirit burner, fly wheel with speed regulator on metal pedestal, entire engine on wood base. We give it to you free for a few hour's work selling our beautiful Litho-Ar Post Cards at 3 for 5c. These comprise Valentine's Day, Love Scenes, Birthday, Views, Comic, Best Wishes, etc. and are fast sellers. Write us today for $4 worth of these post cards; sell them, return the money and we will send Engine exactly as represented by return mail.

WESTERN PREMIUM CO. Dept. W.H.M., WINNIPEG, CANADA.

The Service That Goes With IDEAL Fence

The above photograph shows a few of the teams used in delivering Ideal Fence for the Canadian Government Buffalo Enclosure at Wainwright, Alta. The contract called for 23,000 fence posts each 15 feet long, and 74 miles of wire fencing, weighing fifteen hundred tons. The whole had to be hauled across prairie by teams, the average distance being about 15 miles. On this contract we had 96 horses and 50 men, and undertook to pay a penalty of $50 a day for every day over the time allowed. With our splendid equipment and organization, however, the work was finished on time and no penalty was imposed.

All this occurred some five years ago, and the same Ideal Fence is still standing in first class shape, exactly as we had said it would. During the whole period since its erection, not a buffalo has ever broken through that Ideal Fence enclosure. This is what we mean when we talk of Ideal Fence service.

What Ideal Fence has done for the Government, it will do for any individual farmer. We make this fence for the farmer, and are anxious that all farmers shall avail themselves of the superiority of Ideal Fence. Send for the Ideal Fence booklet to-day.

Get This Handsome Picture, Free

We are distributing a beautiful picture of the buffaloes in the Canadian Government preserve at Wainwright, Alta. This picture is entirely free from any advertiseing matter whatsoever, and will be sent anywhere without charge on receipt of your name and address. The supply is limited. Write quickly if you desire a copy.

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Shawl or notch collars. Reg. $200 to $250
For $147.50

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52 inches long. Shawl or notched, collars. Reg. $125
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Black broadcloth shells. Fine dark Eastern mink collars and lapels. Reg. $100
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LADIES' FUR-LINED COATS
Russian otter collars. Hampster lined. Reg. $60
For $39.50

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LADIES A safe, reliable and effectual monthly medicine. A special favorite with married ladies. Can be depended upon. Mailed securely sealed upon receipt of $1.00. Correspondenc- confidential. J. AUSTIN & CO., Cheme ists, Simcoe, Ont.

"To be, or not to be?" is that the question? No! we are; and whether we live or die, we are the Lord's; we belong to His eternity, and henceforth this moral universe will be filled with our existence.

A Woman's Wish

O for the gift of a pair of wings
To bear me out of the reach of Things!
Things to buy, and things to bake,
Things to mend, and things to make,
Things to measure, and things to match,
Things to darn, and things to patch;
Things in the garret at last to meet,
Laid away for the moths to eat,
The while we toil, as we did before,
To fill their places with Things still more!

O, let me flee to the planet Mars,
Or else to one of the vacant stars,
In empty spaces to wander free
With nothing to worry about but me!
Then, after a decade or two of this
Primeval, simple, and sylvan bliss,
With quiet nerves and a rested brain
Come back to Things, and begin again!

Mary E. Albright.

A Woman's Sermon

A layman had gone one evening to speak in a mission church attended by many young persons employed in the Lancashire mills. His wife accompanied him and was shown to a seat near the choir, which was composed entirely of young people. After the service a fresh-faced girl of sixteen rushed up impetuously to the speaker's wife and began: "I want to tell you how much I have been helped"—

The visitor smiled appreciatively and began to frame an appropriate reply, thinking that it was her husband's address that had been so profitable, when the words were frozen on her lips by the rest of the surprising sentence—"by your simple clothes."

"As I watched you during the sermon," she continued, "I thought that if you could dress so plainly and attractively, surely we girls who have to work for our living can do so, too. In any case, you have shown me that simple dressing is the prettiest, after all," and her glance swept meaningly over the company of rather over-dressed young women present.

The incident rather took away the visitor's breath. She had not thought of her clothes at all; native good taste and a sense of what is proper in the house of worship had determined her apparel.

The remark, however, opened a new field of responsibility. She had sermons to preach as well as her husband. Her influence must be exerted in things feminine on the side of simplicity, appropriateness, and good taste, and if she could help any young girl to keep from the serious blunders of over-dressing and of extravagance, as well as from the harboring of envious, covetous thoughts, she, too, would not be without her message.

The Story of Miracles

Much of the difficulty with miracles comes from a wrong definition of a miracle. It is not a "breaking of the laws of nature," nor "the suspension of the laws of nature," nor any "change in the laws of nature," nor any "interruption of the law of physical continuity."

It is the intervention of a personal God by His will into the chain of cause and effect in nature—simply God's doing with His infinite power, the same quality of action, though vastly greater in degree, that we do every hour when we exert our personal will amid the forces of nature. I lift up a book, I turn on the water from the water-works and make a shower on my parched lawn or garden. I stop a part of the machinery in the factory and rescue a child caught in its wheels. These acts break no law of nature, they suspend none, they change none. They are simply the intervention of my personal will into the laws. Cannot God do on a large scale what every man can do on a small scale? Professor Tyndall said that for God to answer a prayer for rain would require as great a change in the laws of nature as it would to roll the St. Lawrence back up over the falls of Niagara. But why should not God use the laws by His personal will in that case, as all of us can use it in making a shower from a sprinkler on our garden plot?

"When a man declares to me, 'I cannot believe in miracles.'" said Professor Drummond, "I reply, 'I can, because I have witnessed them.'" 'When and where?' "On a certain street in this city is a man who was a week ago given over to every form of vice and brutality, and who is now a good citizen, an honest workman, a kind husband, a loving father, a pure, upright man. Surely that is such a miracle as makes me for ever believe in the possibility of miracles."

Two Camels

Robert Browning in one of his poems tells the story of two camels. Both were of great value. Both loved their master, and gave themselves wholly to his service. Both had precious burdens to bear across the desert.

One, in his devotion, did all he could to save his master expense; he ate as little food as possible, and that of the very cheapest. All went well for a time; but at length his strength failed, and he fell dead on the desert. His pack was stolen by thieves, and his master lost both burden and camel.

The other camel ate the best food and plenty of it—"no sprig of chevril must I leave unchewed." The result was that he passed safely through the desert with his burden.

Wrapped up in this story is a lesson for every worker for Christ.

For we have a Master to serve. He desires of us, and our consecration prompts us to give Him our very best.

But this requires that we shall ever be at our best. To weaken ourselves by mistaken economy, by lack of rest, by worry, or by any other unnatural way of living, is against both our Master's interest in us and His desires for us.

GOOD NATURED AGAIN

Good Humor Returns with Change to Proper Food

"For many years I was a constant sufferer from indigestion and nervousness, amounting almost to prostration," writes a Western man.

"My blood was impoverished, the vision was blurred and weak, with moving spots before my eyes. This was a steady daily condition. I grew ill-tempered, and eventually got so nervous I could not keep my books posted, nor handle accounts satisfactorily. I can't describe my sufferings.

"Nothing I ate agreed with me, till one day I happened to notice Grape-Nuts in a grocery store, and bought a package out of curiosity to know what it was.

"I liked the food from the very first, eating it with cream, and now I buy it by the case and use it daily. I soon found that Grape-Nuts food was supplying brain and nerve force as nothing in the drug line ever had done or could do.

"It wasn't long before I was restored to health, comfort and happiness.

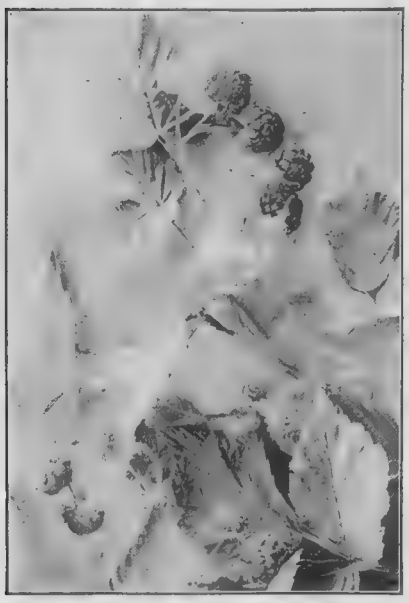
"Through the use of Grape-Nuts food my digestion has been restored, my nerves are steady once more, my eyesight is good again, my mental faculties are clear and acute, and I have become so good-natured that my friends are truly astonished at the change. I feel younger and better than I have for 20 years. No amount of money would induce me to surrender what I have gained through the use of Grape-Nuts food." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. "There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Western Canadian Wild Fruits

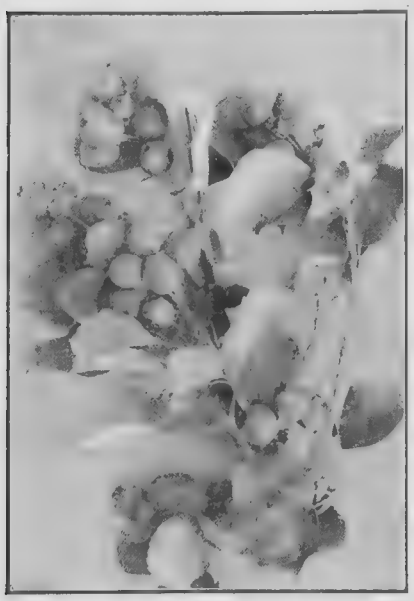
Written Specially for The Western Home Monthly, by S. J. Wigley.

The new-comer to Western Canada is sure to be favorably impressed with the abundance of wild fruit to be seen on all sides. Not only in sheltering bluffs and valleys but on bleak, open



Wild Raspberry

prairies are to be found strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, currants, black and red cherries, cranberries, saskatoons, plums and grapes, all of good quality



Saskatoon Berry

and most prolific. Several very good forms of native plums have been placed under cultivation and by selection it is hoped further improvements will be

Wild Bird Cherry

made. A species of wild grape grows in the sheltered valleys of southern Manitoba, producing a purplish fruit, which after being subjected to frost is fairly palatable.

During the summer months in the Prairie Provinces, settlers, their wives and children are busy putting down fruit for winter use. Stores are stocked with sugar for this harvest and in good seasons the supply is not equal to the demand.

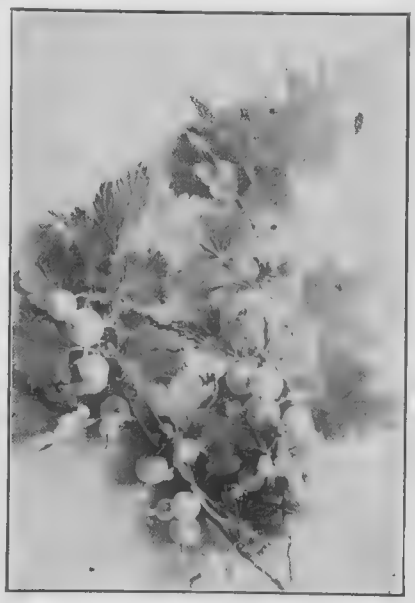
1912 was an exceptionally good year for fruit and so great has been the quantity of wild berries in many districts, that a good trade has developed,

Choke Cherry

the fruit being shipped to market in wooden pails.

Many settlers transplant these wild fruits into their gardens and though the quality is not much improved by cultivation, the quantity is undoubtedly increased.

It is a matter of astonishment to note the wonderful rapidity with which these wild fruit trees blossom and bring their fruit to maturity. The Bird cherry starts the race by suddenly bursting into bloom before the frost is fairly out of the ground. The others follow in quick succession and before the end of



Wild Gooseberry

August all the fruits have ripened. The photos illustrating some of these fruits were all taken during the past season and represent the fruit exactly the natural size.

A Spruce Tree Pest

By G. W. Bartlett, Gladstone, Man.

Owners of spruce trees have experienced great loss and annoyance during the past five years from the ravages of

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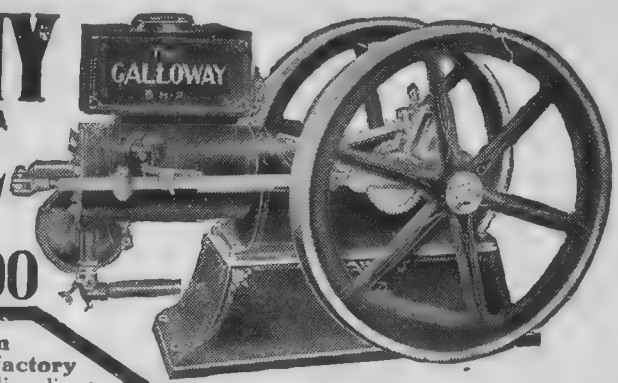

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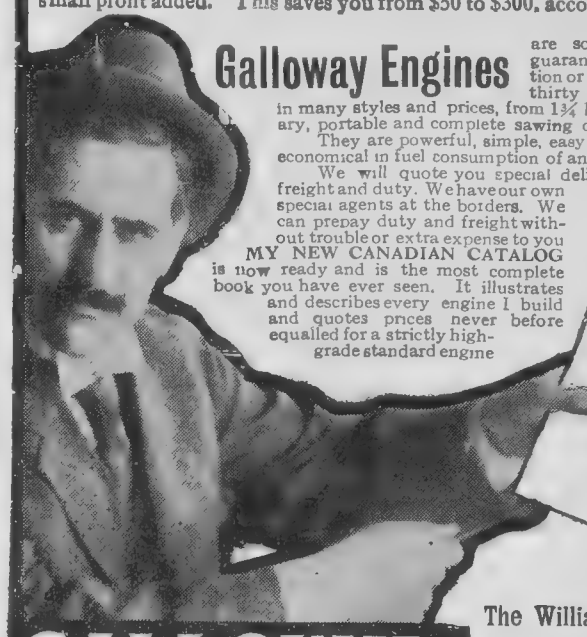

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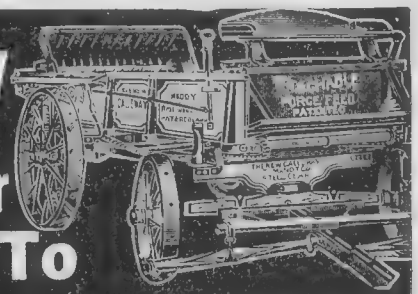
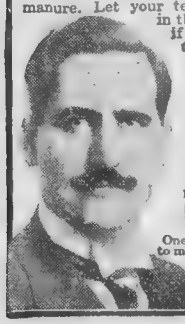


No payment down—no bank deposit—no lease, notes or mortgages—no red tape or obligations of any kind whatever I'll ship you this new, 1913 Model Galloway **right to your farm for 30 or even 90 days trial absolutely free.** I'm going to make this spreader prove its worth to you without a word of argument on my part whatever. Here's the way I'll do it: I'll put the spreader on your farm for a 30 to 90 days trial **absolutely free.** I'll put it right straight up to you. Figure out a series of tests that would make scrap iron and kindling out of any other spreader made—**then try them on the Galloway.** Load it up as full as she'll hold with the toughest, tramped down or frozen slough hay manure. Let your team trot **and slam it in gear!** Do you think that there is one other manufacturer in the world that would dare to hint at such a test as that? **You know there isn't!** But if you can think of a severer test, go ahead. **I'll take all the risk and let you be the sole judge.** If you think you can possibly get along without the Galloway after you have had the free trial, just send it back to me. I'll pay the freight both ways—you won't be out one cent. If you want to keep it, I'll guarantee to save you $25 to $50.



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.....1913

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg.

Find enclosed $1.00 for which send the Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer, Winnipeg, and The Western Home Monthly to the following address for one year.

.....

.....

a green grub, which attacks the buds and juicy tips of the new shoots. This green pirate is the spruce-bud worm, (or if you prefer his scientific designation, Tortrix fumiferana). The depredations extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific and even northward into the

Bush Cranberry

Yukon territory, disfiguring and destroying spruce trees to an alarming extent. Nor is the grub narrow-minded in his choice of food. If spruce is not convenient to his need, he is quite content with pine, balsam, fir, or any other evergreen.

An outline of the life-history of this insect should assist in his identification and extermination. The eggs are laid by a moth toward the end of July. Soon the young larvae appear, and pass the winter in the larval stage, resuming their ravages in the spring. Toward the end of June they enter the pupa stage becoming reddish-brown in color. After two weeks they emerge, fully developed moths ready to repeat the cycle of life.

Many property owners whose trees suffer from these attacks, have failed to detect the mischief-maker. The grub may easily be found in the early part of the season by shaking the branches over a white cloth or paper. Traces of his presence are also evident later on in the brownish-red pupa cases, the partly eaten leaves, the tangle of webs and loose leaves in which the excrement of the insect is seen.

Vigorous measures will, of course, be resorted to by all who wish to save their valuable trees; but while sprays are efficient if consistently employed, the wide range of the pest renders it certain that the moth will continue to visit the trees year after year. The battle must be continuously waged.

The enormous damage done by the spruce-bud worm has aroused the Dominion Government to the necessity of action. The result of their investigations has been the discovery of a number of parasites which feed on the larvae, and ultimately destroy them. One of these tiny citizens which rejoices in the big name nasonia tortricis, is said to be on the increase. Should he succeed in controlling the ravages of the spruce-bud worm, he will be worthy of an honored place among Canadian insects.

Woman and the Home

It is fortunate that the entrance of educated women into the responsible positions of the industrial world has not kept proportionate pace with their influx into the ranks of clerical work and unskilled labor. However chivalrous and kindly the masculine employer may be, his treatment of the girls and women in his charge must always be of a somewhat formal and alien nature. He can never intimately understand their needs, nor can he quite win their confidence. But as larger numbers of women take places of responsibility in shops, mills and offices co-ordinate with those of the men who are in power, a vital and intimate relation between the business and its women employees will tend to be developed: one similar to that existing in the best firms and factories between the employers and the men. Women are given to steadfast loyalties, and are especially sensitive to the personal touch. The whole social and moral tone of a factory may be changed by the advent of one woman of refinement among its employers. The quick, imitative minds of the rougher class of girls absorb with startling rapidity the atmosphere which she carries with her. Voices are lowered, swearing is diminished, clothes are modified, and gentler manners are fostered when there is a gentlewoman at the head. And a feeling of security grows in young minds overtried by fighting an alien world for bread and decency, because she is also a woman and she understands. Much good may be accomplished by the estimable services of the professional social worker, but it will always be as a mustard plaster applied to the outside. The picture which often seems most touchingly beautiful of those bequeathed to us from the "good old times" is that of the lady of the manor, with all the dignity and gentleness of her position, superintending the work of the women—the spinning, dyeing and weaving, the baking and brewing, the preparing of herbs and the making of clothing, and teaching to the maidens about her the care of their minds and bodies and morals in preparation for life. Why is such a position of dignity and power considered less beautiful for the gentlewoman of to-day?

Nursing the Baby

Every mother should make a faithful attempt to nurse her own baby. Mother's milk is nature's best food, and there is no substitute equal to it nor half so good. The chances for the baby who is breast fed are nine times greater than for the one that is fed on cow's milk. Even if a mother has only a little milk at first, she should persevere with the nursing and try to avoid worrying; after a few days the flow of milk may increase until there is quite enough for the baby. The mother should give the baby the first chance to nurse after waking from her first sleep following labor and at regular intervals thereafter. The baby should not be weaned or the bottle given without professional advice. A baby should be nursed for at least ten months and in many instances longer. It is very much better to allow a baby to nurse more than a year than to wean it in hot weather. Every nursing mother needs plenty of good wholesome food. If this food agrees with the mother it will not interfere with the baby. Usually when the baby has colic it is due to ill-advised or too frequent feeding; that is, nursing the baby every time it cries. The mother must not take food that creates constipation. She must not nurse the baby shortly after being overheated or soon after having been in an ill temper. The baby must be nursed regularly by the clock; for the first two months the baby must be nursed every two hours from five or six in the morning until ten or eleven at night. If he should be very cross during the night, one short nursing might be permitted. From the third or fourth month no baby should be nursed during the night and only at two and one-half hour intervals during the day.

From the fourth to the ninth month about every three hours is often enough and from the nine to the twelfth month every fourth hour. When the baby cries between the nursing hours he can have pure, cooled, boiled water with nothing in it.

The mother should always wash the nipples with borne acid solution before putting the baby to the breast. When the time comes for weaning the baby and feeding him, he should have one

feeding of cow's milk alternating with milk from the breast

The Mother's Responsibility

Dr. Royer says that the most important factor in this health campaign of the state is the mother. She is the natural caretaker. If the death rate is to be reduced among children it must be done by intelligent motherhood, maternal nursing, cleanliness and fresh air, and if mother's milk is not available, then pure milk from a fresh, clean cow, must be used.

The care of the mother before the child is born largely determines the condition of the child and the milk supply. A poorly fed, sickly mother, can not give birth to a vigorous, healthy infant and nurse it at her breast.

Diet

Usually the expectant mother can eat anything that she likes that agrees with her. It is best to avoid rich soups and an excess of red meats and highly indigestible food. The appetite that craves unsuitable foods may often be satisfied with a very small portion of such food, the bulk of each meal being made on something more suitable. Much of the coarser foods must be eaten, brown bread, hominy, graham bread, and fresh vegetables that will have a laxative tendency. Spinach and asparagus are especially good. Tea and coffee should be taken sparingly, if at all, never more than once a day, and alcoholic beverages must not be used. Much water is needed by the expectant mother; she must drink not less than two quarts of water each day. Milk and cocoa make good hot drinks, and buttermilk is a nourishing cold drink. The bowels must move freely once a day. If there is difficulty about securing satisfactory movements a doctor must be consulted. If persistent headaches are suffered with dark spots before the eyes, or dizziness or vertigo, a physician must be called or visited.

When the Baby Comes

Send for a doctor as soon as the labor pains begin; it is better to be too early than too late. The patient should stay in bed after the first warning.

The bed is prepared very simply by placing a rubber sheet or piece of oil cloth over the middle. It must be long enough to reach from the shoulders to the ankles of the patient. Three or four thicknesses of newspapers are placed over this, extending well over the sides of the bed. Over this is a clean sheet and another five or six layers of paper, then another clean sheet. After the birth of the child all the soiled things may be removed in layers so that the mother need not be seriously disturbed in twenty-four hours.

Everything should be in readiness for the reception of the baby; a warm flannel blanket in which to place the baby after birth; a hot water bottle should be available in case the baby is feeble when it arrives. This need not be an elaborate rubber affair; a flat bottle filled with hot water and well corked will do very well. The baby should be exposed as little as possible during the first bath. Every article of clothing should be comfortably warm and anything that comes in contact with the mother or the baby must be strictly clean and sterile.

Every mother should see to it that the attendant at the birth should pay strict attention to the baby's eyes. Nearly seventy per cent of the blindness in every community can be avoided by having one or two drops of nitrate of silver solution put into the eyes immediately after birth. In some communities this is enforced by local ordinances

The Weak Baby

If the baby weighs less than four pounds it had better be placed in an incubator. This may be improvised with a clothes basket, a blanket, a couple of dozen bottles and three or four pillows. The basket is lined with the blanket, and bottles filled with hot water are stood in rows around the sides and laid in the bottom of the basket. The blanket is folded over the bottles, pillows are placed along the sides and on the bottom and the incubator is complete. The baby lies in this warm nest and is covered with a blanket. The face and mouth are enough exposed to give the child fresh air. The child must be moved as little as possible. It may be taken out to nurse, but if it is too feeble to nurse, milk must be pumped from the mother's breast and given to the baby slowly with a medicine dropper without disturbing him in his basket.

An Ideal Home

The only home with which Jesus was connected for more than a brief visit, after He left His childhood's home at Nazareth, was the one at Bethany, which shines down the ages with a soft and beautiful radiance, whose rays form the "Spectrum of Love" described in 1 Cor. 13. It presents to us a perpetual picture of what a home ought to be, and can be, because it has been --a section of the city of God that came down from Heaven, the place nearest Paradise on earth, a hint of the Eden of the past, and a prophecy of Paradise regained.

The family seem to have been in the ideal worldly circumstances of neither poverty nor wealth, owning their own home and tomb, able, with great self-denial, to give a large gift when needed, generously hospitable, deeply religious, enjoying the friendship of the best people.

An Honest Man

They say he's unsuccessful,
And has failed in his vocation,
While other men have pushed ahead
And made a reputation.

They say he is not practical,
His ideas visionary;
When a good snap is offered him
He's sure to be contrary.

We chose him for an alderman,
Emoluments were sure:
And though his colleagues all got rich,
He left the office poor.

They say he's growing poorer,
Under misfortune's ban:
But some still point to him and say,
There goes an Honest Man!

Frank Beard.

The successful poultry business conducted for several years by G. C. Mallory at St. James has been acquired by George Roberts who has added it to his already large stock.

The Gift of a Thought

By Flora Huntley

Much has been said about the abuse of Christmas giving, and the mistake of transforming holiday time into a season of commercial activity, which robs the sacred day of its real significance as well as its restful joy.

While the gift-maker realizes this, at the same time she feels that Christmas would not be Christmas if she failed to remember her friends. How can she do it without wearying herself and putting a burden on the overworked shop girl?

The modern post card, at first seemed to offer a solution as a Christmas reminder, but its message was impersonal and certainly lacked originality.

After grappling with the problem, I decided to get out a card of my own. All the year I kept it in mind, looking for the best sentiment I could find, and at last choosing a thought that I was willing to give to all my friends for a year's motto. Sometimes I took a line from Whitman or Emerson or Ruskin, sometimes a sentence from a novel or a story in a late magazine. A good thought is a good gift, and I found that my friends appreciated my "thought." They asked me where in the world I got my cards, they had looked everywhere and could find nothing so good.

I go to the best printer in town and select a good card and envelop to match.

The best sentiment I ever found was a thought from Whitman, which read:

"The gift is to the giver and comes back most to him; the theft is to the thief and comes back most to him; the

All Hail to the Conqueror

Of Washday Drudgery

COUPON BELOW Saves You $2

THE I. X. L.

COUPON BELOW Saves You $2

VACUUM WASHER

PRICE $3.50

FOR THE FOLLOWING REASONS:

1—It is compressed air that does the work.
2—You can wash a tub of clothes in THREE minutes.
3—COMPRESSED AIR and SUCTION are the latest known science for perfect cleaning.
4—There is no wear and tear on the clothes
5—It eliminates all the hard work of washing.
6—You can rinse or blue a tub of clothes in THIRTY SECONDS.
7—One hour's work will do any ordinary family washing.
8. It will last for years.
9—Anything that can be cleaned by soap and water or gasoline, can be cleansed perfectly without breaking a thread.
10—THREE minutes in the SUDS, TWO minutes in the boiler (if you boil your clothes), THIRTY SECONDS in the rinse water and THIRTY SECONDS in the bluing water, will wash a tub of white clothes.
11—Lace Curtains, Bed Comforts, Fancy Shirtwaists, Woollen Blankets, Overalls, and even Horse Blankets, can be washed perfectly without any wear and tear on the goods
12 It forces the water through the fabric.
13—The finest fabrics can be washed in the same tub with ordinary white clothes with no possible injury
14—The work that takes from forty minutes to one hour to do on a rubbing board can be done in THREE minutes without any hard work.
15—You can use the machine in the boiler, thereby forcing the steam through the clothes, which bleaches and whitens them.
16—It only costs $3.50 and will save at least $50.00 per year in your home by not wearing out your clothes.
17—The Washing Machine only weighs 1¼ lbs.
18—You can do all your Dry Cleaning with this machine. You simply use gasoline in place of water.
19—Because the I.X.L. Vacuum Washer is sold under a money-back guarantee to wash quicker and better than any washing machine made, irrespective of price and construction.
20—Because if you use the Coupon below you can get one of these wonderful washers for $1.50.

GUARANTEED

To wash a tub of clothes perfectly in 3 minutes
Not only washes, but rinses and blues
No rubbing or batting. Absolutely no friction
NO SEVERE EXERTION REQUIRED

A child can do an ordinary washing and have it ready for the line in one hour

Sent Under a Money-back Guarantee

ALL CHARGES PREPAID
SEND FOR ONE, YOU RUN NO RISK

DO IT NOW

You will NEVER regret it. You WILL be delighted.

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Present or mail this coupon and $1.50 to Dominion Utilities Mfg. Co. Ltd., 482½ Main Street, Winnipeg, Man., and you will receive one I. X. L. Vacuum Washer, all charges prepaid anywhere in Canada, on condition that your money is to be refunded if the Washer does not do all that is claimed.

NAME .....
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PROVINCE .....March

song is to the singer and comes back most to him; the love is to the lover and comes back most to him; and no one can see or understand any goodness or any greatness except what is in himself, or the reflection of what is in himself."

A Handy Cabinet

Many useful articles can be made out of cigar-boxes. Here is one. Requirements: four boards for framework—top and bottom, say, 20 in. long, 8½ in. wide; uprights (outside), say, 25 in. by 8 in. by ½ in. thick. You will also want two other uprights, same size, and two small shelves, 10 in. long. Before going further it may be pointed out that you can cheapen your cabinet by making it smaller—say, half these sizes or any other dimensions—with fewer drawers. The latter, as you see, are formed by cigar-boxes; these are of various sizes, but if you are following these dimensions closely you will need boxes 8 in. long, 4½ in. wide, 2½ in. deep. (It is well to get together your boxes first and then decide how high, etc., your cabinet shall be.) Remove all paper, using the lids to support the drawers; after taking the lids off the boxes tack them in firmly and evenly, so that the drawers run smoothly. Now put all together, and stain and varnish to your own taste. Picture rings (small size, costing very little) can be used for drawer handles.

The Cigarette Habit

Of all forms of the use of tobacco, the cigarette seems best adapted to lead up to the formation of an uncontrollable appetite. A boy who has become thoroughly nauseated over his first pipe or chew of tobacco often refuses to go further. But the cheap little cigarette gives him so little discomfort that he is encouraged to try again, and often, before he realizes it, the appetite is formed, and the habit is beyond his control. "I firmly believe," said a prominent physician, himself a smoker, "that the cigarette is an invention of the devil to kill off Young America. This year I have treated twelve boys under sixteen for heart disease brought on by the use of cigarettes." This, too, in a strictly temperance town.

The statistics in regard to heart disease among boys caused by the use of the cigarette are simply appalling. One hundred and fifty boys were recently examined in Chicago as to their physical qualifications for positions in the various high school athletic teams, and nineteen of them were rejected because of the tobacco heart. It is probable that a large proportion of the boys examined were not smokers. In a preliminary examination for West Point, in Pittsfield, Mass., one-fourth of the candidates were rejected for the same cause. The army and navy records present a fearful list of heart failures from the same evil habit. It is also a fruitful source of insanity, as many medical men testify. Every teacher of boys can adduce instances of young lads ruined mentally, morally, and physically by the terrible habit, grown into a vice.

The Open Air

Me for the open air,
  The woods and the fields and streams;
And the gleam of the sun
On the ribbons that run
  Through the lands of our endless dreams:
  Out where all nature beams,
There where the world is fair,
  And the days flit by
  Like a heart-drawn sigh—
Me for the open air!

Me for the open air,
  The rod and the reel and brook;
And a smile of content
When the daylight is spent
  In the depths of a bloodless book;
Tucked in a leafy nook,
Communing with nature there;
  And the night slips by
  While the woodbirds cry—
Me for the open air!

Me for the open air,
  The flare of the campfire bright,
And the smell of the pine
And the comforting whine
  Of the sentinel wind of night;
  Up with the purpling light,
On with the pack we fare,
  With the rod and gun
  Till the short day's done—
Me for the open air!

C. P. McDonald.

Neighbours After All

The wealthy man had told the visitor who was soliciting money for foreign missions that he preferred to help the heathen next door. "I want what I give to benefit my neighbors," said he.

The visitor's face took on a look of mild inspiration.

"Whom do you regard as your neighbors?" he asked.

"Why, those around me."

"Do you mean those whose land joins yours?"

"Well—yes."

"How much land do you hold?"

"About five hundred acres."

"And how far through the earth do you think you own?"

"Why, I've never thought of it before, but I suppose I own half-way down."

"Precisely," said the man who was soliciting aid, with an air of calm triumph. "I suppose you do, and I want this money for your neighbors at the other side of the world—the men whose land adjoins yours at the bottom."

"You're a ready reckoner," said the wealthy man, dryly, but he drew his cheque-book toward him.

"The Sense of Christ"

By the Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A.

The one thing which this jaded world needs at the present time more than anything else is a recovered sense of Christ. I have purposely used that phrase, the sense of Christ, because you are so accustomed to the phrases, the sense of God, the sense of sin, and so on; but I have never heard anybody speak about the sense of Christ. To cope with the ill which we know so well, what we want is God in Christ.

To hear about a distant Creator does not help me much in the living of my life. To hear about the God who made the mountains and the seas may help my poetic imagination, but it does not help me in my moral struggle. What I want is to get hold of God the Lover, God the Redeemer. God the Ever-present Friend; I want to look into His face, to feel that I recognize it and know it — in a word, I want God in Christ. So when I say we want a recovered sense of Christ, the good that I have to speak of as opposed to the ill that we know, is a living Christ, a present Master and Saviour, Redeemer and Friend.

WIFE OF CAPT. SCOTT, THE ANTARTIC EXPLORER, REACHES CHRISTCHURCH NEW ZEALAND AND HEARS OF HIS DEATH

Latest Photograph of Lady Scott, the wife of the antartic explorer and her baby. Lady Scott' joy was turned to grief on her arrival at Christchurch to hear that the snow of the antartic regions had claimed its own and that her husband who had never seen the baby, gave up his life almost with his discovery of the South Pole. Photo Underwood and Underwood, N.Y.

The Foe of Efficiency

Any officer holding a command which carries with it any measure of responsibility for the defence of the empire must recognize, as I do, the value of temperance in promoting fighting efficiency. In the navy there are three qualities upon which efficiency mainly depends. They are discipline, straight shooting, and endurance, and temperance unquestionably tends greatly to the promotion of these qualities. In regard to discipline, one has only to look at the punishment returns to realize how many of the disciplinary offences are due at the outset to intemperance. As for endurance, medical research has amply proved the fact that temperance is a great asset in improving the physical qualities, and, therefore, the endurance of the human race. But of our own personal experience we know that we do not drink alcohol just before a football match or a boat race. If we do we shall fail, and the same is true of any other pursuit involving endurance. As regards straight shooting, which is so largely a question of eye, it is everyone's experience that abstinence is necessary for the highest efficiency. If I am going to a rifle meeting in the afternoon, I don't drink a whiskey and soda at lunch. If I did I know I should have no chance of making a "possible." What applies to a rifle applies equally to a heavy gun, and all admirals recognize this by taking care that the fleet is called away from a harbor on urgent business at least twenty-four hours before battle practice or a gun-layers' test is commenced.

The Grog Curve.

Most captains also, if their ships are to fire at these practices in the afternoon, continued Admiral Jellicoe, hold over the grog issue until the evening. In this connection I should like to refer to the experience of Capt. Ogilvy, who, I regret to say, died some eighteen months ago. He is the officer who did so much good service with naval guns at the relief of Ladysmith, and he had very great experience in training officers and men in shooting. Commencing under Sir Percy Scott in the the Terrible, he later commanded the Grafton, a gunnery school tender, and then the Revenge, the instructional battle practice ship, and died when in command of the Natal, which ship he placed at the top of the fleet in gun-layers' test. He went carefully into statistics, and found that the shooting efficiency of men was 30 per cent. better before than after the grog issue. He put his figures in the form of a curve, and it behoves an admiral when chasing an enemy's fleet and manceuvring for a position to consider the grog curve as well as the position of the sun and direction of the wind. These facts will show, I think, that naval officers are fully alive to the advantage of temperance in promoting fighting efficiency. — Sir J. R. Jellicoe, Commander-in-Chief of the British Atlantic Fleet.

The Local Option Press Association of Michigan say: Thomas Edison, the American wizard of invention who recently returned from a trip to Europe, referred in a later newspaper interview to the drunkenness and debauchery which the beer drinking habit of Germany led to. Mr. Edison said: "The consumption of beer and wine in Germany is appalling. There may have been a time when the beer-drinking custom of the German people was not demoralising or deadly, but that time certainly is not now. The extreme beer consumption in Germany hurts her people mentally and physically and hurts the nation economically."

Peevish, pale, restless, and sickly children owe their condition to worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will relieve them and restore health.

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The Direct from Factory to Farm policy of THE SARNIA FENCE COMPANY has worked a revolution in the prices of wire fence in Ontario and the East. We have, by taking the farmer into our confidence and sharing our profits with him made him feel that he had a personal interest in not only purchasing ROYAL FENCE, but have proved to him that it was in his interest to induce his neighbor to use ROYAL FENCE as every order turned to THE SARNIA FENCE COMPANY helped us reduce our cost of manufacture, and we, in turn use this advantage to keep down the price of fence. The result of this co-operation has had the effect of making THE SARNIA FENCE COMPANYS prices the standard for every part of Ontario and the East and with our plain printed price lists in the hands of every farmer it is impossible for the agent or dealer to force the farmer to pay anything higher than our prices. Our policy of one reasonable manufacturing profit and selling direct to the farmer, by mail, for cash, makes it possible for us to give better fence value than by the old method of through the middle man. We keep no travelling salesmen, we pay no commissions to anyone. We have no bad debts to ask you to help pay and the farmer gets the benefit of this saving in the price. This winter we have more than doubled the capacity of our plant we now can manufacture more fence than any other three plants in Canada, and with this additional capacity we are going to extend our field of operation and quote a FREIGHT PREPAID PRICE ON OUR FENCE TO ANY RAILROAD STATION (Electric & Boat lines not included) IN CANADA. In making our prices every farmer in Canada gets the same price on fence whether for one bale or a car load, and any difference in price between the different provinces is due to the freight which we are obliged to pay. Be careful in ordering to use the price for the province in which you live, remit cash with your order and we pay all freight and guarantee safe delivery of your fence at your station. Customers in Manitoba and West will note we quote a price for less than car load shipment and full car loads. the difference is due to the saving in freight ,and we recommend that neighbors in the West club their orders and ship in car lots as delivery is made in less than half the time as well as the saving in freight..

Remember the agent or dealer wants you to purchase from him a fence on which he can make a commission, and makes claims of quality in an attempt to account for the tremendous difference between his price and ours. Fifty thousand Ontario farmers purchased over seven hundred car loads of ROYAL FENCE during 1912, and every one of them stand ready to tell you that it is the most perfectly woven fence they ever used. The following is our guarantee.—

IF YOU FIND FOR ANY REASON THAT THE FENCE RECEIVED OF US IS NOT OF THE BEST HARD, STEEL, WIRE, THE BEST GALVANIZING, THE MOST PERFECTLY WOVEN FENCE YOU EVER PURCHASED AT ANY PRICE, YOU ARE AT LIBERTY TO RETURN IT TO US. WE WILL PAY FREIGHT BOTH WAYS AND REFUND EVERY CENT OF YOUR MONEY.

WE SET THE PRICE. OTHERS DEVOTE THEIR ENERGY TO TRY TO MEET OUR PRICES.	PRICE Car load or less in Old Ontario	PRICE Car load or less in New Ont Que. and Mar Pro	PRICE less Car load in Man and Western Prov's	PRICE Full Car Load in Man and Western Prov's
4-34-0 HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE Has 4 line wires 34 in. high 9 stays to the rod all No. 9. Hard Steel wire spacing 11, 11, 12 Weight per rod 5½ lbs Price per rod freight prepaid.....	17c	19c	22c	19c
5-40-0 HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE Has 5 line wires 40 in. high 9 stays to the rod all No. 9. Hard Steel wire, spacing 10, 10, 10, 10. Weight per rod 6½ lbs. Price per rod freight prepaid	19c	21c	26c	21c
6-40-0 HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE Has 6 line wires 40 in. high 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9. Hard Steel wire, spacing 7, 7, 8, 9, 9, weight per rod 7½ lbs. Price per rod freight prepaid	21c	23c	30c	25c
7-40 0 HORSE, CATTLE AND SHEEP FENCE, Has 7 line wires 40 in. high 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9. Hard Steel wire, spacing 5, 6, 6, 7, 7½ 8½. Weight per rod 8½ lbs. Price per rod freight prepaid..	23c	25c	34c	28c
7-48-0 HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE Has 7 line wires 48 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9. Hard Steel wire, spacing 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11. Weight per rod 9 lbs. Price per rod freight prepaid	24c	26c	36c	29c
8-34 SHEEP AND HOG FENCE, Has 8 line wires 34 in. high 12 stays to the rod all No. 9. Hard Steel wire, spacing 3, 3¼, 3½ 4¾ 5½ 6, 8. Weight per rod 10 lbs. Price per rod freight prepaid.....	27c	29c	40c	32c
8-40 GENERAL STOCK FENCE. Has 8 line wires 40 in. high 12 stays to the rod all No. 9. Hard Steel wire, spacing 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 7, 8. Weight per rod 10½ lbs. Price per rod freight prepaid	28c	30c	44c	36c
8-48 GENERAL STOCK FENCE, Has 8 line wires 48 in. high 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9. Hard Steel wire, spacing 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 7, 9. Weight per rod 11 lbs. Price per rod freight prepaid	29c	31c	46c	37c
9-48-0 GENERAL STOCK FENCE Has 9 line wire 48 in. high 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9. Hard Steel wire, spacing 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 8, 8, 9. Weight per rod 11 lbs. Price per rod freight prepaid.....	29c	31c	46c	37c

CASH WITH THE ORDER SAVES EXPENSE AND YOU GET THE BENEFIT OF THE SAVING IN THE PRICE.	PRICE Car load or less in Old Ontario	PRICE Car load or less in New Ont Que. and Mari Pro	PRICE less Car load in Man and Western Prov's	PRICE Full Car Load in Man and Western Prov's
9-48-9S HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE Has 9 line wires, 48 in. high 9 stays to the rod all No. 9. Hard Steel wire spacing 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6. Weight per rod 11 lbs. Price per rod freight prepaid.....	29c	31c	46c	37c
9-48 GENERAL STOCK FENCE Has 9 line wires 48 in. high 12 stays to the rod, all No 9. Hard Steel wire spacing 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 8, 8, 9, Weight per rod 12 lbs. Price per rod freight prepaid....	31c	33c	50c	41c
10-50 HORSE, CATTLE SHEEP AND HOG FENCE, Has 10 line wires 50 in. high 12 stays to the rod all No. 9. Hard Steel wire spacing 3, 3¼ 3½ 4¾, 5½ 6, 8, 8, 8, Weight per rod 13¼ lbs per rod freight prepaid.....	33c	35c	54c	45c
11-54 HORSE, CATTLE SHEEP AND HOG FENCE, Has 11 line wires 54 in. high 12 stays to the rod all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 3, 3¼ 3½ 4¾, 5½ 6, 6, 6, 8, 8. Weight per rod 14½ lbs Price per rod freight prepaid....	37c	39c	60c	50c
7-26 HOG FENCE, Has 7 line wires 26 in. high 20 stays to the rod top and bottom No. 9. Filling No. 12. Hard Steel wire spacing 3, 3¼, 3½ 4¾ 5½ 6. Weight per rod 6 lbs price per rod freight paid..	18c	20c	25c	20c
15-50-P STOCK AND POULTRY FENCE Has 15 line wires 50 in. high 24 stays to the rod top and bottom. No. 9. Filling 12 Hard steel wire spacing 1⅞ 1⅞, 1⅞ 1⅞, 2, 2, 2½ 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 6, 7. Weight 12 lbs. Price per rod freight paid	37c	39c	54c	45c
FARM GATE 12x48 Freight paid.....	$4.00	$4.25	$5.25	$4.50
FARM GATE, 13x48, freight prepaid...	$4.25	$4.50	$5.50	$4.70
FARM GATE 14x48 Freight paid.....	$4.50	$4.75	$5.75	$5.00
FARM GATE 16x48 Freight paid.....	$5.00	$5.25	$6.25	$5.50
STAPLES GALVANIZED 1¾ in per box of 25 lbs freight paid.....	75c	80c	$1.10	90c
BRACE WIRE No. 9. Soft per coil 25 lbs freight paid.....	75c	80c	$1.10	90c
BARBED WIRE GALVANIZED, Two point per spool of 80 rods freight paid..	$2.25	$2.50	$3.40	$2.80
STRETCHER, All iron top and bottom draw very heavy tested chain, extra single wire stretcher and splicer, the best stretcher made at any price freight paid..	$7.50	$8.00	$9.00	$8.25

The first row of prices include freight prepaid by us to any railroad station south of North Bay in Old Ontario. The second row of prices include freight prepaid by us to any railroad station in New Ontario, Quebec & Maritime provinces. The third row of prices include freight prepaid by us to any railroad station in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta & British Columbia in shipments of 200 lbs. or over. The fourth row of prices include freight prepaid by us to any railroad station in Man. Sask. Alta & BC in full car loads of not less than 24,000 lbs (except B.C. which requires 30,000 lbs, to the car) Carloads may be made from any one style of fence or assorted fence, gates and barb wire. The weights of each article are given above so you can readily determine how much to order to fill the car. Remember ALL WIRE USED IN THE WEST MUST COME FROM THE EAST, our policy will save you money **Remit cash with your order** by bank draft, post office or express order to

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The Women's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

Last month I spoke of the conventions which would be held at the Manitoba Agricultural College during the first week in February. These meetings were very well attended and very interesting, and many of the papers read were extremely helpful, and I understand that all or nearly all of them will be published in the form of a report of the Home Economic Society at a very early date. I cannot say that there was any very outstanding feature in these meetings.

The Manitoba Meetings

* * * * *

The first gathering of women in connection with the Grain Growers' Annual Convention was held in Saskatoon. The number of actual delegates was large, while the number of visitors generally was also very large, a number of the meetings going as high as 450. The advantage of this convention over those of either the Home Makers' Club or the Home Economics was that it was perfectly free to discuss anything that occurred to it, and strong resolutions on the subject of equal suffrage and the like were passed. The group of women were very interesting. There were so many strong, bright personalities among them and they entered into the various discussions with great energy. The ladies of Saskatoon certainly gave the convention a royal welcome. The reception, which had for its hostesses the wife of the mayor, and the president of the Daughters of the Empire Society, was a most delightful function and in chatting afterwards with a number of the women who had attended it, they told me that that one gathering was worth all the effort that they had made to come, not only because they came closely in touch with the women of Saskatoon, but because there were some brief but very practical addresses given as a sort of programme. It was decided to regularly organize a Women's Section of the Grain Growers' Association, and it was evident that once formed, this organization would push for advanced legislation for women. The men's convention passed a very strong resolution urging upon the government the granting of the vote to women on the same terms as it is granted to men.

At Saskatoon

* * * * *

The outlook for the Women's Section at Brandon Winter Fair is even better than I thought it would be when I spoke of it last month. It is to be conducted by Miss Maud Davis, the superintendent of Home Economics in the Brandon Public Schools. The school board have cooperated very heartily in this matter, and have given Miss Davis a week's leave of absence in order that she and her assistants may be present and give practical demonstrations in cookery. Then, there will be addresses by Nellie McClung, Lillian Lawrie and Pearl Richmond Hamilton, in addition to those which I mentioned before, Miss Francis Baynon, who has charge of the Women's Section of the Grain Growers' Guide, will give a talk on home decorations, and Miss Kennethe Haig (Allison Craig, of "The Free Press") will speak on the legal status of women. The meetings will all be held in a pleasant downstairs room which opens off the arena of the stock show and will hold about 150. I would urge every woman who can possibly manage it, to get to that meeting if it is only for one day as I am sure that they will receive benefits far out of proportion to the amount of money expended in coming. In connection with this Winter Fair there will be a most magnificent poultry show.

Brandon Fair

* * * * *

In writing of the newly opened Art Gallery in Winnipeg I seem to have created a misapprehension, judging from one letter which I have since received. This Art Gallery has nothing whatever to do with the sale of pictures or objects of art. It is merely for educational purposes, to give those who visit it some idea of good art. The present collection of pictures on view are all by Canadian artists, and these will be followed by exhibitions of the French and Dutch schools. There is, however, a handicraft shop, something on the lines of the one in Montreal, about to be started in Winnipeg, and when it is in operation it is quite possible that provision will be made for handling almost everything that may be done by women in this, as an exchange. The secretary of this projected exchange is Mrs. Perry, who does the women's page for the Winnipeg Saturday Post, and a letter addressed to her will be the best means of finding out just what the proposed handicraft shop is intended to cover. There is a very large amount of artistic work being done throughout the West by the women, not only by our own but also by the foreign women and Indians, and it is the idea of those who are promoting this exchange that this work shall be collected and suitably presented.

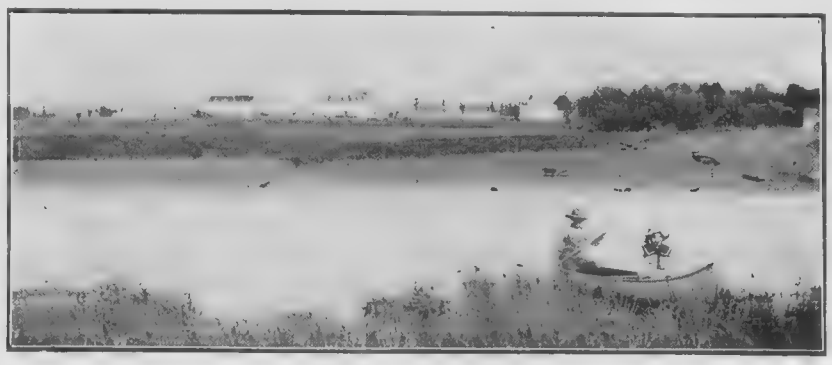
Art Galleries

At Grouard, Alta.

* * * * *

There is very good reason to believe that the prayer of the Women's Council will be answered and that a woman factory inspector will be put on in Winnipeg. This will be good news to the mothers in the country districts whose daughters have come into the City to work in some or other of the numerous small factories employing women. One enterprising newspaper woman has within the past few months made it her business to go to factories and apply for a position as if she were dependent on the getting of the position for her living. In this way she has been able to judge of the requirements and the class of questions which are put to girls on applying for similar work, and also she has been able to get at pretty accurately the average wages paid to girls in factories in Winnipeg. Some tragic circumstances that have come to light within the last few months, have pressed home upon women the need of a protection of this kind for young girls who are employed in factories.

Women Factory Inspectors



Youthfu Sailors at Grouard, Alta.

I have not been able to do very much reading in the past month, though quite a pile of books have accumulated on my bookshelf. I have, however, been able to read "Between Two Thieves," by Richard Dehan, the author of "The Dop Doctor," the African story which made such a sensation two years ago. The present book deals with the time of the Crimean war and the work of Florence Nightingale, and while I think it is somewhat spun out, it is well written and the story is a fascinating one. This is practically the only book that I would think worth recommending to my readers if they cannot get books out of the library and have to buy outright anything of this kind which they wish to read. At the present time there is a wonderful lot of new fiction being offered, but hardly any of it merits even a passing note. A magazine, which I am finding helpful and instructive, is that of the "Current Opinion," which was formerly known as "Current Literature," and in the January number especially there were some very good selections from current poetry. One that has specially taken my fancy is called "Gloucester Moors," and is written by William Vaughan Moody. The idea of the poem is the world of men and women as a ship travelling to her final port. I fancy many old country readers will be struck with this verse:

Books

Till o'er the ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker maid,
The elder clump where the brook comes through,
Breeds cresses in the shade.
To be out of the moiling street,
With its swelter and its sin,
Who has given to me this sweet,
And given my brother dust to eat,
And when will his wage come in.

Another scrap of great beauty is:

Here where the moors stretch free,
In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and the talking sea,
And the racing winds that reel and fling,
On the flying heels of June.

In this number also Ellen Glasgow has one of the very few poems which have come in connection with the suffrage for women. The first and last verse only are all that I have space to quote. They are:

Woman called to woman at the daybreak,
When the bosom of the deep was stirred,
In the gold of dawn and in the silence,
Woman called to woman and was heard.

And the last verse:

Onward now as in the long, dim ages,
Onward to the light where freedom lies,
Woman calls to woman to awaken,
Woman calls to woman to arise.

The Voice of God

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Lionel Kingsley

GOD Speaks with no uncertain voice
Over the Western prairie lands,
Splendid, spreading provinces,
Spoil of the sturdy worker's hands!
He speaks in the winds that fleetly surge
In the deep of the winter's night,
Around the farm, the barn, the byre,
Proclaiming to all in tones of fire,
"I speak to ye in the winds of the West,
I, the Lord God."

"I am the inmost soul of things,
The voice from the topmost hill;
I am the Lord, the King of Kings,
Who gave ye this land to till.
Praise ye the winds then when they blow
Upon thy face! So ye shall know
The coming of the Lord!"

He speaks in the sighing, sweet chinook
That steals o'er a world of drifted snow,
Temp'ring the wilding winter days,
Making the weary heart to glow.
He sweepeth the earth pure in the spring,
When the horses their manes quick throw
In pride, as the farmer drives his plough
To the song of the stream and the shaking bough.
Yea! He speaks in the winds of the world,
He, the Lord God.

The flowers spill their secret stores
Of sweets in the drowsy summer rain;
The corn stands high in the prairie lands,
A golden sea of grain.
Long ripples pass o'er the laden stems
And they bow their list'ning heads;
In the breath of the winds o'er the wheat in the ear,
Telling the tale of a fruitful year.
He speaks to ye. In the winds of the plains,
He, the Lord God.

God speaks with wondrous patient voice
Over the Western prairie lands,
In the fall of the year when nature droops
And slow moves the tired workers' hands.
The fall of the year and the shaken leaf,
Are to Him at His altar sent.
The gladsome time when the earth doth sing
To Him on High, the Heavenly King.
Surely He speaks to ye in the winds,
He, the Lord God?

He is the inmost soul of things,
The voice from the topmost hill;
He is the Lord, the King of Kings,
Who gave ye this land to till.
Praise ye the winds then when they blow
Upon thy face! So ye shall know
The coming of the Lord!

Two of Them

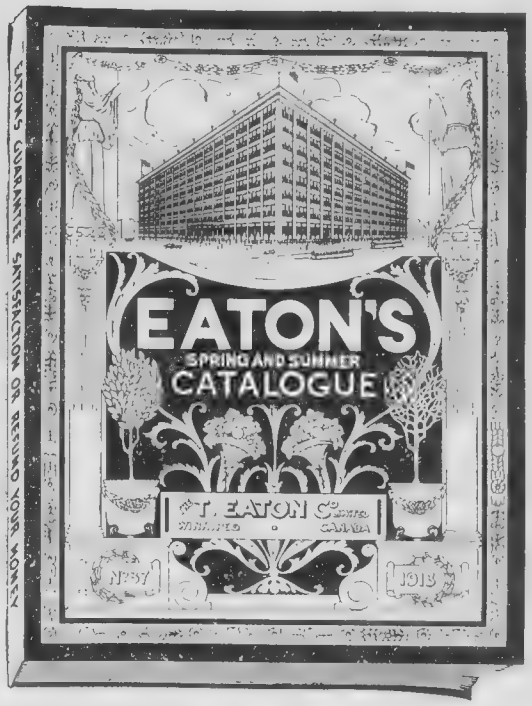
Written for the Western Home Monthly by Mrs. Alf. S. Spark.

Two little girls are better than one,
Two little boys can double the fun,
Two little birds can build a small nest,
Two little arms can love mamma best,
Two little shoulders chubby and strong,
Two little feet running all day long,
Two little prayers does my darling say,
Twice does he kneel at my side each day,
Two little folded hands, soft and brown,
Two little eylids cast meekly down,
And two little Angels guard him in bed,
One at the foot and one at the head.

Woodrow Wilson: Luxury and too great refinement in states are the sure forerunners of decay; because every individual, clinging to his own interests and pleasures, turns aside from the public good.

Have you received our New Spring and Summer Catalog?

It profusely illustrates almost every need for your home. *Write for a copy if you do not possess one.*



Our Liberal Guarantee Protects Our Mail Order Customers

Every article in this Catalogue is covered by our guarantee. If for any reason you are not fully satisfied, return the goods and we will exchange them or refund your money. We do not desire a single dissatisfied customer. We want all to feel pleased, to feel that they are getting the best value for their money. We want them to use our Catalogue and to use our Mail Order System for their shopping. We believe it means a big saving—a considerable reduction in the high cost of living.

New Spring Styles for Easter

With the advent of spring weather and the desire for suitable clothing comes the quandry what to wear. Those possessing a copy of our Spring and Summer Catalogue will experience little difficulty in selecting the right article, but those who do not,—should write for one.

This Spring we are showing some very pretty suits and coats for women, all the newest styles as decreed by the leading fashion centres.

We advise early selection so as to be prepared for the mild weather directly it comes

Very Desirable DRESS FABRICS for Spring Wear

EMPHASISING OUR NEW CATALOG VALUES

1T48 Pure Botany Wool English Suiting Serge

This is the proper thing for tailored suits or coats for Spring wear. It is the Correct weight and is a superfine grade of serge similar to men's suiting, but not so heavy. It is 56 inches wide and comes in Navy or Black, Price per yard . **$1.75**

1T68 English Worsted Serge

Specially imported and manufactured on West of England looms. This serge is made of pure Australian wool yarns and is a desirable weight for Women' Spring Coats or Men's Suits. It is 54 inches wide and comes in Navy or Black. It is a splendid quality fabric and will give excellent wear. Price per yard **$2.50**

1T42 Whipcord Suiting

This season Whipcords are going to be very popular and this number comes in as a timely suggestion. It is made from pure worsted yarn and is exceptionally good value We can hardly over-rate the merit of this suiting, and we can say with confidence that it will give exceptional service. It is 47 inches wide and comes in Navy, Grey, Brown, Copenhagen, Tan, Myrtle, Reseda or Black. Price per yard. **75c**

1T44 English Coating Serge

This is undoubtedly a material of splendid quality and nice appearance, and is one of our staple and very desirable suit cloths. Serge weave of close firm texture, with splendid body yet soft and fine. Correct weight for tailored suits, coats or skirts. It is 54 inches wide and comes in Navy, Cream or Black. Price per yard **$1.00**

HANDSOME 17-JEWELLED EATON WATCHES

16-Size Gold Filled Case, Splendid Quality, Neat Style and Low Price,

We can recommend these Eaton Watches as being splendid timekeepers and reliable in every way. They are specially made for us and by buying direct from the factory in Switzerland we are able to quote the low price of $12 50 each. This means a substantial saving to our customers.

The nickel movement has 17 Fine Jewels, Brequet Hair Spring, Compensating Balance, exposed winding wheels, double sunk glass enamel dial, patent regulator, stem wind and stem set.

The case is a Fortune quality gold filled. This is a standard Case widely known, and we will replace anyone which does not give satisfactory wear Choice of plain, engine turned or engraved.

A written guarantee accompanies every Eaton Watch we sell.

4T60. 16 size 17-Jewelled Eaton Watch in Gold filled Case $12.50

See our new Catalogue, Pages 165 to 167, for other Watch Values.

TWO VERY SMART NUMBERS FROM OUR NEW CATALOG

Women's Coat of All-Wool Whipcord

This is an ideal coat for Spring wear and is specially suited to the milder weather when fur or heavy winter coats may be discarded. It is made in our own workrooms by expert tailors, has a very dressy appearance and will give splendid wear

It is made of fine all wool whipcord in a slightly fitted style, has neat rounded corners in front, side patch pockets and smart cuff effects on sleeve The collar of self material, is cut in the latest style and edged with corded silk The wide revers have a neat trimming of straps of silk material edged with corded silk. These straps can be worn on the outside or under the revers.

This is a low priced garment. Buying well ahead of time and in large quantities enabled us to make a substantial saving on the cost of the material.

Bust sizes 32 to 44

17A3126. Black
17B3126. Navy
17C3126. Grey
17D3126. Tan **$11.50**

Women's Suit of Men's Wear Serge

This is an entirely new and charming model which for real value in material, workmanship, fit and style is superior to many suits often sold at a much higher price

The material is fine all wool men's wear serge which will be found very durable. The Coat is semi-fitting, 26 inches long and lined with serge silk. The wide rounded collar and turned-back cuffs are overlaid with heavy macrame lace of beautiful pattern in ecru shade. It can be easily removed for laundering The skirt hangs gracefully and is of very generous width. It is made with girdle top and fastens under back panel It has one sided cut-away effect with two foot pleats down the front This makes an extremely attractive suit and is just the thing for Spring wear.

Sizes 32 to 44 inch bust, 23 to 30 inch waistband, with choice of 37, 38, 39, 40, 41 and 42 inch front skirt length

17A4246. Black
17A4246. Navy **$16.50**

THE T. EATON Co LIMITED

WINNIPEG CANADA

THE PHILOSOPHER

"I AM JUST GOING OUTSIDE"

"I am just going outside," said Captain Oates. And passing through the door of the hut which shielded his companions from that ferocious Antarctic, blizzard, this heroic Englishman, crippled by the frost and a burden to his companions, walked into the white, bitter world which tossed about him. There "outside," icy hands freed his soul from his tortured body. Captain Oates had made the supreme sacrifice. We must all die. We are all given a span of life to demonstrate the soul that is in us. And when all our failures and successes are recorded, we come face to face at last with the final test. Oates was not afraid to "go outside." He opened the door, stepped through it, and shut the door behind him. This man, who, with the heroes who were his companions, faced the endless waste of shifting snow and terrific cold to find the South Pole, found the Pole, and on his way back found something greater. He found himself. To free his companions he embraced death. And to his spirit there "outside," as to the spirits of the heroes who were his companions and who one and all acquitted themselves unflinchingly, goes forth the solemn admiration of us all, to whom their heroism has given such inspiring proof of the possibilities of greatness there are in our common human nature. The fate of those five immortals of the Antarctic waste, as recorded in "these few rough notes," found on Captain Scott's dead body, has stirred the world more profoundly than it could ever have been stirred by any tale that they could have told had they won their way back to civilization.

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THE UNITED STATES SYSTEM AND OURS

A new President of the United States takes office this month. The occasion is one which serves to remind us of the fundamental differences between the British system of government and the United States system. This country, like Great Britain and the other self-governing nations of the Empire, has the Cabinet system of responsible government, by which a Ministry holds office as long as it holds the approval and support of Parliament. The United States constitution, on the other hand, gives the executive a definite term of office, independent of legislative control. The President has a Cabinet, it is true, but it is not a Cabinet in our sense of the word at all. He selects the men who form it, and allots to each the control of a branch of the Government. But neither he nor any of his Cabinet have a seat in either House of Congress; whereas with us, the Prime Minister and every other Cabinet Minister is not only part and parcel of Parliament, but dependent on Parliament for existence. A vote of the majority of Parliament can change the Government and put a new Prime Minister and a new Cabinet in office. The executive and the legislative parts of our governmental system are bound up together, and form really only one part. In the United States, on the contrary, the executive and the legislative parts of the system are distinct and separate. The will of Parliament is really the British constitution. But the United States constitution is a written document, whose framers devised the Presidential system as the best defence they could conceive against "democratic changeableness, or the influence on government of sudden bursts of popular feeling." As a result it is very difficult to make any change in public policy or legislation in the United States in less than five years. In New South Wales there were forty one changes of Government in thirty-seven years. Canada has never had such rapid changes as there have been in Australia, particularly before the formation of the Australian Commonwealth. That Confederation, however, which is now only in its thirteenth year, has had already more changes of Government than this Confederation has had in the forty-six years of its existence.

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TO STRAIGHTEN OUT AN IMPERIAL KINK

Once more the peculiar fact that a naturalized Canadian citizen possesses no rights as a British citizen outside the three mile limit has been the subject of discussion in the Dominion Parliament. This peculiar fact is, of course, a survival from the time before the rise of the self-governing Dominions as nations within the Empire. As the British law stands, a Canadian citizen born outside the Empire, whose Canadian citizenship has been acquired by naturalization, cannot, if he finds himself outside the Empire, claim the rights of a British subject. When he passes outside British jurisdiction, he becomes a man without a country. There are quite a few eminent Canadians who, if in their travels in foreign lands were in need of protection of their rights or their lives, would be technically unable to declare themselves British. Under international law, any foreign authority could refuse to recognize them as British. This is a purely technical fact, of course, but that does not make it any the less a fact. Law is law. Among notable Canadians to whom this applies are: Hon. Hugh Armstrong, Provincial Treasurer of Ontario; Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, President of the C.P.R.; and Hon. George H. Perley, the Dominion Minister designated as Canada's representative on the Imperial Defence Committee. Several years ago Sir Wilfred Laurier brought up at one of the Imperial Conferences in London the necessity of straightening out this matter. Hon. J. C. Doherty, the present Minister of Justice, has made the statement in the House at Ottawa that it is to be straightened out at the present session of the British Parliament.

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A GREAT RAILWAY RATES CASE

In the course of the progress of the Western railway rates investigation which the Dominion Railway Commission entered upon early last year there have been recurring references to the rates in the adjoining States. In this connection it is to be noted that the celebrated Minnesota rate case, which has been in progress since the fall of 1906, has not yet, at this writing, been disposed of by the judgment of the Supreme Court at Washington, though it was in October, 1911, that the Supreme Court heard the case argued. This great case originated, it will be remembered, in the action of the Minnesota Railway Commission in ordering the railways within the limits of that State to make certain material reductions in their rates, both freight and passenger. The case, as it stands before the Supreme Court of the United States, is one of extraordinary complex and intricate difficulty. Especially intricate is the proposition that a State Railway Commission, by undertaking to fix the railway rates within the State limits interferes in the fixing of inter-State rates and thereby infringes on the Federal jurisdiction. In a notable article reviewing the whole case recently, the New York Sun says that it is this constitutional point which is responsible for the extraordinary delay in the announcement of the decision of the Supreme Court, which has been postponed again and again. The Court, the Sun says, is holding off its decision in the hope of reaching a unanimous conclusion, before it makes its findings public. Unanimity of the tribunal of final resort in a matter that so vitally affects commerce in every State is, of course, regarded as highly desirable. Meanwhile the whole matter of State regulation of railways is at a standstill, not only in Minnesota, but in all the States, and must remain at a standstill until the Supreme Court decision is rendered.

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INSIGHT INTO DIVORCE CAUSES

In looking over a recently prepared tabulation of divorce statistics for the different States of the country to the south for a number of years, a feature of the figures which forces itself on the attention is the fact that the number of divorces in California in the year following the great earthquake and fire in San Francisco was only a mere fraction of the number in the years immediately preceding that catastrophe. It is stated that after the wrecking of San Francisco couples who had been severed by petty differences were drawn together again by that great calamity. They had previously come to the conclusion that their woes were insufferable; but, face to face with greater troubles, they realized that they were making mountains out of mole hills, and were re-united. A man and a woman, when they are forced to face a common adversity, are less likely to consider self. Divorce is an evil which develops in eras of luxury and ease. In this connection it is to be noted that recently deciphered records show that divorces were frequent in ancient Babylon.

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THE CALL TO A "HOLY WAR"

A couple of weeks have now elapsed since the second call for a Jehad, or "Holy War," was sent out by the Sheik-ul-Islam, the ecclesiastical head of the Mohammedan religion, but there is not as yet any evidence that it is going to prove any more effective than the first, the force of which was broken by the long armistice. Yet it may have had some part in stirring the Arabs of Libya to continued resistance to the Italian Government, and if it were to spread it would give serious concern to all the European nations which have Mohammedan possessions. And in this connection India and Egypt are, of course, of outstanding importance. The report that the Mohammedans in India had subscribed $5,000,000 to aid Turkey was a fabrication; but there has been some evidence that the Mohammedans in India, who are the strongest, if not the most numerous element in the population of that country, have felt keenly the attack on Turkey, which is the head of the Mohammedan world and has been to all Mohammedans a source of pride because of its past military glory and its maintenance of its separate existence, with a foothold even in Europe for six centuries. In this view of the situation, it is not Turkey alone that has had its back to the wall; the whole Mohammedan world, which once rivalled Christendom in power, feels that it is being hardly used, and if there were any hope of successful resistance, the call of the Sheik-ul-Islam for a "Holy War" might start a tremendous conflagration. But with the waning of the war scare in Europe has passed the possibility of anything but failure for a "Holy War." Against a united Europe it would be futile.

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A MIXED JURY PROBLEM

A jury of both sexes appears to be regarded as sufficiently appropriate in the woman suffrage States, but it would seem that to have a man and his wife on the same jury is regarded as a doubtful proposition. For example, Mrs. Dean and her husband were in the same jury panel in Seattle, and after her husband had been accepted as a juror in a certain case, she was asked if she could render a verdict uninfluenced by his opinion, which she confidently affirmed that she could. Mr. Dean, however, was not so confident of his independence of his wife, and while he thought he could render a verdict uninfluenced by her opinion, he said: "I would rather she was not there, though." The court might have been expected to excuse Mr. Dean and retain the more independent member of the domestic firm, but it did not; it excused the wife, and Mr. Dean performed his jury duty, unawed by her presence. Where are these questions presented by the equal rights proposition to end?

* * * * *

A PREPOSTEROUS PROPOSAL

It cannot be expected, of course, that what is called the lay mind should grasp a project so tremendous in its scope as the diversion of the Gulf Stream from the course it has followed in the North Atlantic for centuries to the shores of Newfoundland and Labrador, else there would be almost universal acclaim of this stupendous suggestion. The construction of a breakwater two hundred miles long, and tapering from forty miles in width at the land end to three miles in width at the outer end, across the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, to dam the Labrador current and so divert the icebergs from the lanes of the ocean lines and minimize the fogs in that latitude, would be a great accomplishment. Its advocates declare that unless this prodigious work is undertaken the cold waters of the Arctic Ocean will come farther and farther south, overcoming the warm Gulf Stream. But it is an absolutely safe prediction that the Labrador current is not going to be diverted. Those with vivid imaginations may picture to themselves the North Atlantic converting itself into a placid mill pond and patiently awaiting a modern Moses and the miracle to divide the waters and hold them still along the lane in which engineering skill and labor enormously greater than went to the making of the pyramids should construct so ponderous a breakwater. Those who dream that such a thing is possible can never have seen the tremendous tides and waves or felt the tremendous winds of that latitude. A proposition even to survey the scene of the project appears to be nothing short of the ludicrous.

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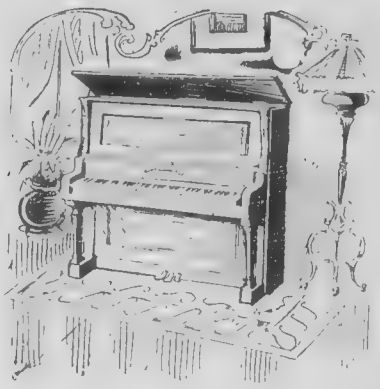
IN REGARD TO HATPINS

It has become a commonplace that there are vastly too many laws made in the United States, and that there is not enough enforcement. Among the multitude of matters for the regulation of which laws have been passed by several of the State Legislatures is the length of women's hatpins—a subject in regard to which the first proposal has yet to be heard in a Canadian Legislature. During the past month there has been much serious oratory in the Massachusetts Legislature over a proposed statute to limit the length of hatpins, the main defence made for the present length of the pins being that women have occasion sometimes to use them as weapons, and that in such cases of need, the length of the weapon is a point in favor of the user. Undoubtedly the hatpin has its legitimate uses and advantages. It serves a valuable purpose, from which it derives its name. No rightly constituted person would care to see the feminine portion of the population obliged to chase madly in pursuit of recreant headwear carried off by our sportive prairie breezes. But when the hatpin gets to be so long as to be a disadvantage, not to say an imminent deadly peril to all and sundry in the proximity of its wearer, it does seem as if something ought to be done about it. There are many things that, like hatpins, ought to have limitations enforced on them, but that are beyond the effective reach of legislation. A man or woman often is the better for a bit of temper. But it ought to be kept under strict regulation. The same is to be said of ambition, which serves a valuable purpose, but which may become so long and so pointed as to injure other people. As a matter of fact, the whole problem of right living is very largely one of the right handling of edged tools, so as not to injure either ourselves or others.

Pre-Inventory Clearance : :



WE are now approaching the end of our fiscal year, the time of all times when this Company's stock-in-trade must be at its LOWEST EBB. We find that instead of being in this ideal condition we have in our warehouse in Winnipeg one hundred and fifty new pianos and in warerooms and storage nearly one hundred slightly used and secondhand pianos taken in exchange on new Doherty Pianos and Player Pianos.

Every one of these instruments MUST GO at some price and terms. This means we must offer this gigantic stock at figures which the public simply cannot resist and at terms which will make your purchase a pleasure rather than a drag on the pocketbook.

This Sale, which we are making the GREATEST EVER KNOWN IN CANADA, is now on.

Every Piano Must Go. There are No Reservations

For forty years the name of Doherty has stood for all that is best in musical instrument construction. Today, not only in Canada, but in far-off lands across the seas the Doherty name is a guarantee of highest quality, fair treatment and biggest money value for every dollar spent. Listen to our arguments below·

Upright Pianos at $49.75

We have a number of Used Upright Pianos on our floors, all in good condition, which are to be closed out at from $49.75 to $69.00. These Pianos are worth double and more.

Splendid Values at $148

This lot includes a number of Pianos of world-wide reputation which we are closing out at just ***a fraction of their cost.*** You cannot come too quick.

New Pianos at $242

Our Greatest Bargain. There are hundreds of this particular Piano in the City of Winnipeg and vicinity, all of which have cost their owners $350.00 each. Your saving is $108.00. Can you beat it?

$400 Pianos at $298. $450 Pianos at $337.50

$500 Pianos at $398. $800 Player Pianos at $542.50

25 Brand New Player Pianos, 88 Note, at $442 each; $700 value

FREE STOOL

Every purchaser receives free with Piano or Organ a fine stool to match the instrument.

FREE MUSIC LESSONS

To every purchaser of a Piano during this Great Sale we will present a Certificate good for a Two Years Course of Piano Lessons. This alone is worth many dollars to you.

We MUST Sell the Goods. You Can Make the Terms.

Phone, write or wire, We will reserve a Piano for you from those remaining unsold.

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THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg

SECRET OF HAPPINESS

The secret of happiness is to have a music box on the inside of your own soul. The man who finds certain sources of satisfaction within himself will never be unhappy. He enjoys other people's society somewhat but he is never miserable in his own society. He would just as soon be alone as not. He has a book to read, or an article to write, or a problem to solve, or a subject to "look up" or a piece of music to practice or a new piece of mechanism to experiment upon. A spare hour for this man means a personal luxury and a season of peculiar sweetness and relaxation So he has his "den" and his own particular joys Erasmus wrote: "First I buy Greek books, and then clothes"

* * * * *

DAY BY DAY

Make good use of today. Crowd it with work, saturate it with thought, sweeten it with kindness, guard it with prayer and crown it with purpose Remember that a decade is but a day extended. Keep your temper sweet for today. Stand watch over your reputation just for today. Today holds the secret of destiny. "Hold fast by the present," says Goethe; "every situation, nay, every moment, is of infinite worth, for it is the representation of a whole eternity."

* * * * *

KEEP SWEET

There is no calling or profession in the world in which it does not pay to keep sweet. An even disposition is as good as salt in the soup, sand on the track, oil in the cog, sunshine in a back room, fresh air in a crowded audience chamber, and large coin on the collection plate of a poor church. To illustrate, here is an illustration out of the life of Henry Ward Beecher. Beecher dared speak out his inmost convictions. Not infrequently he spoke when his life was openly threatened. At Elizabeth City, New Jersey, the Copperheads declared they would kill him rather than permit him to speak. Amid indescribable uproar, Mr. Beecher entered the hall, advanced to the platform, and said: "Gentlemen, I have been informed that if I attempt to speak here tonight I am going to be killed. Well, I am going to speak, and therefore I must die. But before you kill me, there is one request I have to make. All you who are going to stain your hands in my blood just come up here and shake hands with me before you commit the crime, for when I die I shall go to heaven, and therefore I shall never see any of you again."

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THE MIDDLE BOLT

The "middle bolt" of righteousness runs through all things. There is no act no matter how insignificant which is not related to a principle. You cannot light a match without availing yourself of certain great natural laws You cannot smile without reconstructing your entire physical anatomy. There is a principle in every act and a law in every deed. The Scotch once built a strong bridge with a large, clumsy middle bolt which could not be wholly concealed from view. A Frenchman copied the plan and built a similar bridge across the Seine, only omitting the middle bolt as unnecessary and unsightly; as a result, the bridge collapsed on the first day of the opening. See to it that there is in your life the middle bolt of righteousness.

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YOU ARE TO BLAME

It is not to the blame of certain men that they do not succeed. Combinations of circumstances are sometimes beyond all human skill, therefore, the wisdom of the phrase of Wellington "circumstances over which I have no control" But the average man controls circumstances. This is evident by the fact that civilization is nothing more than circumstances under human control. It is safe to say, generally speaking, that men may be divided into two classes, those who control circumstances and those who are controlled by circumstances. Shakespeare, in "King Lear," says: "It is the excellent foppery of the world to blame all our disorders to the sun, moon and stars." As a rule, it is safe when things go wrong to blame yourself.

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THE BEST WHISKEY

If a young man is going to use intoxicating liquors, he had better use (ahem!) the best. The best, aye, the best But how shall we know the best among all the bottled stuff? By the Scotch name, or the silver foil, or the tinned cork, or the wax seal, or the extra label, or the bevelled bottom, or shapely form, or the tax stamp, or the fantastic outer cover? Nay, by none of these, my boy. Here is the answer. The retiring president of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association was asked, as he stood at the bar drinking, by a young man this question: "Mr. Broderick, I want your opinion as an expert. What is the best kind of whiskey to drink?" The older man looked at him gravely. "My boy," said he, "the answer to that is easy. The best kind of whiskey to take is none at all."

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"DAD"

"Dad" is an abbreviation for "papa" and "papa" is a childish contraction of the term "father." All depends on your personal emphasis in the use of the word. But, I beseech you, that if you have any respect for the man who is known as your "dad" that you give due consideration to the suggestions which he may make with reference to your future welfare. Sometimes the "Old Gentleman" is right. In his youth it was Gladstone's desire to give himself to the religious life. When in later years his son, S. E Gladstone, was perplexed by questions of doctrine and religion, Mr. Gladstone wrote to him: "During all my early years my heart was set on being a clergyman, only my father's wish turned me away from it and my mind has worked incessantly on the subjects which have tried you." It is the universal verdict of English speaking humanity that Gladstone made no mistake when he acted on his father's advice.

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TOMFOOLERY

What tomfoolery! What nonsense! What slush! What idiotic preference! What brainless choice and senseless selection! What rattle-brained indiscretion—that a young man should drink for the sake of sociability. Why corrode your veins, honeycomb the lining of your stomach with cancer, burn out the fuses of your nervous system, rot your bones, and befog your mind for the sake of sociability? Robert Burns, when writing to a lady about some companions, said: "Madam, they would not thank me for my company if I did not drink with them, so I must give them a slice of my constitution." I would not give "a slice of my constitution" for all the fools in modern society. Fie on such tomfoolery!

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EQUIPMENT

Don't wait for "equipment." Great books have been written in small rooms. Great sermons have been preached to slender congregations. Great deeds have been accomplished where there was little "limelight" to spare. Many a carpenter has built a frame house without a perfect kit of tools. The best specimens of literature have been written by men who never owned "a diamond pointed pen." Certain of our representative citizens, who could not write their names, have made "their mark." Remember, you occupy a throne of power just where you are. Maeterlinck says: "It is in a small room, round a table, close to the fire, that the joys and sorrows of mankind are decided."

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"A BROWN STUDY"

"A brown study" is the color of a mood. "Lost in a brown study" is a phrase discriptive of mental preoccupation. Can the mood be cultivated? It can, indeed it can. You can train your mind to work next door to a throbbing dynamo or underneath the moving trains of the "L" road. It simply means concentration reduced to a science. David Livingstone says: "Much of my early reading was carried on by placing the book on a portion of the spinning-jenny, so that I could catch sentence after sentence as I paused at my work. I thus kept a pretty constant study, undisturbed by the roar of machinery. To this," he adds, "I owe the power of completely abstracting my mind, so as to read and write with perfect comfort amidst the play of children or the dancing and song of savages."

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AN AMBITIOUS BARBER

Barbers are, as a rule, men of unusual intelligence. Every twenty minutes, when busy, they have a new opportunity of studying a fresh specimen of humanity. They meet all classes of men and become, if observing, splendid judges of human nature. Many of them have passed from the barber's chair into higher realms of achievements. In fact, many of them, after two or three years' experience, have taken their kit of edged tools and passed up to the crowded courts and corridors of school, academy, college and university. An English writer, with a knowledge of the habits of American students, finishing an article on the subject, ends with these words: "If an ambitious young barber should happen to read this and make up his mind to seek a college education, let him go ahead, take his chair, his razors and scissors, his soaps and brushes along with him, set up the paraphernalia in his room and success is bound to come, if he has pluck and behaves himself.

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YOUR INCOME

The worst kind of an income tax is where a young man is guilty of living beyond his income. The greatest science is the science of knowing how to make both ends meet. The young man who "can't live" on twelve dollars a week will find it increasingly difficult to exist on twenty dollars per week. A man's luxuries always increase a good deal more rapidly than a man's income. Learn how to handle your cash. An American writer says: "The sooner young men know this, that if they get only fifty cents a day, they want to live inside of it, and if they get only three dollars a week, they ought to live inside of three dollars a week, the sooner they know this, the better it is for themselves and for society."

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PERSONAL ATTENTION

There are certain matters which are personal—you cannot delegate them to other people. General Sherman, like many another successful general, used to walk among his sleeping soldiers at night in order to see that all the details of war had received proper attention and consideration. So it has ever been. The vital men look after the things which are vital. When Miles Standish asked John Alden to go to the Puritan maiden, Priscilla, and ask her to be the captain's wife, John Alden replied, quoting from Julius Caesar, "If you would have a thing well done, you must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others."

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PERSIST

Persist, keep going. Turn up after you have been turned down. When you have failed to find an entrance on the north, south, east and west—tunnel. Always come to and never fail to come back. Serve a notice on humanity that for you purpose and preformance are one and the same thing. Persist. In a chapter on John Milton in the "English Men of Letters," I find these words: "What distinguishes Milton from the crowd of young ambition, 'audax juventa,' is the constancy of resolve. He not only nourished through manhood the dream of youth, keeping under the importunate instincts which carry off most ambitions in middle life into the pursuit of place, profit, honor—the thorns which spring up and smother the wheat—but carried out his dream in its integrity in old age. He formed himself for this achievement, and for no other.

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TACT

Every man is a hero to somebody and the consecration of his influence depends on knowing how to treat that "somebody." The time to treat people right, socially, is when and where you meet them. You may meet them in the kitchen, behind the carriage, on the stairway, below the stairs—wherever you meet them be man enough to act without condescension and with every consideration of chivalry and politeness. Thackeray took particular notice of the fact that when he met Father Mathew at a private dinner-party, the Apostle of Temperance always found occasion to exchange a friendly grasp of the hand and a few genial words with the butler or the footman, to make benevolent inquiries of them concerning their wives and children, and to show a kindly acquaintance with their domestic affairs.

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THE HOME IDEAL

Every young man who is really worthy of respect has enthroned in his imagination an ideal of a beautiful home. The realization of this home is the best thing which can crown his life. He ought to understand, right in the beginning, that nothing will bring him more joy, peace, satisfaction and pleasure than the social occupations of a modest home, properly organized and thoughtfully cared for. Charles Dickens, in his "Sketches of Young Couples," said in the way of advice to young married couples: "Before marriage and afterward, let them learn to center all their hopes of real and lasting happiness in their own fireside; let them cherish the faith that in home and all the English virtues which the love of home engenders lies the only true source of domestic felicity."

Future of the H. B. Country

Some of the advanced advocates of the Hudson Bay transcontinental and transatlantic route have begun to speak of that body of water as the "Mediterranean of Canada." The title in some respects is far-fetched, particularly if latitude be taken into consideration, but in the sense that the bay is a great, land-locked sea, susceptible of development into a magnificent commercial waterway, it is not so very inappropriate. The Mediterranean is larger. Its area is 977,000 square miles, whereas the area of Hudson Bay is but 350,000 square miles. The Mediterranean is 2,200 miles long and 700 miles broad; Hudson Bay is 800 miles long and 440 miles across. These figures, however, do not include Hudson Strait, an outlet to the Atlantic, which is 450 miles long with an average breadth of 100 miles, its narrowest point being over 60 miles wide. Compared with the Great Lakes, Hudson Bay is a veritable ocean. Lake Superior has an area of only 31,000 square miles, Huron anly 23,000, Michignn only 22,500, Erie only 9,960 and Ontario only 7,240. Lake Winnipeg, with which it is hoped Hudson Bay may be connected by canal at an early day, has an area of 9,000 square miles.

Transportation, both by rail and water across the continent, via Hudson Bay may be connected by canal at Western Canada, and a dream that it is confidently hoped may be realized within the present generation. There are many who believe that it will be realized within the present decade. The East has not been, and is not now, as friendly as the West to the construction of the Hudson Bay railway. All of the prairie provinces, and especially Manitoba, are enthusiastic in its behalf. The Manitoba Free Press, one of its warmest advocates, insists that in opposing the project, or at least in refraining from giving it hearty support, the eastern side of the Dominion is standing in its own light. The paper advances the point that the prosperity of Eastern Canada is dependent upon a prosperous West, and holds that nothing can so certainly insure the welfare of the West as the quicker and cheaper means of communication with the world at large which the Hudson Bay route will make possible.

What are the expectations of its friends? They may be summarized in one paragraph. The successful carrying out of the project, they say, will convert a bypath into a highway; ocean traffic on a large scale will penetrate deep into the interior of the country; cities will rise on the sites of remote trading posts; the plan will bring about great changes in Canadian agriculture; it will invite trade from afar. Nor do expectations end here. Future travellers from Denver and Omaha, to say nothing of St. Paul and Minneapolis, it is predicted, will, as a matter of convenience and speed, "cross to the Old Country over the northern route by a Winnipeg air line east of Lake Winnipeg to the Bay." For, it is contended, the shortest transcontinental railway in North America will connect with the northern Atlantic route, the shortest possible passage between the two continents.

Western Canada is not likely to be in the least discouraged by any seeming lack of sympathy for this project in the east. All discouragement, all obstacles, in fact, have long since been discounted by its very enterprising and energetic people.—Christian Science Monitor.

Cheaper Capital for Farms

In Switzerland there are cantonal or state mortgage banks where farmers who wish to borrow money to improve their farms may secure it on long loans at a low rate of interest. Foreclosures are scarcely heard of in Switzerland because liberal terms are given on loans.

If a farmer borrows money in Switzerland at one of these cantonal (state) banks he pays a stipulated interest, usually 4½ per cent. But in addition he pays a small part of the principal so that the entire debt is paid at the expiration of the time for which the loan was made. Suppose a farmer borrows $5,000 at one of these banks for 15 years. The first year he pays 4½ per cent interest and one per cent of the principal, making 5½ per cent of the $5,000; the second year he pays 5½ per cent of the remainder of the loan and so on until at the close of the 10 years the principal is paid.

Under this system of rural credit the Swiss farmer may borrow money to build up his farm, to provide conveniences and comforts which enable him to enjoy life while the farm is being improved and made more productive.

There is no greater need among farmers than credit associations where cheap capital on long loans may be secured. Other business could not prosper when interest is from 8 to 10 per cent, nor can farmers. If other business men secure capital at a cheaper rate with their security, why can not farmers on the land, the best security this nation affords?—Farm.

An Ideal Army. According to an old authority, two or three hundred years ago, it was 10,000 hungry Scotsmen, 10,000 Englishmen after a hearty dinner, and 10,000 Irishmen after their second battle; and then "Charge!"

Steele, Briggs' Seeds

Leaders in the March of Progress

The New Introductions of note appearing in the West of recent years number ten. They are as follows: **Northwestern Dent Corn, Premost Flax, White Victory Oat, Montana Alfalfa, Siberian Millet, Malakoff Corn, Registered Seed Grain, Glory of Enkhuizen Cabbage, Marquis Wheat, Abundance Oats.** STEELE, BRIGGS were the first Seed House in the West to offer the first eight o these introductions. This is the work of **Seed Experts,** which means more than **Seed Dealer.** These **Advanced Methods** and **Applied Knowledge** permeate through all our seeds.

Bags are included at the following prices:

Marquis Wheat The World's Prize-Winner—Our stock is the genuine early strain. Bred by Prof. Saunders. 10 bushels at **$1.75** per bushel.

Victory Oats **NEW WHITE**—Bred by Prof. Nilsson. Grown for four years on our Saskatchewan farm. The best straw known, coupled with heavy yield, thin hull and fine quality. Our 1912 crop yielded 120 bushels per acre. **10** bushels for **$10.00.**

American Banner Oats **REGISTERED**—This pedigree strain never quits the field—an immense yielder —Certificate with every 100 pounds. **$3.85** per 100 lbs.

Siberian Oats **FROM REGISTERED SEED**—Another record yielder and disease resistant. **10** bushels for **$10.00.**

Premost Flax The new pedigree variety—introduced to the West by Steele, Briggs. Earlier, better yielder and more wilt-proof than the common variety. You will get the genuine from the House that introduced it. **10** bushels for **$22.50.**

Minnesota No. 13 Corn One of the best for the West. **$2.50** per bushel.

GRIMM'S Alfalfa For the Genuine we will consider only one source — This **Genuine Grimm's Alfalfa** is held by the grower at such a high price that it cannot be sold in Canada for less than **$1.15** per lb. postpaid or **10** lbs. at **$1.10** per lb. by express at customer's expense. Growers wanting please write us.

Turkestan Alfalfa Specially selected—the true stock—imported by ourselves. **$24.00** per **100** lbs; **20** lbs. **$5.00.**

Northern Alfalfa Very fine—a better lot for the West is not obtainable. **$24.00** per **100** lbs.; **20** lbs. for **$5.00.**

Siberian Millet An entirely distinct variety from Russia—rapidly taking the place of other varieties—heavy stooler with many joints on the stem, just covered with blades—introduced to the West by Steele, Briggs. Our stock is the genuine. **100** lbs. **$5.00.**

Timothy Our **LION** Brand, **100** lbs. **$8.50; SEAL** Brand, **$7.50** per **100** lbs.

New Early Copenhagen Market Cabbage An extra-early round-headed variety of exceptional merit. You will be delighted with it. Pkt. **10c.**

Glory of Enkhuizen Cabbage The best general-purpose cabbage in cultivation; introduced to the West by Steele, Briggs six years ago. It has become a Western leader—once tried always used. We safeguard our stock to keep it true. Pkt. **5c.**

Sweet Peas We offer 47 varieties of the **GRAND SPENCERS** and 42 varieties of **GRANDIFLORA TYPE.** These are all **genuine, highest grade known.** Sweet Pea Seed of this class is very scarce throughout the world this season. **Don't risk the doubtful.**

We publish the following booklets (copyrighted, all but one) 10c each, but **FREE to Our Customers.** The first of the kind printed in Canada. Our customers declare them to be, "Just what they wanted."

Booklet 1—Alfalfa, and How to Grow It.
,, 2—Rape, Its Uses and How to Grow It
,, 3—Flax Cultivation in Western Canada
,, 4—How to Grow Brome, Red Top and Western Rye Grass
,, 5—Lawns, How to Build, Repair and Maintain How to Grow Sweet Peas
,, 6—Asparagus, Beans and Pea Culture
,, 7—Success with Beets, Parsnips and Carrots Raising Best Cabbage and Cauliflower
,, 8—Celery Growing How to Grow the Best Onions
,, 9—Producing Tomatoes and Cucumbers in the West
,, 10—The Growing of Citron, Squash, Pumpkin and Musk Melon Rhubarb Production
,, 11—How to Grow Mushrooms

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With the BEST SEEDS THAT GROW

Steele, Briggs Seed Co. Limited

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Canada's Greatest Seed House

What the World is Saying

An Eastern Invocation to Spring

"Come, gentle Spring! Ethereal Mildness, come!" You might as well. You've spoiled this winter for us. Why pretend coyness now?—Toronto Globe.

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Part of the Costliness of War

What a pension-list those Balkan Allies are going to have!—Columbia State.

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Looks Like One of the Two.

One man in six in Germany is punished for some violation of the criminal code, which shows that Germany must have very bad people or a very bad criminal code.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

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The Ho Family Separate

It will be noted that Ho Bing Sam, Ho Hong, Ho Bu Gong, and Ho Lem have dissolved partnership, and will no longer be doing business together in Calgary.—Calgary News-Telegram.

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A Question of Cultivation

A Chicago physician states that beer drinking is a cultivated taste. The energy displayed in cultivating it would till all the uncultivated land in the country.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

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Four Freight Trains to Fill One Ship

The Blue Funnel ship Taethybius took out fifteen thousand tons of cargo. This is equivalent to a freight train about four miles long. Wonder how they manage to stow it away.—Vancouver World.

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Best Time to Start Parcel Post

The Canadian parcels post will be established in 1914, it is said. Good; but why not begin in December, 1913, for the sake of a merrier Christmas? There are express reasons why such a change would result in the public good.—Ottawa Citizen.

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Price of High Hats Getting Higher

The price of silk hats is going up, and the price of coffee is coming down in the United States, according to a New York newspaper. The news should be satisfactory to the consumer. A silk hat is a luxury that the ordinary chap can do without. —Lethbridge Herald.

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Costly Counting

The cost of taking the census is over a million dollars. In other words, it costs a dollar to count seven people in Canada, all of which shows that this is something of an expensive country.—Ottawa Free Press.

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Husbands No Longer to be Hookworms

As the stage directions would put it, business of cheering is in order for the husbands. A feminine waist has been invented which fastens together in the back with only two hooks.—Topeka Journal.

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Advice from a Knight Bachelor

That men should share the actual care of babies in the household is the opinion expressed by Sir. Thomas Lipton. As Sir Thomas is a bachelor, however, he can scarcely be regarded as an authority on this delicate matter.—Medicine Hat Call.

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Times Have Changed, Indeed

The Union Pacific Railway will be improved by a wireless telegraph system all along its lines. Times have changed since the revengeful red man lassoed the first U.P. locomotive and was speedily reduced to a feathered shred.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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A Mistaken Prophecy of the West

A Toronto university professor has been disparaging the agricultural resources of new Ontario. Let us see. It seems to be only a few years ago that a Toronto university professor—the professor of economics, too—declared that the Canadian West would never produce more than 250,000,000 bushels of wheat. It nearly reached that figure last year. —London Advertiser.

Too Noisy Peace Doves

A score of pure white doves, emblems of peace, cooed so loudly at a dinner given by New York ladies to Baroness Von Suttner, representative of the Peace League of Austria, that the speakers could not be heard. Doves do not roar like guns, but it seems their noise may be just as embarrassing under certain circumstances.—Victoria Colonist.

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Hard to Choose

A St. Louis doctor and prominent writer on medical topics says eat hard boiled eggs and that pie is almost a necessity of life. Some other doctors will tell you these things are deadly—and what is one to do in the face of such wide disagreement of the ostensibly learned!—Buffalo Courier.

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A New Sort of Hotel

An hotel for homeless cats and dogs is about to be opened in Montreal. Provision is also made for caring for the household pets of citizens during their absence. Real estate agents do not anticipate any special boom in property in the vicinity of the building.—Toronto News.

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War

Attention is drawn by a Bavarian newspaper to the fact that in the last half century 2,313,000 men were killed on the field of battle. But the record is even worse than these figures indicate when it is remembered that the victims were the pick, physically, of the nations involved.—Vancouver News-Advertiser.

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Woman's Proper Portfolio

It was suggested to Woodrow Wilson that he choose a woman for the office of Secretary of War. If there is a place in a Cabinet for a woman it should be the war portfolio, for it is in war that the women pay the piper and should be able to call the tune.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

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Costly Frivolities of Fashion

A Paris fashion note says it is now the style for women to keep separate sets of furs for morning, afternoon and evening wear. If some of the prophets who railed at the jangling adornments worn by women in ancient days were to return to earth and get a glimpse of the clothes carriers of today they would be shocked to death immediately. —Prince Albert Herald.

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Child Labor in Canneries

The Hamilton Herald says the restrictive provisions of the Ontario factories act relative to child labor do not affect the canning factories. This is partially true, seeing that these establishments are given some special privileges. Whether it is desirable in the interests of child life, and that of Canadian citizenship, that these should be continued is deserving of serious consideration.—Brantford Expositor.

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High Cost of Living in Ancient Egypt

Somebody has unearthed a manuscript in Egypt which shows that the cost of living was an acute question fifty centuries ago, and it will be fifty centuries hence, unless man's nature changes. Whatever we have, the most of us always wish for more. If we could limit our desires, there would be little complaint about how much it costs to live. As has been very aptly said, it is not the cost of living, but the cost of high living that bothers most people.—Edmonton Journal.

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"Last Word in Shipbuilding"

It is gratifying to know that the latest "last word in shipbuilding" is to have a swimming bath copied after one at Pompeii, and mosaic pavements like those at Treves. But people whose memory goes back to the Titanic would be still more gratified to learn something about the lifeboat and rafts and watertight bulkheads.—New York Tribune.

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Written Proposals

The latest novelty in the way of matrimonial legislation is a movement to have all proposals of marriage declared invalid unless made in writing. Should the plan be enacted into law, no breach-of-promise suit could be brought upon a verbal proposal. Young ladies at summer resorts would have to carry with them blank forms that could be filled out as promptly as dance programs. Otherwise they might lose the catch even after hooking him.—Calgary Herald.

Parcel Post and Runaway Boy

The parcel post has its disappointments. A runaway boy in Oklahoma wrote home for money, but mother sent him sandwiches by mail instead —Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Dreadful Statistics

According to the Chicago Tribune, there have been 2,942 lynchings in the States since 1885, 900 of the victims being white and 42 per cent of the crimes being murder. It would be interesting to know how many of these victims were innocent. No doubt a larger percentage.—London Daily Mail.

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Comparing the West to an Ostrich

The Canadian West has the constitution of an ostrich. It swallows all sorts and assimilates them in surprisingly short order, waxing fat and healthy in the precess and becoming more robustly Canadian and British as the years pass.—Lethbridge News.

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The Modern Dick Turpins

Dick Turpin, Robin Hood and other ancient knights of the road would be amazed at the equipment of modern highwaymen. Fleet-footed chargers have been replaced by automobiles, pistols and holsters by automatic guns and other up-to-date appliances for promptly and painlessly relieving victims of their valuables.—Hamilton Herald.

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To Turn Lead Into Gold—and Then?

Some chemists in England, working to discover the nature of and other things connected with the atom, think they have made a discovery which may enable them or their successors to turn lead into gold. There is a certain interest in the idea, but it also suggests a query as to what would be the value of the process. If the change could be made quickly and cheaply gold would be reduced in value to the level of tin or lead, and nobody would be made rich.—Montreal Gazette.

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The Schools in the West

New schools are being opened at the rate of six per week in Alberta and naturally the provincial authorities are at their wits' end to get teachers for them. They will get them easily enough from Eastern Canada unless we pay better salaries here. The West has interfered sadly with the established order of things in the East in more than one instance. After all, however, it is about time that the school-teacher came into his, or her, own. —Montreal Herald.

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The Oldest (?) Man in the World

Chicago is to entertain the oldest man in the world, if Indian tradition is to be trusted. At 131 Wah-Hah-Gun-Ta is a rival, though still a distant rival, of Old Parr. He was born in 1781 at Glacier national park, as it is now called, and in his younger days he killed 3,000 buffaloes, if his memory can be depended upon. It is at any rate undeniable that the buffaloes have been greatly thinned out since he was a boy.—Minneapolis Journal.

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Remedial Effects of Matrimony

When a spoiled boy marries a spoiled girl, what happens? Little happiness could be expected from such a union, and yet many of these marriages turn out well. Matrimony will make a man of a husband if anything will, and it will make a real woman of any wife. The boy who was the terror of his parents' home is seen, a few years later, as the tamest of all husbands. The same change is often seen in a wife whose girlhood was apparently spent in a whirl of headlong excitement.—Toronto Star.

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Face to Face with a Celebrity

The preconceived idea is often rudely upset when a celebrity is encountered in the flesh for the first time, and a similar shock is apt to follow the announcement that an anatomical professor, after a study of royal Egyptian mummies has discovered that Menpthah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, was "a fat old man, almost completely bald." Probably most of us have thought of him as lean and strong, with all youth's tenacity of purpose, and full of the courage of his perversity.—Manchester Guardian.

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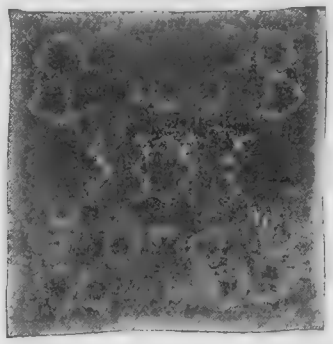
The Comic Opera Republic

Nicaragua, the comic opera republic, bounded on the north by revolutionists, on the south by reconcentrados, on the east by mosquitoes and on the west by fleeing ex-cabinet ministers, is just now revelling in the ecstatic delights of another war. The greatest excitement prevails. Several hens have been captured by the invading army and the president has been unseated after a bloodless campaign of one day. Members of the far-famed Gomez, Estrada, Zelaya and Tamala families are arrayed in their best uniforms and some of them honored the occasion by putting on shoes and stockings.—Vancouver Province.

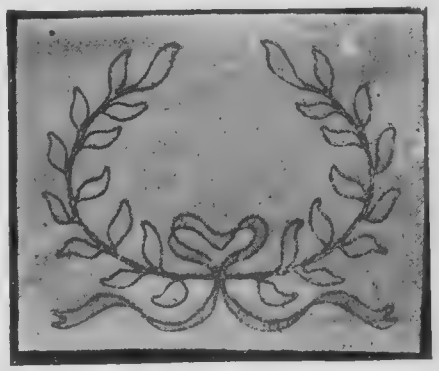
Some Unequalled Mail Order Bargains

A4-164—Tinted Cushion Top, as cut, made of fine weave crash. Size 22 x 22. Each..... **39c**

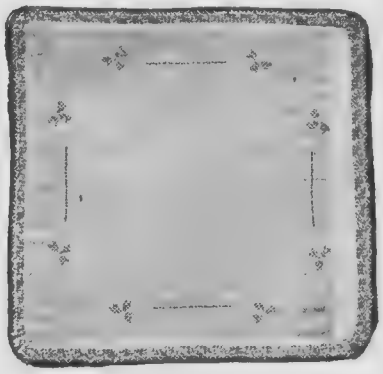
A4-165—Tinted Cushion Top, design as per cut, made of diamond weave strong linen. Size 22 x 22. Price..... **39c**



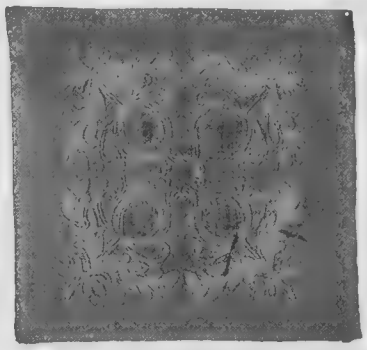
A4-159—Velour Cushion Slips, as cut; in colors, red, brown, olive and empire green. Size 20 x 20. Each..... **50c**



A4-152—Burlap Cushion Slip, in colors: brown and green, and in two designs: fleur-de-lis and scroll work. Pattern as cut. Size 18 x 22. Each..... **39c**

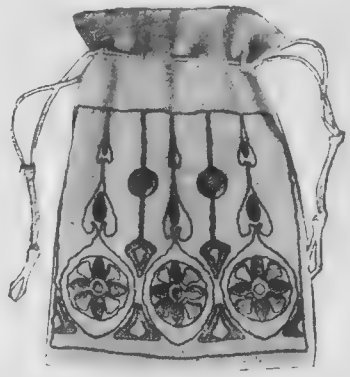


A4-150—White Finished Cushion Slip, made of fine linen, embroidered as per cut, with lace edge. Size 20 x 20. Each..... **1.95**

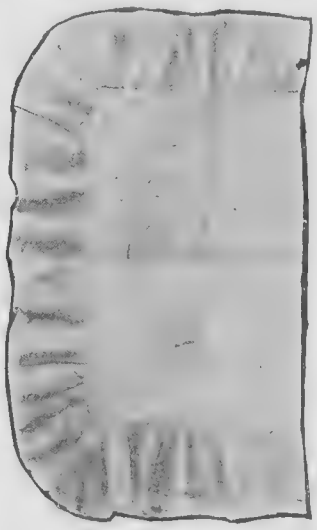


A4-158—Burlap Slips, as cut, in colors, brown or green. Size 22 x 22. Price each..... **50c**

A4-162—Tinted Cushion Top, of heavy weave crash, in rose, white daisy design. 20 x 20..... **19c**



A4-156—Stamped Bag Design. Stamped on good quality silk faced linen, lined and trimmed to match. Special price..... **50c**



A4-154—Baby Carriage Cushion Slip, embroidered on fine lawn. Size 11½ x 15. Each..... **25c**

Bargains in Ladies' Waists, Sweaters, etc.

R3-122—Ladies' Waists, made from good quality net, handsome design, lined Jap silk. Colored silk piping. Set-in sleeve. Sizes 34 to 42. Regular **$3.50**; clearing at.... **2.95**

R3-124—Ladies' Waists, made from net of handsome design, high neck, long sleeve, guipure lace yoke, silk lined, Sizes 33 to 42. Regular **$325**; Clearing as..... **2.95**

R3-123—Ladies' Waists made from good quality net, dainty design. Colored silk pipings and buttons, silk lined. Sizes 34 to 42. Regular **$3.25**; Clearing at.... **2.95**

R3-267—Ladies' Tailored Shirt Waists, made from a good quality linen. Front has broad tuck at shoulder and small tucks down front. Has dainty embroidered pocket and detachable pearl fancy buttons. Laundered collar and cuffs. White only. Sizes 34 to 44. Regular **$2.25**; Clearing at..... **1.95**

R3-260—Ladies' Man Tailored Shirt Waists, made in the very newest style. The material in a fine quality linen and launders equally as well as linen. Has plain set-in sleeve, laundered collar and cuffs. White only. Sizes 24 to 42. Regular **$1.95**; Clearing at..... **1.50**

R3-113—Ladies' Waists, made from good quality sateen, smart shirt effect, tucked back and front, box pleat, finished with black sateen buttons, tucked collar. Black only. Sizes 34 to 44. Price **98c**

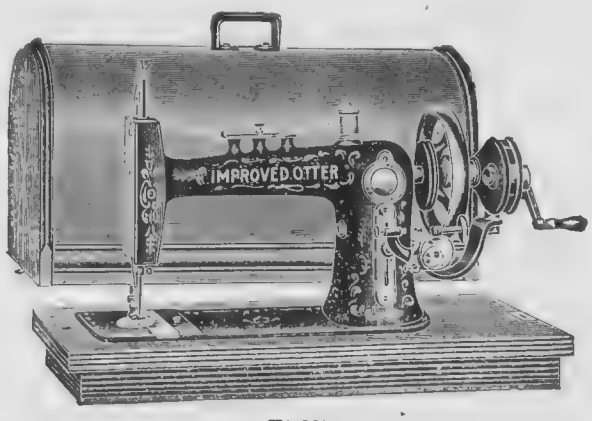
R3-253—Ladies' Sweaters, best quality pure wool, in fancy rib. Collar can be worn high or turned down. Colors: grey, white, navy, tan, red. Patch pockets, Special Price **2.50**

K3-48—Lady's Eiderdown Robe, good weight material, square collar, trimmed satin and piped with black and white silk. Good variety of colors. Special Price **4.50**

R3-258—Lady's Sweater, best quality wool; fancy rib, V shape neck. Colors: grey, white, navy, tan, red. Price.. **2.95**

R3-254—Lady's Norfolk Sweater Coat, made from a durable yarn, in an effective weave. Style is just the thing for spring wear. Has V shaped neck and trimming down front of a plain woven band. Cuffs and pockets and waist band of same. Colors: white, navy and cardinal. Sizes 36, 38, 40. **1.85**

R3-47—Lady's Padded Gown, finest quality silk, warm and comfortable in wear. Colors: cardinal, navy, black, brown and Copenhagen. Price..... **5.95**



H1-361

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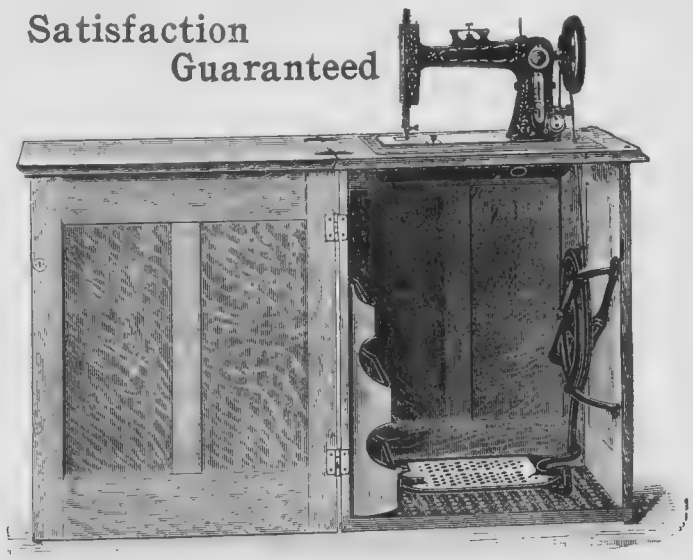
We have just made a large purchase of Hand Machines, which enables us to make to our customers this very special offer. During the term of this catalog our price is reduced to **$13.75,** guaranteeing it to be perfectly satisfactory.

H1-361. With the latest triple-action hand gearing. Will do similar work to foot power machine; in fact, has the same works as our "Victor" No. 9 machine. Fitted with self-threading shuttle and automatic bobbin winder. Guaranteed for ten years. Price, with a full set of attachments **$13.75**

Satisfaction Guaranteed



H1-366

Our Special at 22.50

The Automatic Cabinet in golden oak. Has three drawers inside to keep attachments, thread, etc. **Open,** the lid forms sewing table. **Closed,** machine is entirely hidden, absolutely dust proof. **The Woodwork** of all Victor machines is made of very fine, carefully selected quarter cut golden oak which shows the large flaky texture so much admired in this style of woodwork. It is finished with a piano polish, which gives it a mirror-like perfection. **The Head** of the Victor has all the most up-to-date improvements known to the sewing machine world such as: **Automatic Bobbin Winder, Self-Threading Shuttle, Automatic Thread Controller, Automatic Tension Release;** has a very **High Arm** which gives ample room for bulky work. All parts are made of the finest **hardened steel,** and adjusted as carefully as a watch by expert workmen. **The Automatic Lift.** All you have to do is to lift up and turn back the leaf, the head comes up into place at once, and machine is ready to sew. **The Belt** is self-adjusting and slips into place when head is raised. **Ball Bearings** are placed at each speed point, making the machine very light to operate. **The Attachments.** Every machine is fitted with a full set of the very finest attachments enclosed in a velvet lined metal box. **Operation and Range of Work.** The Victor is simple to operate. The range of work is unlimited, while it sews the finest of silk to the heaviest of cloth equally well. **The Guarantee,** for ten years, is backed up by one of the biggest and oldest machine companies in the country, insuring the user against defect in material or workmanship.

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European Hairdressing
PARLORS
Carlton Blk., Portage Ave., WINNIPEG

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Years ago this may have been true, but certainly not today when my "Featherweight" transformations are so easily and quickly fixed, thus entirely removing this objection. One great advantage is that my "Featherweight" specialties remain permanently curly, and always ready to wear; moreover by merely passing the comb through any desired effect may be obtained. I may add that any work of this description entrusted to my care will imitate nature so correctly, that no one will be able to detect its presence when worn. Also before executing any order I shall be pleased to send a sample of hair showing color and quality.

COMBINGS

If you have been saving your COMBINGS send them along and I will be pleased to make them into any design you wish.

Featherweight Semi - Transformation. Complete with switch as illustration $25.00
Small Front Pieces From.....$5.00
Semi-Trans. From ear to ear..$15.00
¾ Transformation $20.00
Full Transformation (completely covers head) $25.00
Switches and Curls from.....$ 2.50

Grey and Special Shades Extra.
Send small sample of hair when ordering.

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The Home Doctor

Sleep

A baby's first three months of life are made up of sleeping and eating. As soon as the excitement of his entrance into the world subsides, he promptly goes to sleep. When hunger awakens him ,he takes his food, and as soon as he has eaten enough, he goes to sleep again. This monotonous existence is interrupted usually twice a day, once when he has his bath and once when he indulges in a little exercise, say of an hour or so, which he takes in the form of crying and to which he is entitled. Baby should sleep about twenty-two hours out of every twenty-four during the first two or three months of his life, and it is as well not to awaken him for his bath or his food. Authorities have long said to awaken babies every two hours to feed them, but the healthy, well-fed babe, when the food is right, awakens after three hours' sleep. Occasionally he awakens in two and one-half, or even two hours, when he should be persuaded to wait another hour, or half-hour, as a matter of discipline in regularity. If this occurs too often, his food is insufficient in either quantity or strength, and the remedy is to increase the quantity or strength. If this is impossible, as it sometimes is with the breast-fed child, the two-and-one-half or two hour intervals should be adopted, but no healthy baby should be fed oftener than once every two hours. However, occasionally we see babies turn night into day by awakening at two or three-hour intervals during the night and sleeping from four to six hours without eating in the day time. These babies may be awakened for their food in the day time at regular intervals, but more for the comfort of the mothers or nurses than for that of the baby.

When baby is four months old he begins to take more interest in life, and stays awake looking at his hands or watching his neighbors a little longer each day, until at six months he sleeps twelve hours at night, from six to six, and has a two-hour nap both in he sleeps too late in the afternoon, he the morning and in the afternoon. If won't go to sleep promptly at six, as he should, so make the afternoon nap an early one, awaking him at three. During the first half of the second year he shouldn't take two naps a day; if he does, he won't sleep well at night. One nap a day should be continued until the fourth or fifth year. The naps, especially during the early months, should be taken out of doors when possible in the baby carriage or on the piazza. The baby should always be watched when out of doors and covered wtih a net.

Every child needs twelve hours sleep until seven years of age, ten hours until ten or twelve years. Many a pale, washed-out looking child owes his ill health to lack of sleep. However, the older child usually regulates the amount of sleep himself if he has half a chance. Mothers who complain that their children sleep late in the morning allow them to stay up late at night. Oftentimes the child who awakens early in the morning has had too long a nap in the day time. There is no excuse for any child arousing the entire household at four or five in the morning, if the hours are carefully regulated. Habit is an important factor in sleep.

Baby mustn't be allowed to go to sleep with the nipple in his mouth. He should finish his nursing and then be put in his own bed, so that he may acquire the habit of going to sleep of his own accord. He should never be rocked to sleep, or sleep in a lighted room, or have any one remain with him while he is going to sleep.

The windows should be wide open, top and bottom, winter and summer, after the first few weeks, although it is well to avoid a direct draught. Warm night clothing is, of course, necessary.

At any age if the sleep is not restful and continouus, something is wrong.

A British Columbia Mill

Teeth Decay due to Germs

Doctor Bousfield tells in the London Lancet of some observations which he has made on the bacteria of the mouth. By rinsing the mouth five times, each time using about one ounce of water, he succeeded in removing from the mouth just after waking in the morning three thousand million bacteria. Then, after the teeth had been well scraped with a hard tooth brush, one-fourth of the above number of bacteria, or seven hundred and fifty million, could be obtained by still further rinsing. By using a good tooth paste, the number of bacteria was considerably reduced.

All recognize the injurious effects of decayed teeth upon the general health, but the tendency is to disregard these effects in the case of young children, says Doctor Walter S. Cornell, in a recent volume. "This neglect, for it is nothing else, is due to the general feeling that disease of the first teeth entails nothing more than the loss of temporary members which will soon be made good, and also to the inability of children themselves to appreciate the presence of decay until toothache announces partial or complete destruction. As we have seen ,the decay of any tooth is a disease. The temporary teeth should be dropped from the mouth with roots absorbed, but crowns intact, and the permanent teeth should last through life. Proper care of the teeth includes cleanliness and alkalinity of the mouth. For this reason a vigorous

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THE PEERLESS
Braced Like a Steel Bridge

JUST as the engineer strengthens the points of strain in a big, mighty bridge, so we have designed braces, stronger than was necessary, to make our gates stiff and rigid. They can't sag—they can't twist—they are a great improvement over gates made the old way.

Peerless Gates

are made of first-class material. Frame work of 1¾ inch steel tubing electrically welded together. Peerless pipe braced gates are all filled with heavy No. 9 Open Hearth galvanized steel wire—built for strength and durability—weather proof and stock proof.

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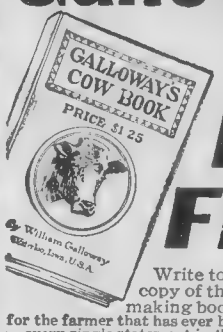

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Receive four shirt waists, size 32 to 44—one is white lawn, lace trimmed. Three are light print sky designs. All are different. The trimming is plain blue strapp ngs. Add 14c. for postage.

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scrubbing with chalk or magnesia tooth powders answers every purpose.

"Ten pounds of tooth powder is worth two hundred pounds of dentist.

The Red Nose

There are few things more distressing and annoying to the possessor, than a red nose, more especially if the individual so troubled, is of the fair sex.

A red nose, however (unless it be the result of one of those unsightly blemishes known as birth marks), is the logical result of violated law.

In many cases, it is due to indigestion, and this is especially true where the ladies are concerned; but with them, there is another factor that is largely responsible for the condition and that is, the pernicious habit of constricting the waist line.

This habit is largely responsible for digestive troubles, but in addition, it has a baneful effect upon the circulation. Nothing can be more distressing to a woman than this unsightly discoloration of the principal feature of the face, for unfortunately, it is usually beyond the power of powder to conceal the defect.

Whenever this trouble is present, in a woman's case, in nine cases out of ten, it is due to one, or both of the causes previously mentioned, consequently the remedy is clearly indicated. To such a woman, we say, wear your clothing as loosely around the waist as your husband, or brother, and modify your dietetic habits.

Eat with extreme moderation and masticate your food thoroughly. At the same time, practice deep breathing assiduously, to promote assimilation. We do not assert that the foregoing suggestions when followed, will produce miraculously speedy results, but their faithful practice will undoubtedly modify the condition that has caused this reddening of the nose.

There is another practice common among women, which tends to produce this rubicund condition of the nose. We allude to the habit of free indulgence in vinegar and other acid substances to prevent undue development of the figure. If redness of the nose is present, this practice must be promptly abandoned.

With men, as with women, indigestion is a potent cause of an inflamed condition of the nasal organ, in which case, the same advice as that previously given to the ladies, will be found equally efficacious, minus, of course, the suggestions pertaining to the corset habit.

There is little doubt, however, that the principal cause of redness of the nose in men, is alcoholic stimulation. The greater the amount of alcohol taken into the system, the greater the degree of redness. This redness is not confined to one particular part, generally, but is diffused over the head and neck. For certain anatomical and physiological reasons, which will be hereafter explained and owing to which, the nose becomes the principal sufferer.

Most people are sufficiently acquainted with the principle on which the blood circulates through the body, to understand that the heart is a double organ, or, to state it more clearly, has a twofold function, namely, to force the blood into all parts of the body, through the arteries and arterioles and when the blood has parted with its oxygen and taken up, in its place, the carbon dioxide, to receive the blood again for purification.

But what is not so generally understood is, that the individual who indulges freely in alcoholic liquors, is constantly spurring the heart to increased exertion. The heart of such an individual beats fourteen times per minute oftener than the heart of one that does not use alcoholic drinks.

Under normal conditions the veins collect the impure blood from the various tissues as fast as it is conveyed there by the arteries, but this increased heart

THE LATE CAPT. ROBERT F. SCOTT
Photo Underwood and Underwood, N.Y.

Don't Neglect Catarrh!

CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE

(Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service.)

Take it in hand at once Drive it out of your system before it ruins your health—your happiness—your very life's welfare itself.

Don't be blind to its dangers, because it works so quietly. Catarrh wrecks more lives than we realize.

Are you making that common dangerous mistake of thinking Catarrh a trifling ailment? Are you fooling yourself with the idea it's only a stubborn, obstinate head-cold that in time will "cure itself"?

Don't deceive yourself any longer! Catarrh ca .'t cure itself. While you heedlessly neglect it, you're fast becoming a hawking, spitting, foul-breathed nuisance—an object of disgust to everyone you meet. **Worse still—Catarrh may get down to your lungs.**

Once Catarrh settles on the lungs it's no long r Catarrh—it's Consumption. Consumption comes from neglected Catarrh, and over two million people die every year from Consumption.

CURE YOUR CATARRH NOW—don't let it run on another day. Write to me at once and let me give you the most helpful and valuable

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

on Catarrh. It shall not cost you a cent, and it's bound to be of wonderful aid to you.

For twenty-five years I've been studying and curing Catarrh. Now I offer you, without any expense whatever, free consultation and advice on curing your trouble—the benefit of my wide knowledge and experience.

Don't let this chance go by—accept my assistance today It's promised in genuine sincerity and friendliness. People all over North America, who've already received my advice, gladly testify to what it has done for them. I'll cheerfully send you names and addresses of those who have sought my aid. Now they are cured of Catarrh, as they willingly bear witness.

Write to me and see if you can be freed from Catarrh.

Simply answer my questions yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the Free Medical Advice Coupon and mail it to me without delay. Address

Catarrh Specialist SPROULE,
117 Trade Building, Boston. *Don't waste any time—delays are dangerous. Do it NOW*

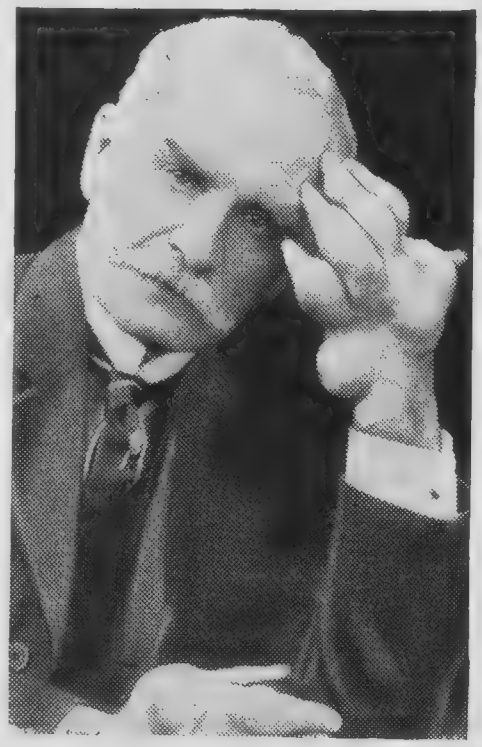
CUT OUT THIS COUPON

It entitles readers of this paper to Free Medical Advice on curing Catarrh.

Is your throat raw?
Do you sneeze often?
Is your breath foul?
Are your eyes watery?
Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in the nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have an unpleasant discharge from your nose?
Does the mucus drop into your throat from the nose?

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....

LET ME CURE YOU OF RHEUMATISM FREE



This photograph truthfully shows the terrible effects of RHEUMATISM in my case. You, who have suffered the tortures, can easily imagine the racking pains I endured—but today I enjoy perfect health and devote my life to curing others. When only a youth rheumatism became chronic with me and my joints were so distorted and swollen that I was nearly helpless. I tried medicine of every description, even 125 bottles of one remedy—but nothing did more than to give me a little temporary relief. I tried doctors and specialists by the score with no better results.

At last, after spending $20,000 and suffering untold agony for thirty-six years, I discovered a remedy which permanently cured me, and I want to send every rheumatism sufferer a

Free Package

Don't send any money—it's free. A letter will bring it promptly. Then, if I have proven that all of my claims are truthful, tell your friends of my great discovery.

Every day lost means one more day of needless pain, so write now to S. T. DELANO, 328G Delano Bldg. Syracuse, N.Y.

Electric Restorer for Men

Phosphonol restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at once. **Phosphonol** will make you a new man. Price $3 a box, or two for $5. Mailed to any address. **The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.**

Sold by the Ultra Druggists, Winnipeg.

FREE TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL. We give a fine Eureka Camera and complete outfit, plates, chemicals, etc., with full instructions. Just send your name and address, we send you 24 papers Gold Eye Needles. Sell 2 papers for 10c., giving a Thimble free. When sold send us the $1.20 and the Camera and complete outfit is yours. Address
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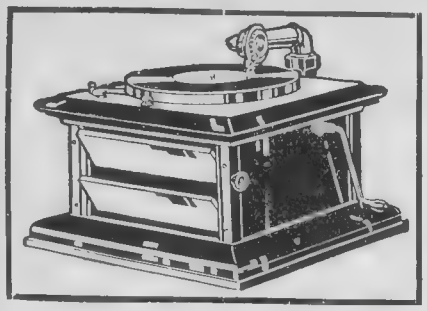

$36 Buys this instrument complete with 16 selections — eight 10-inch double disc records. You make your own choice of records. 30,000 to choose from. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Let us make good on this.

It's the new "Eclipse" Columbia, full size, complete, and equipped with the new tone-control shutters. Plays any record, by any artist, without exception

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I assume no obligation and all you send is to be mailed free.

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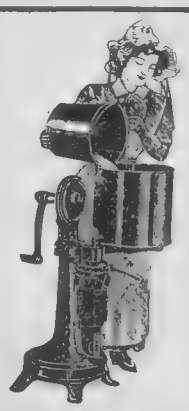

The "Dairy Queen Cream Separator"

GETS ALL THE CREAM

Runs easy, needs no repairs. Only two pieces to wash in the bowl.

Big 300-lb. size only $30

60 days' free trial to test it alongside any separator made
Write today for full particulars and Catalogue.
Sold only direct to user, no agents or middlemen.

C. S. Judson Co. Ltd.
181 Market St., Winnipeg

Over 40,000 Policyholders

endorse The Great-West Life.

Their Insurances now exceed $85,000,000—a GAIN of over $16,000,000 for 1912.

Many tangible reasons for the satisfaction of these 40,000 Policyholders may be found in the pamphlet "Profits 1913"—a record of RESULTS. Ask for a copy.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

HEAD OFFICE: - - WINNIPEG

action conveys the blood more rapidly to the various parts of the body than the veins can collect and return it, the result being a stagnation or congestion of the venous blood in the capillaries, those minute hair-like vessels with which all tissue is interspersed.

It is this which gives to the face and neck of the heavy drinker, its habitual redness, especially the nose. That this stagnant blood is of a venous character, is conclusively shown by the fact, that when the face of such an individual is suddenly exposed to a current of cold air, it will at once turn to a purple color and will retain that unsightly hue until warmth restores it to its chronic redness.

In the case of the habitual heavy drinker, the unpleasant condition is not limited to simple redness, but this constant circulatory stagnation in the nose produces disease of the skin which manifests itself in the form of excrescences, or pimples, which are popularly known as "grog blossoms," but are technically known as a form of acne, and these unsightly blemishes will never disappear as long as the inordinate use of alcohol is persisted in.

If the result of excessive alcoholic indulgence was confined to its manifestation in the nose, it would be bad enough, but unfortunately that sadly disfigured organ is but a type of a similar condition existing in other parts of the body, though generally unsuspected by the victim.

The Terra Nova leaving, London, England for the dash to the South Pole.
Underwood and Underwood, N.Y.

If the habitual dram drinker could see the different organs of his body in a mirror, as he sees his nose, he would stand appalled at the sight, if not altogether lost to reason. Brain, stomach, heart, liver, lungs and kidneys, would all be found to present the same condition of unnatural redness as exhibited in his nose and would show him in an unmistakable manner, the cause of the many uncomfortable symptoms he experiences.

In normal health, the various organs perform their functions so quietly and unobtrusively that the individual is scarcely conscious of their existence, but the heavy drinker is not allowed to remain in such blissful ignorance. He is nervous, tremulous, his heart palpitates, his kidneys do not act well, his tongue is coated with a thick white fur, with a more or less constant dryness of the throat. All of which are indications of the irritation produced by the alcohol throughout the entire system.

The red nose of the habitual drinker is a danger signal, a positive indication that the various organs of the body are in a similar condition and just as surely as the skin of the nose exhibits unnatural action, so do the substance coverings of the internal organs demonstrate the deterioration that is going on in their structure.

The inordinate use of alcohol invariably results in the development of incurable diseases, among which are insanity. Bright's disease of the kidneys, diseases of the heart, slow inflammation of the stomach and what is known as hob-nail liver.

Strange as it may seem, the whole of these diseases may and frequently do exist simultaneously in the body, but the organ most diseased is apt to succumb to morbid action most quickly, and the other organs being more or less in an advanced state of degeneration, destruction proceeds rapidly and untimely disease ends in a premature grave.

Why the Chinese do not have Appendicitis

An English missionary physician, writing in the China Medical Journal about the diseases encountered among the Chinese of Hunan, says: "Among the diseases conspicuous by their scarcity or total absence, I might mention acute rheumatic fever, chorea, appendicitis, liver abcess (though amoebic dysentary is common), kidney affections generally, sprue, mental diseases, anthritis. My humble meditations on the subject have led me to the conclusion that the Chinese owe their comparative immunity from these troubles to the nature of their diet. Rice is their great standby at every meal, and in comparison with rice all else that they take (green vegetables, etc.), forms but an insignificant part of their food. On the other hand the diet of Westerners is a highly nitrogenous one, meat and proteins generally bulking largely therein."

The writer of the above shows very clearly the direct connection between the excessive consumption of nitrogenous foods (the free use of meat, fish, etc.) and the diseases named, all of which have been clearly shown by modern scientific researches to be the result of infection of the intestines by puterfactive organisms, which are always found present in flesh foods of every sort.

How we catch Nasal Catarrh

Modern bacteriological researches have shown that ordinary nasal catarrh is a contagious affection. In a paper read before the Royal Society of Arts, Dr. Leonard Hill spoke recently as follows respecting the cause and prevention of colds and catarrhs: "Catarrhal infections of bacteria lorigin are spread by the expulsion of droplets of saliva during the act of speaking, coughing, or sneezing, and cannot be prevented by ventilation. The true prophylactic against such infections is the avoidance of whatever might diminish the natural immunizing power of the animal organism. Exposure to overheated dry air dries up not only the skin but the membranes of the nose and throat, and so lessens immunity. Exposure to overheated moist air brings the blood into the skin, lessens the circulation through the viscera, and decreases the evaporation from the res-

piratory tract; the system also suffers from the absence of the stimulating effect of cold on the cutaneous nerves. Hence arise diminshed health and strength, together with increased susceptibility to catarrh. Those who habitually expose themselves to cold rarely take cold. Confinement in overheated stagnant air, which too often pervades places of business and amusement, is one of the chief causes of the depressed physical and mental vigor of town dwellers."

The Relation of Alcohol to Insanity

Some startling figures produced by a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, adduced in support of a bill limiting the number of liquor licenses, show that alcohol is an important factor in causing insanity. In the three regions, one sober, one in which alcohol is used to the practical exclusion of other drinks, and a third where the inhabitants are addicted to absinthe the proportions of insane to victims of alcohol found are shown in the following figures, calculated per 10,000 inhabitants:

	Men	Women
Sober region	0.85	0.26
Region addicted to alcohol	2.23	0.90
Region addicted to absinthe	2.24	1.22

The alcoholic insane are also classified as to the drink to which they are addicted:

0.26 per cent habitually drink absinthe.
2.53 per cent habitually drink other aperients.
5.51 per cent habitually drink sweetened liquors.
53.20 per cent habitually drink brandies, etc.
2.53 per cent habitually drink cider.
0.31 per cent habitually drink beer.
22.57 per cent habitually drink wine.

The same report shows the relation between alcoholism and crime, as determined by investigations in the same three regions:

		Sober Region	Region Addicted to Alcohol	Region Addicted to Absinthe
Murders	1874-1884	0.24	0.44	0.80
Murders	1884-1894	0.22	0.53	1.03
Murders	1894-1904	0.30	0.52	1.20

What Wrecked the Bank

In the office of state Bank Comissioner J. N. Dolley, of Kansas, is a memento of the recent bank failure at Holyrood. It is one of the familiar pint whisky bottles covered with wickerwork and tied with lavender ribbon. It is one of hundreds found in the vault, and in the drawers of the Holyrood Bank by the examiner, who was sent there to straighten up the affairs of the institution. The examiner sent it back to the bank commissioner, with a slip of paper tied around it. On the paper were these words: "This is what wrecked the bank."

"That will wreck any bank if applied in the right place and frequently enough," said Commissioner Dolley.

Drank and Died.

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Feb 7. — An element of mystery surrounds the death early Sunday morning of Joseph Moore, an aged farmer, resident in Korah township, a few miles from here. He was found dead in bed by his wife, who is his junior by many years, when she retired at two o'clock, a.m. It has transpired that on the evening previous to Moore's death two young men from the Soo took a sleigh drive out to his house to spend the evening with him and his wife. They took with them several bottles of liquid refreshment, some of which was given to the aged farmer.

Within a few hours after the preliminary investigations had been made by Coroner McLurg the arrest of one of the men, named Harkness, as a material witness, was made, while the arrest of the other man is expected, a warrant having been issued.—Canadian Press Despatch.

A Pirate.

Rev. Joseph Cook called the liquor traffic "a pirate." Some one tersely retorted: "The liquor traffic is no pirate. What is a pirate? 'Tis a ship with a crew armed to the teeth, that leaves port clandestinely at dead of night, sails without custom house clearance or legal papers. It flies no flag except the black ensign of the skull and bones and roams the high seas only to capture, burn, kill and destroy ships and sailors of every nation." But is not the liquor traffic such a ship and crew? No. But is it not armed to the teeth for its work of death? Yes, but it is no pirate. It does not leave port clandestinely at dead of night nor sail without custom house clearance and legal papers, but signed and sealed with the State's coat of arms, on which is written, for a price paid to the State, whoever holds that paper has the legal right to ply his business of life taking without let or hindrance. No, this liquid traffic is no pirate; it is the State's duly commissioned privateer.

Just a Smile

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Frances

Just a smile!—my burdens lightened,
Rosy grew the clouds of grey,
And the dull day sparkled, brightened,
Worry turned, and fled away;
Just a smile!—I had been sailing
O'er a sea of inky hue;
Storm-winds shrieked in eerie wailing,
Storm-clouds blotted out the blue.

Just a smile!—and I was drifting
Where the "white-caps" toss on high,
But—the sullen fog-bank lifting—
Showed a "light-ship" riding by.
Just a smile!—poor souls are sinking
'Neath the pressure of their load,
Making shipwreck, brooding, thinking,
Stumbling o'er a shifting road.

Just a smile!—then veil your trouble,
Turn your back to Mother Care;
Give, and you get back—yes—double,
If you thus life's sunlight share;
Just a smile!—when hearts are yearning
For a flash of goodly cheer,
Dark looks "snatch no brands from burning,"
Garners naught but hate and fear.

Just a smile!—and time is cheated;
Self sinks beaten, out of sight;
Imps of evil are defeated
By a smile's infectious light.
Just a smile, and friendly greeting
To the "ships" that pass you by,
"All is well!"—just say—when meeting,
They will bless the cheerful cry.

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METAL SIFTER. Detachable and non-corrosive.

METAL SUGAR BIN attached to door, so constructed that when a scoop of sugar is taken from pit more flows down in its place.

SEVEN GLASS SPICE AND CEREAL JARS on left door are airtight, preserving the strength of contents.

METAL COVERED SLIDING EXTENSION TOP of the base so constructed that there is no friction at any point. Covered with heavy sheet metal known as nickeloid, with highly polished surface, drawn tightly over the wood top and securely fastened beneath edges Pulls forward over base, enlarging table surface to **38** x **42** inches When closed it passes beneath the lower shelf at bottom of top section. Always clean and sanitary.

ALL METAL BREAD AND CAKE DRAWER in base has hinged cover. Two drawers for knives, etc.

YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW CONVENIENT and how much real work is really saved in the possession of a kitchen cabinet, if you have never enjoyed the use of one. Everything you use in the preparation of your meals, in preparing your baking and cooking, is orderly stored away in the drawers and cupboards of this wonderful kitchen cabinet. You have it all within easy reach. This saves time of running back and forth into the pantry for everything you require in the preparing of your meal. Without a modern kitchen cabinet, your home is incomplete. If you will use one of these cabinets for 30 days we will gladly ship it to you on approval, so that you can really see what a wonderful advantage it is to you and how it will really save its cost in a short time, inasmuch as it will give you plenty of time for the performance of other household duties. You can use this cabinet for a full month before determining to purchase it. You can set it up in your kitchen and arrange all your kitchen requisites within the roomy cabinet. One day's trial will convince you that this is the one ideal kitchen cabinet that you have been looking for. But we go further. We give you a full month to use it and test it in every way. You can examine its construction and finish as well as the handiness of the arrangement of it, and if for any reason you decide you do not wish to keep it, you can return it to us at our expense and we will refund you all moneys you have paid, together with the transportation charges.

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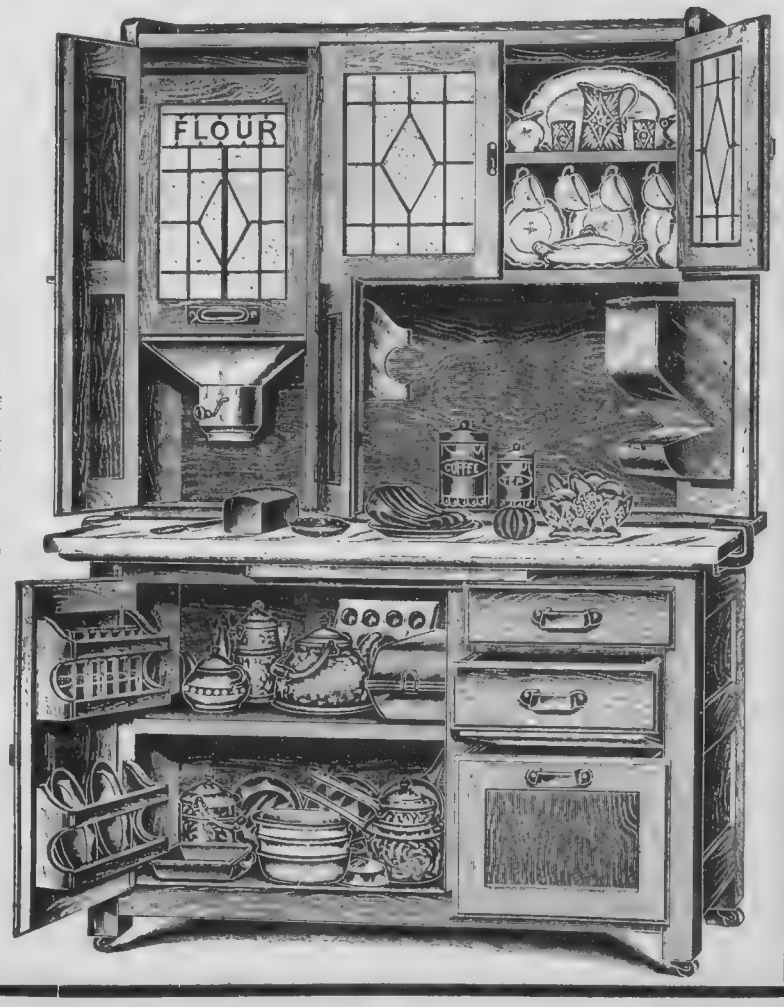

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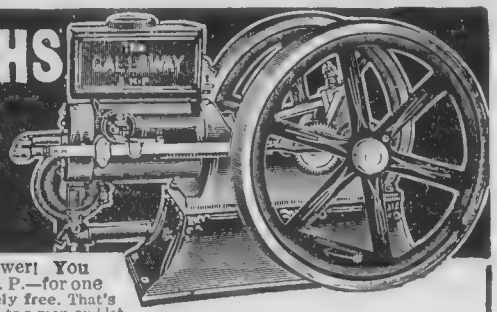

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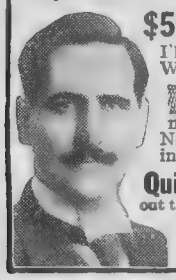

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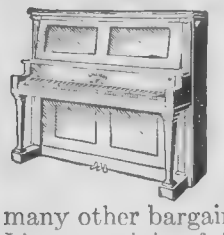

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GOURLAY Piano, mahogany case; regular $425; sale price	$315
SHERLOCK MANNING Piano, mahogany case; regular $375; sale price	$250
GOURLAY Piano, large size; regular $600; sale price	$385
GOURLAY Piano, a snap; regular $600; sale price	$365
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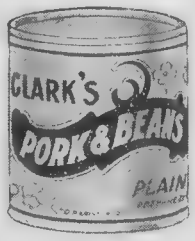

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THEY ARE COOKED READY—SIMPLY WARM UP THE CAN BEFORE OPENING

W. Clark Montreal

Young People

Sowing and Reaping

(Josephine Pollard.)

What we sow
Will surely grow,
Though the harvest may be slow
It may be
We shall see
Fruitage in eternity
From some deed
Dropped, like seed,
For a soul that was in need.

Let us strive,
While we live
Worthy things to do and give;
Striving still
With good will
Empty granaries to fill.
For what we sow
Will surely grow,
Though the harvest may be slow!

Selected.

Undigested Pleasures

(By Hilda Richmond, in 'The Advance.')

'What did you say?' asked the deaf old lady, catching hold of Elizabeth's skirts, as she was hurrying past. 'He isn't going to die, is he?'

'No—the little glutton,' said Elizabeth. 'It's simply a case of undigested food, and he'll be all right to-morrow. That is, if he doesn't overeat again before that time.'

'What did you say?' asked the old lady, and Elizabeth raised her voice to repeat her statements.

'I thought the way he carried on in the night he must be going to die,' said the old lady in a relieved tone. 'It's too bad he overeats, but he's only a lad, and may not know any better.'

'Even a boy ought to learn by experience,' said Elizabeth, as the old lady still clung to her dress. 'He's had three attacks just like this since he came, and he ought to know better by this time, if his mother hasn't any control over him.'

They were on the porch of a big summer cottage—a cottage where the owner took roomers—and the old lady had arrived only the evening before. Being deaf, she did not hear the small talk of the place, and she was eager to know about the condition of the sick boy who had groaned so loudly as to awaken even her in the night. Elizabeth was waiting for a party of friends to go for a boating trip, so she sat down near the old lady out of pity, and because she did not like to ask to be released.

'Yes, but as long as older folks don't learn by experience, you ought to have some charity for boys,' persisted the old lady, glad of a chance to talk to some one. 'I've seen grown people who had no more sense than to make gluttons of themselves, though they knew they would suffer for it.'

'Oh, yes!—drunkards and people whose appetites control them,' said Elizabeth, 'but not sensible people.'

Just then there was a commotion in the dining-room, and through the open windows floated the sound of the sick lad's voice: 'I will have cake for breakfast. I'd like to know how a fellow is to enjoy himself if he can't have anything to eat. I don't care if I am sick!'

'Ready for the boat-ride, Elizabeth?' called a gay voice. 'We have to go down for some things at the store, and we'll come for you presently. I'm dead tired from yesterday, but I have to keep moving, I suppose.'

'I'm tired myself,' confessed Elizabeth, 'but that's what we are here for. I could hardly hold my eyes open at the party last night, but I drank some strong coffee this morning, and that will help me through the day.'

'More hot biscuits, Sarah!' came a voice from the dining-room.

'I just wish I had the bringing up of Freddie,' said Elizabeth to the old lady when her friends had gone on. 'I'd enjoy putting him on bread and water until he came to his senses.'

'That would be a good plan,' said the old lady, musingly. 'You said a few minutes ago, dear, that sensible people did not make gluttons of themselves, but I've seen lots of folks who call themselves sensible act worse than that poor child in the dining-room. We have a young girl in our neighborhood who thinks of nothing but having a good time, until her life is clogged with undigested pleasures. She has no time to help her mother, no time for church-work, no time to attend Sabbath-school—no time for anything but pleasure. And she isn't happy either. She rushes from one thing to another, and suffers from social indigestion constantly. She pities the girls who go out only one evening in the week, and have to help with the work at home, but they have keener appetites than she has for pleasures. She always says, "I will never be young but once," when one warns her, and she actually thinks she is having a fine time.'

The old lady paused to count her stitches, and Elizabeth looked at her keenly. For a moment she thought the old lady must mean her, but she remembered she had arrived only the evening before, and had never heard of such a person as Elizabeth Manton before. Swiftly the tasks she had shirked, the Sabbath-school class she had given up, the neglected work in her home, and all the things left undone to rush about feverishly from one pleasure to another rose up like ghosts to prove the old lady's statement. Her face was scarlet, but her decision was quickly made.

'Come on, Elizabeth!' called a score of merry voices through the grove. 'The boat is ready.'

'I'm not going,' called back Elizabeth. 'Mamma isn't feeling well this morning,

The house of John Baron in the Riding Mountains, Dauphin District, Man., from which Constable Rook of the Provincial Police was fatally shot

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and I'll stay with her to do the work in our room. Don't wait.'

Then she added to the old lady as they moved on without her: 'A little work may help me to get rid of my undigested pleasures.'

'I wouldn't wonder,' said the old lady brightly. 'It wouldn't surprise me in the least.'

Alta's Lending Shop

(By Julia H. Johnson, in the 'Presbyterian.')

'How many plans I had that were upset when I was,' sighed Alta, rubbing a badly-sprained knee, resulting from a tumble. 'All my work was running-about work, and not the sitting-still kind,' she went on, pouring her woes into mother's sympathetic ear. 'I really meant to be very helpful to everybody, but now I shall only be a burden to others.'

'Nothing is a burden which we love to do,' comforted the mother 'and we shall all be glad to take steps for you—lending legs instead of hands, since you still have good use of your hands. Never mind the plans that have to go, daughter. Some new ones will come.'

It was a very large household, and there was plenty for all to do, even down to the youngest. Alta felt keenly this laying aside from her share of the activities at home, at school and everywhere.

The studies went on very well, but Alta groaned inwardly over being fastened to one spot, as she was, when she knew there was much to do in many places.

But as the days went by, her cheerful corner (for she kept the Grumbles at bay and entertained the Smiles) became a place of resort for the rest of the big family, and soon she noticed that they began to expect her to have all manner of things by her, ready to produce at call. When anything was brought her, she made a place for it, and kept it in its place, so that when one and another called for this and that, Alta was prompt in handing it over. Her wits being sharpened by being obliged to use them in all sorts of contrivances, it finally dawned upon the crippled girl that she might make more of a business of 'keeping things handy,' as she expressed it. She gradually accumulated a great variety of conveniences about her, pins and needles, patches of every sort, pieces of all descriptions, buttons, tapes, scissors, screwdriver, file, and every imaginable thing of this sort, too numerous to mention. Even towels, handkerchiefs, dusting-cloths, pens, pencils, writing-pads and erasers were added to the collection, for which Alta had convenient boxes, pushed under her couch within easy reach. By this time she had given a name to her occupation.

'I have established a lending shop,' she declared. 'Whoever needs any of my stores may come and borrow on condition that all returnable things be returned so that the next borrower may have the use of them.'

As the injured member grew more comfortable (for it was a bad hurt), Alta began to exercise her ingenuity more and more in doing helpful things for others, and they found that she was always ready to 'lend a hand' upon occasion. Many were the stitches she took and the emergencies she met with busy hands, while the cut fingers of the little ones were tenderly bound up, and their woes mollified with sympathetic words meanwhile. The simple household remedies for common ills and ails somehow found their way to Alta's corner and were speedily available for all occasions. And the way she 'lent her ears' to all manner of confidences was wonderful.

The verdict of the household was: 'We did not know what we missed before Alta's lending shop was established, but now we would not know what to do without it. She will have to keep on with it or we shall be lost.'

'After all,' was Alta's own reflection, 'the sitting-still-kind of work may be about as useful as the running-about-sort. Anyhow, as it is the only kind that I can do now, I'll do it with my might. How thankful I am to be able to help a bit, even when, as grandmother says, "My strength is to sit still."'

His Own Chain

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. It is told of a famous smith of mediæval times that, having been taken prisoner and immured in a dungeon, he began to examine the chain that bound him, with a view to discover some flaw that might make it easier to be broken. His hope was vain, for he found, from marks upon it, that it was of his own workmanship, and it had been his boast that none could break a chain that he had forged. Thus with the boy who does what he knows is wrong: his own hands have forged the chain that binds him, a chain which no human hand can break.—Selected.

Work Heavily

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.
—Longfellow.

How Buster Lost His Head

Dominick, the black hen, and her family of half-grown chickens, were in the back yard.

'Let's go over in the oat field,' she said. 'They are drawing off the oats, and there will be fine scratching there.'

'The idea of scratching for a living!' said Buster, the pert young rooster of the family. 'I know a trick worth two of that.'

'I know what you mean,' said little Whitey, 'and I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself! You sneak into the shed and steal everything you can find.'

'That's what I do,' replied Buster boldly, 'and I get a good living that way. That's why I'm the biggest of the family. Stealing is lots easier than scratching.'

'I saw Molly whack you with a broom yesterday when she drove you out,' put in Speckle.

'What of it? She didn't hurt any more than a fly. I was in there again as soon as her back was turned. Come in with me now, Brownie, and we'll have a feast out of that cat's dish and the swill pail!'

'No, Brownie, don't go with your naughty brother. Come on to the oat field.' And Dominick led the way, all but Buster following. He sneaked into the shed again, and ate all he could hold.

'Mr. Clay' said the nurse, coming out on the porch, 'the doctor says Henry may have chicken broth—young chicken.'

'Oh, father!' cried Molly, 'do kill Buster, he is such a thief! I drive him out from the shed forty times a day.'

'The very one that's fit to kill, then,' said her father, going to the shed, where he met Buster coming out; and the first thing that smart chicken knew, he didn't know anything!

'Tip-top chicken broth!' said Henry, smacking his lips that night. 'I'm glad Buster's dead.'

'So am I,' cried Molly.

'Remember, children,' said Dominick to the rest of her brood, 'it is far safer to scratch for a living than to steal.'
—Selected.

Prisoners and Captives

"He's down there," said Baby Kitty solemnly. "I saw him. He poked up his nose. He keeps talking to me."

"Talking to you! What nonsense! Gopher's can't talk," said sensible Tom, Kitty's Canadian cousin, who was always ready to answer the endless questions of Kitty, fresh out from England to his prairie home.

"Listen, then," said Kitty. She knelt before the little front door of the gopher hole, and put her mouth close to it

"Who's there?"

"Me," said the gopher. That, at least, was Kitty's interpretation.

"Huh, I guess I can talk that way," laughed Tom. "Listen here. 'Say, Mr. Gopher, what you doin?' 'Asleep,' says he.'"

"So he did," whispered Kitty, clapping her hands. "Didn't I tell you? Ask him another."

"What shall I give you, Mr. Gopher?" 'Peas,' says he. "Anything else?" 'Wheat,' says Gopher: "What for?" 'To eat,' "Smart chap, this gopher of yours, Kitty. What a good thing I've got what he wants in my pocket."

"How lovely! Oh, Tom, if only we could get him and take him home for a pet! But I've waited, and waited, and he won't come out of his hole."

"That's because you didn't talk to him nicely," said Tom, and he scattered a few peas and grains of wheat at the entrance of the hole.

"Now watch!"

They watched in breathless silence; and after a few minutes their patience was rewarded by seeing a small snub nose poke up out of the darkness.

It moved about busily, and tucked one after another of the little grains into its cheek, and then slipped out of sight agin.

"There! He's gone," breathed Kitty.

"Only to his pantry, to put it away," said Tom. "When he comes back again, I'll get him for you."

"But he won't come. He's too wise for that," Kitty objected.

"He can't help coming out. He's too inquisitive," said Tom. "Watch."

He took out a thin cord, and made a running noose in the end, which he dangled in the mouth of the hole, while Kitty watched breathlessly.

There was a few minutes' wait—Kitty quivered with excitement as the little nose poked slowly up, up to the light.

Then "Ha! Got him!" cried Tom, as he jerked the string tight, and swung the gopher up into his hand.

Poor little prisoner! He looked very small and helpless now. Tom had him fast in his strong brown hand—just a little ground-squirrel, with a short tail, and a snub nose, and two very bright beady eyes.

He is most often to be seen sitting up, stiff as a post, at the door of his burrow, washing his face with his clever little hands, or scurrying across the trail, his short tail sticking straight out behind him.

The poor gopher is no favorite with the farmer, for, besides the large amount of grain consumed by himself and his numerous family, he has a bad habit of making his house in very inconvenient places, by the side of the trail where horses and cattle may very easily be lamed by putting a foot into it, and also burrowing around posts, causing them to fall.

"Poor, dear little gopher!" cried Kitty. "You shall have a little cage to live in, and all the grain you want. I shall keep you in my bedroom."

"Would you really like to keep it?" asked Tom, in surprise. "I'll make you a cage."

They returned to the homestead, the gopher safe, but very unhappy, in Kitty's pinafore.

Aunt Mary shook her head on being introduced to the new pet.

"I don't like to see dumb animals plagued," she said, "much better let Tom kill it."

"Oh, Aunt Mary, how can you be so cruel?" cried Kitty. "Nobody shall kill my sweet little gopher."

"They always die in captivity," Aunt Mary said. "It would really be kinder to kill it outright."

"I'll let the poor little beggar go, Kitty, I guess," said Tom apologetically. "One gopher more or less won't spoil our crop. He looks kind of piteous, don't he?"

Kitty's mouth dropped.

"You promised to make me a little cage," she began stormily. She was a much-indulged little girl.

"So I did. And a promise is a promise," said Tom. "I'll fix him for you as soon as I'm through milking."

As good as his word, kind Tom brought in a small box and some thin wires, and Kitty watched his clever fingers constructing a nice cage for her new pet. There was a little feeding trough, and a door, and a little pair of stairs for the inmate to go up to his little shelf bedroom.

But Tom sighed as he finished the work.

"I hate to see anything lonesome," he said.

"It won't be lonesome," protested Kitty. "I shall play with it and give it lots of food."

"But a little girl isn't quite the same thing as another gopher."

Tom pushed the little wooden door open, and the gopher bundled in out of Kitty's hands, and then sat down in a dejected little heap, on the sandy floor of the cage.

"He'll soon begin to feel at home," said Kitty hopefully. "Good-night, Tom. Thank you very much for making the cage."

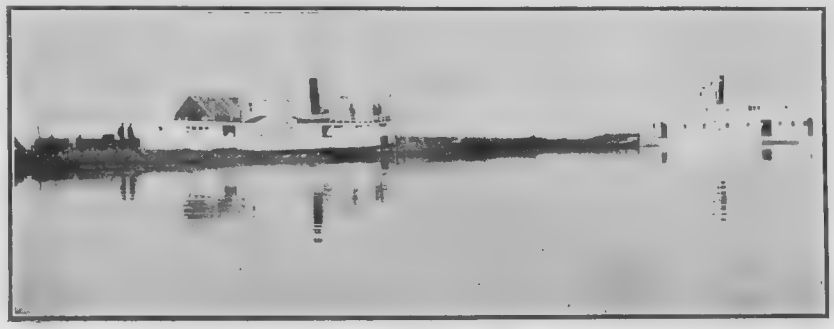
"I do wish you'd let me put him out on the prairie," begged Tom. "It's a funny thing. I've killed dozens of gophers and thought nothing of it, but I just can't bear to see one shut up by itself in a cage."

But Kitty was not to be shaken from her purpose. She trotted off to bed, carrying her caged gopher with her, and trying to persuade herself that it was looking more cheerful.

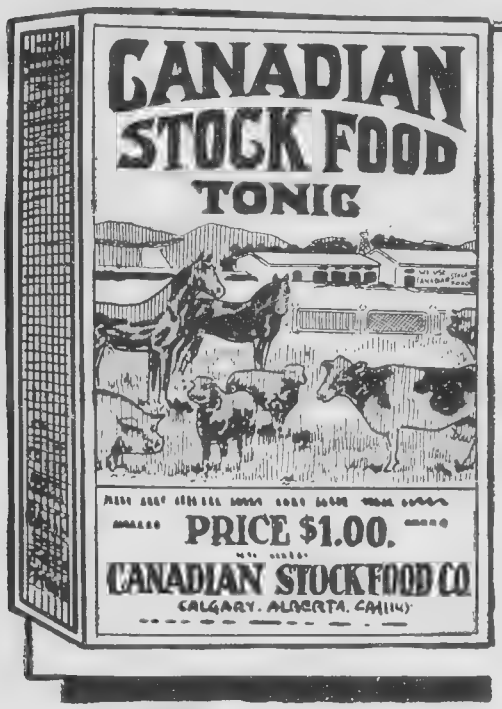
She said her prayers, and Aunt Mary took away the candle, and Kitty lay staring out through the little window at the glowing stars in the blue velvety sky, but still she could not go to sleep.

She kept thinking and thinking about the gopher, and the more she thought the more unhappy she became.

"If it wasn't for me," reflected Kitty, "the poor little gopher would be safe



Navigation at Grouard, Alta.



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in his snug little hole, fast asleep, with his wife and family. Perhaps he was a father, and had a lot of little children waiting for him down there. And they'll be crying and waiting and wondering what's become of him—oh dear, I wish I'd let Tom put him back."

She carried the cage to the window, in the dim light. It was not yet dark; the prisoner looked more dejected than ever.

"I believe I'll put him out in the morning," thought Kitty.

She got back into bed, pleased with her resolve. But still she couldn't go to sleep. She kept thinking, thinking, of the little home on the prairie, out under the stars; and the poor little prisoner fretting his heart out in a narrow cage

"I can't bear it," said Kitty to herself at last.

She put on her dressing gown and slippers, and stole softly out of the house. There were no stairs; and all the rooms opened into the living-room.

Nobody heard her but Jerry, the old sheep dog, and he got up and followed her quietly.

She knew just where to find the hole where the gopher lived—was it not close to the corner post of the corral, where Tom had shown her how the burrowing was making the post shaky?

And it was easy to find the corral; straight across the moon-bleached prairie where the spear grass pricked her shins painfully.

But oh—what was that?

Kitty nearly dropped the cage in her fright.

A black form lying full length on the ground in front of that very hole—an Indian—or—

"Kitty! What on earth are you doing here?"

"Tom! Oh Tom! I was so frightened. It's the gopher. I—I couldn't sleep. And I'm going to put him back."

"Good for you," cried Tom. "I'm real glad, Kitty. You'd never guess what I was doing. I was trying to fish up another of his relations, to keep him company. He did look so awful lonesome! I couldn't sleep either. I couldn't get him out of my head. But I guess your way's best, Kitty."

So the door was opened, and with a glad squeak and a mad scutter, the gopher slipped out of sight into his little dark home.

"What does he say, Tom?" asked Kitty.

"Free!" said Tom promptly.

And with ears to the ground they heard the furry family rejoicing together in their nest; and saying "Free! free! free!" before they snuggled down to sleep.

Williams'

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Lots of good shaves are coming to you from the part of the shaving stick that you used to throw away. The Holder Top makes it just as easy to get creamy, abundant lather from the last quarter inch as from the first quarter inch. All the time the stick lasts the nickeled top offers a firm grip for the fingers, and when you put it down it stands solidly on window-sill or bathroom shelf.

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If you suffer from any form of uric acid in the blood, and have Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, this is the way to drive it out of your system in quick time. Simply send your name and address, **enclosing this notice,** to JOHN A. SMITH, 1563 Laing Bldg., Windsor, Ont., and by return mail you will receive the box absolutely free. It is only in "Gloria Tonic" that you can get the above combination ready for use.

In Lighter Vein

Against His Creed

It happened in a crowded street car, says "The Chicago News." The noted Rabbi Hirsch had arisen to give his seat to a young woman, but before she could take it a burly young fellow slid into it.

The Rabbi looked very meaningly at him, and, after an uncomfortable silence, the young fellow finally blurted out: "Well, what're you glarin' at me for? Want to eat me? Eh?"

"No," calmly replied the Rabbi, "I am forbidden to eat you—I am a Jew."

What They Needed

A Sunday-school class was studying a missionary lesson and the teacher was telling of customs among the Eskimos. She said:

"I have read an article by a traveler among these people, and it is the duty of the Eskimo's wife to chew her husband's clothes to keep them soft and pliable, as the skins get stiff, and therefore a woman is chosen according to her chewing ability, every man endeavoring to get a wife with strong teeth."

One little boy with a look of nausea on his face blurted out:

"Well, why don't they get 'em a Billy goat?"

Mark Twain's Memory

Shortly before his death Mark Twain was dictating his biography. Realizing a slight deviation from fact in his narrative and even then in the throes of his last illness, he made the whimsical admission:

"When I was younger I could remember anything, whether it happened or not; but I am getting old, and soon I shall remember only the latter."

To Save Time

The Wife—"Shall I have your dinner brought to your stateroom, dear?"

Husband (feebly)—"No. Just order it thrown overboard."

Longing

"You ought to be contented, and not fret for your old home," said the mistress to her young Swedish maid. "You are earning good wages, your work is light, everyone is kind to you, and you have plenty of friends here."

"Yas'am," said the girl, "but it is not the place where I do be that makes me very homesick; it is the place where I don't be."

Peculiar Taste

An Associated Charity worker, making a visit to a poor mountain woman in a Southern town, observed that her three small children wore spectacles.

"It's a pity that they all have trouble with their eyes, isn't it?" she remarked, sympathetically, to the mother.

"There ain't nothing the matter with their eyes, 'm."

"Then why on earth do you disfigure them with glasses?" asked the visitor in wonderment.

The woman bridled. "Why, I thinks they look lovely,' she said. "I likes them on little children. I thinks they're real dressy."

Which One?

Smiler: "I say, Brook, I have written a play."

Brook (very bored): "Have you?"

Smiler: "Yes, shall I read some of it to you?"

Brook: "If you like."

Smiler: "The scene is a room in pitch darkness. The curtain goes up—the window opens, and as five men crawl in the clock strikes one."

Brook (languidly): "Which one?"

Another Dog

Griggs—"Lost money in that stock deal, did you? Say, let me give you a pointer."

Briggs—"No you don't. No more pointers for me. What I'm looking for now is a retriever."—Boston Transcript.

The Real Thing

Once upon a time there was a beautiful princess who lived in a palace, such as is invariably provided for folks of that class. As is also customary in the lives of beautiful princesses, the time came around when it occurred to her that it would be a good idea to get married. Suitors were, of course, flocking in from all parts of the world, sitting around in groups in the front yard talking politics and waiting for an opening. And so she sent for the

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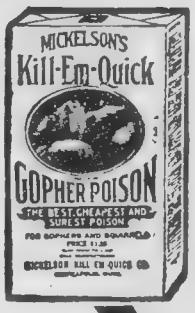
I do not *claim*—I do not *promise*—I absolutely and legally *guarantee* that Kill-Em-Quick is the surest, safest and cheapest method in the world, of killing gophers. Let me tell you the reasons *why* Kill-Em-Quick is so effective and so economical.



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My poison is the result of many years experience as a compounder of medical ingredients—and ten years study of gophers, their habits, haunts, tastes, etc.

As a result of my experience, Kill-Em-Quick is compounded in the *only* logical way to *kill* the gophers.

It has a very peculiar odor that *attracts* the gophers. *They leave juicy tender shoots alone, to eat Kill-Em-Quick.* And Kill-Em-Quick is *so deadly* that a single dose—a single grain poisoned with it, means *instant death* to the gopher. Furthermore, gophers *eat* Kill-Em-Quick and *swallow* it because it *tastes* good to them

Nothing Else Compares

If you have ever used old fashioned gopher poisons, you know that they are not effective. They must be applied in a very weak state: they are very *bitter* so gophers don't eat *enough* to kill them; they are hard to prepare for use and extremely dangerous to have around. Besides, they are sold in *bulk* and you are never sure that you are getting the *real thing*—never sure you are getting pure, unadulterated poison.

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Lord High Chamberlain and said:

"Formulate me a question for these young men to answer, and the one who gives the best answer, of which you, O Lord High Chamberlain, shall be the judge, shall have me for a side partner all the rest of his day."

And so the Lord High Chamberlain put on his thinking cap and flocked by himself for a while, until he made the following announcement:

"Know all men by these presents that the one who gives the best answer to the question 'What are we here for?' shall annex her royal highness."

The first suitor, who had been standing in line three whole days, stepped up promptly. "We are here," he observed, "to satisfy our curiosity."

"Good!" exclaimed the Lord High Chamberlain. "There is much sense in your answer. Step lively now, number two."

The second suitor lost no time. "We are here," he said, "to extract as much comfort as possible from the misery of others."

"First rate!" cried the Lord High Chamberlain. "There's wisdom condensed for you! I perceive that I'm going to have had work to decide this important matter. Don't dally, number three. Plenty of room forward."

The third actor came to time: "We are here," he said, "to love, to hate, and to be resigned."

"Now, wouldn't that interest you!" said the Lord High Chamberlain. "That was a great reply. Boys, you are running pretty close together. Well, number four, what have you to say?"

The fourth suitor came up promptly. "We are here," he said, "to hope, and to go unrewarded."

"Great!" cried the Lord High Chamberlain. "This is certainly a puzzler. Next."

The fifth suitor spoke: "We are here," he said, "because we can't help ourselves."

Keep Still Doggie

It Depends

An actor and a retired army man were discussing the perils of their respective callings.

"How would you like to stand with shells bursting all around you?" the general demanded.

"Well," replied the actor, "it depends on the age of the egg."

"When I order poultry from you again," said the man who quarrels with his grocer, "I don't want you to send me any of those aeroplane chickens."

"What kind do you mean?"

"The sort that are all wings and machinery and no meat."

He Always Had To

A bright little boy who lives in one of the Washington suburbs was watching the hens scratching in the yard the other day.

Suddenly he ran to his mother, very much excited, and exclaimed: "Open the door, quick, mother! The hens are coming in the house!"

"Why, what do you mean?" gasped the astounded mother. "Why do you think that?"

"Because," he exclaimed, "they are wiping their feet off in the leaves."

Trying to Be Witty

They were sitting in the parlor with the lights turned low. The hour was pretty late. He and she had talked about everything, from the weather to the latest shows. He yawned and she yawned, but he made no attempt to move toward home, and she was becoming weary.

At last she said: "I heard a noise outside just now. I wonder if it could be burglars?"

Of course, he tried to be funny.

"Maybe it was the night falling," he said.

"Oh, I guess not," she exclaimed; "guess it was the day breaking." (Hasty exit of he.)—Ex.

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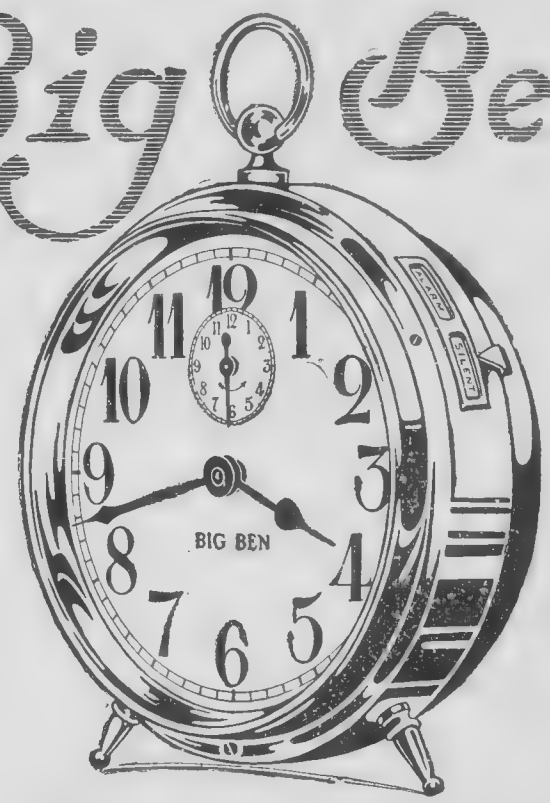
Big Ben



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Big Ben not only gets you up on time every morning, but he serves the whole family all day long as a reliable clock to tell the right time by.

He's really two good clocks in one—a crackerjack of a time-keeper—a crackerjack of an alarm.

He can ring you up in the morning just when you want and either way you want—five straight minutes or every other half minute for all of ten minutes.

If you're a light sleeper, turn on the half minute taps before you go to bed. If you sleep heavily, set the five-minute call and you can slumber then without the get-up worry on your mind.

Then when you're up and doing, carry Big Ben downstairs into the living room so that the whole family can use him to tell the right time by. He stands seven inches tall and his great big open face can be seen distinctly across the largest room.

Big Ben is triple nickel-plated and wears an inner vest of steel that insures him for life. His big, bold figures and hands are easy to read in the dim morning light. His large, comfortable keys almost wind themselves. He rings five minutes steadily or ten intermittently. If he is oiled every other year, there is no telling how long he will last.

He is sold by 6,000 Canadian dealers. His price is $3.00 anywhere. If you can't find him at your dealer's, a money order mailed to his designers, *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois,* will send him anywhere you say, express charges prepaid.

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W. D. BATES, BREEDER AND DEALER in foxes, Box J, Ridgetown, Ont. Silver and cross foxes wanted. Give sex, description and price asked in first letter. Au.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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Not Her Papa.

This bit of humor and pathos is from the Hawaiian Star: "An amusing incident is related of a young service matron who had relinquished her husband for two years, and who, having before his departure insisted on a good photograph, applied herself assiduously to the upbringing of her two-year-old baby with a view to the child's familiarity with her distant father. Each day she would call the baby girl to her and kneeling beside her would hold up the photograph, pointing out each feature to the child.

"One day the officer came home. And the baby girl, then four years old, was summoned. 'Come, dear,' said her mother, in glee, 'papa has come home at last.' The child surveyed the officer in perplexity and finally shook her head.

"'What is the matter, dear?' asked her mother.

"'Well,' replied the child, 'he looks something like my papa, but my papa hasn't any legs.'"

Do It Now.—Disorders of the digestive apparatus should be dealt with at once before complications arise that may be difficult to cope with. The surest remedy to this end and one that is within reach of all, is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, the best laxative and sedative on the market. Do not delay, but try them now. One trial will convince anyone that they are the best stomach regulator that can be got.

Through Historical Scenes

The street car from Winnipeg to West Selkirk passes through localities fragrant in memories of Manitoba in days of the long ago.
By J. D. A. Evans.

Immortalized are these scenes with remembrances of the long ago, when wigwam of the Indian stood upon the plains, the smoke of his teepee curling over the silent prairie land. But there has occurred a transformation scene. The wild whoop of the aborigine in pursuit of the buffalo re-echoes no more; his hunting lodge is relegated into the shades of oblivion. Today the homes of a thriving populace are within this region, a pastoral landscape; in the stead of the Red River cart the palatial car of electrical propulsion rushes along.

An historical record of Manitoba has been created within these localities, where the pioneer of the once Rupert's Land wended his way after his arduous journey from the shores of Hudson Bay to Lake Winnipeg, isle-scattered inland sea of the Northland. There are yet remaining many descendants of the sturdy Manitoban forefathers who blazed the trail to the Greater Western Canada yet to be.

It is a distance of twenty-four miles from the City Hall of Winnipeg to the terminal of the electrical railway on Eveline Street, West Selkirk, but what intense interest and historical record is contained in that mileage fragrant with memory's archives! Upon boarding the street car—Portage Avenue may be cited as the starting point—it rushes along that once crooked track of the Indian, Main Street, through the Subway and into North Winnipeg. Stop! At the right hand side is the Cathedral of St. John, to which Bishop Machray, afterward Primate of all Canada, Christian and mathematical genius, came in 1865 to assume spiritual charge of the huge Anglican diocese from the Arctic circle to the territory of the United States. Within the God's Acre of this church sleep serenely many of the pioneers who have departed this life, and to these the days of their years had witnessed the creation of a great city. The heroes who fell amid the carnage of the Northwest Rebellion in 1885 are likewise buried amidst the tranquil shades of this churchyard of St. John.

At the street cars in Lincoln Park, the primary portion of the journey terminates. Closely adjacent stands the car which the traveller to West Selkirk will enter, and, a few minutes after its departure, upon the right-hand side of the highway the monument of Seven Oaks is noticed. At this place Cuthbert Grant, with his gathering of rebellious followers, fought to the death Governor Semple, with his force of twenty peace-abiding men, which resulted in the capture of Fort Douglas in the year 1812. And the traveller will soon scan a most interesting page of Manitoba's history. The car is stopping; a church appears to his view. What memories of the long ago are gathered within that building's walls, wherein the feet of the saintly John Black, who arrived in the colony in '51, have trodden, and the voices of them who sang the Lord's song in a strange land have echoed through its sacred quietude! It was within this meeting place of the forefathers of our land that the representatives of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, in General Assembly, convened in Winnipeg in 1908; joined in commemoration service, and in jubilant strain arose the words of the grand hymn which had re-echoed upon Red River's bank in the long ago, "O God of Bethel! by whose hand."

Who Are You?

Amongst that congregation were those who could glance back through life's mists to the day that the church received its dedication fifty-four years previous. To these the commemoration gathering of 1908 meant a day when, from the abyss of memory, had been resurrected the scenes of early years, when within the stone-encircled walls of Fort Garry they bartered the products of their labor for the wares of the body of adventurers trading into Hudson Bay.

The car moves along. Middlechurch, with its edifice dedicated to St. Paul, is passed. Within this locality are dwelling those whose kindred passed through the smoke and fire of pioneerdom. Then, through the pastoral locality of Parkdale, with its little Methodist church at the bridge crossing the creek, the car is now entering into a district fringed with the poplar growth.

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If you want highest prices for your Grain, all the money it will realize on this market, and have it handled in good, straightforward, honest, intelligent and experienced manner, then ship it for the old, reliable firm of McBEAN BROS. to handle on commission for you. We have no agents in the country, therefore the total value of the grain less our 1c. per bushel commission goes direct to the shipper, and that means just that much extra cash in his pocket. We handle carlots of grain shipped to Fort William, Port Arthur, Duluth or Superior, and have the very best facilities for doing it. We have had around thirty years' experience in the Western Canada Grain business, and that experience is always at the shipper's disposal. We give liberal advances, and make prompt settlement when the car is unloaded and sold.

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A spire is noticeable on the eastern side, upon the river bank. This is St. Andrews, the Lower Church, and not alone is this a place of historical interest, but of the transformatory process which has taken place within recent years. There is the stone church—we pause at its threshold. Within this building is imprinted the noble work of Bishop Anderson, whose remains are interred within a tomb in the chancel of the edifice, and in St. Andrews, upon the Red River's bank, the memory of Anderson is reverenced today. Along the roadway adjacent to the stream we walk. A pile of masonry is in the not far distance—the hand of progress and advancement has crept in upon the scene. Log dwelling places of the long ago are yet existent, but the erections of brick are there likewise. It is a transformation scene in which the regime of earlier days has given place to those in accordance with the requirements of the present age.

The rapids of St. Andrews, barrier to navigation of Red River's stream, have by the ingenuity of science been subjugated to the needs of utility. We gaze at the huge structures which are accountable for this assembly of the waters. Upon the sloping river bank, the art of the gardener has been active in creation of a beautiful aspect. At our front is the massive iron bridge; at its eastern extremity the power house, within which is manufactured that unseen energy which manipulates the huge gateways through which proceed the steamships plying to and from the northern districts of Lake Winnipeg.

We must return to the car, for St. Andrews locks are distant one mile from its tracks, or walk along the river bank to Little Britain with its forge and scattering of houses. Lower Fort Garry is situate in close adjacence—the place of the stone walls, within the enclosure of which is the official residence of the commissioner of the once pioneer traders, the Hudson Bay Company. At the corners of the walls are bastions, erected in 1815. These constitute a page of Manitoba record, and have applied to various uses. At the present time they are useful buildings for the safe-keeping of merchandise of the store, in close proximity to the house in former occupation of the Company's once ruling figure in the Canadian West.

From the Lower Fort to Mapleton, the car traverses a territory of sylvan surrounding. A pretty church is situated amidst trees upon the river's bank. This district is pregnant with the archives of pioneer times—a walk within its graveyard will bear testimony to this. From this point of the journey, the distance to West Selkirk is four miles.

The car enters West Selkirk upon Eveline Street. The town hall will be noticed at the left hand side. At the corners, upon which two hotels are situate, the passengers alight, for the journey is completed. Upon the thoroughfares of the town are perchance noticeable a sprinkling of those of the pioneer class who dwell in the sylvan localities of Cloverdale and Meadowdale. And West Selkirk is a town, not alone of modern days but of the earlier years of Manitoba history. In the not remote times, we might in months of winter season have listened to the tongue of the husky dog as he scampered along the highway on his distant journey to the fastnesses of the great waterway northward, Lake Winnipeg. But as the years of time advance, progress in affairs material follows in their wake, for the West Selkirk of today has emerged from the stages of pioneer times to the rank wherein is numbered the prosperous and active towns of Manitoban territory. And when we glance back at the features of historical interest along the two-dozen miles of the journey undertaken, the thought springs within our minds that we dwell in a period of great advancement, and the pioneer, whose energy has paved the way, must retain a place in remembrance by them who live, now that he has crossed the Great Divide. His memory must ever remain verdant for Manitoba's populace reap today the benefits of the battle he entered upon, fought, and conquered manfully.

The Boon of Work

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Frances

O, weary, patient workers!
With labor-laden hours;
Who have no time to rest apart,
And breathe Earth's lotus-flowers;
Whose longing hearts do crave and burn
Ofttimes, to soar away,
Away, from all the petty cares
And hurryings of today.

You are the salt and savour
Of all the sons of Earth;
Scorn not the work at which you toil,
But rate it, at its worth;
You think your lot a hard one, and
You reach and yearn and strive,
But work is just a saving grace
For every one alive.

Then courage, Child of Labor!
Toil keeps the "blues" at bay;
And bitter and unquiet thought
Takes wing, and flies away;
Our work is like a battle-field,
Where we are called to win
Thegolden spurs of conquest, o'er
A world of grief and sin.

Then do your best in action;
As every hour slips by
A record that shall never fade
Is written down, on high
Work, for work's sake and thankful be,
'Tis Nature's sorrow-cure;
We are not called upon to bear
More than we can endure

System and the Farmer's Wife

By Elizabeth Forman

Suggested by the Congress of Farm Women, Held at Lethbridge, Alta., October, 1912.

It is well to prate of "systems,"
That will do the work aright,
For the busy farmer-woman,
Who Toils from morn till night;
But the system's not invented
That will work without a hitch
When the heart is sad and weary,
And the world seems black as pitch.

When the children have been crying,
And the kitchen fire won't burn
And the weather's cold and stormy,
And the sick ones had a "turn";
Then, though system has its merits,
Same as any splendid thing,
The system's not invented
That will move without a spring.

When the trip back home to mother's,
That's been foregone many a year,
Has been given up again, because
The railway fare's so dear;
When babies come both sure and fast,
And crops come poor and slow
Then the system's not invented,
That can make life smoothly flow.

When hail has got the early crops,
And frost has spoiled the late;
And "backward, backward, backward,"
Seems the dictum made by Fate;
When mortgage payments must be met
Just how, 'tis hard to know
And wolves have got the chickens,
That were so much work to grow;

Oh, then it isn't system,
That can lift the weary load,
But sweet intercourse with neighbors
To make light the darksome road;
Pretty gowns, and wholesome laughter,
Books, and music soft and sweet
These can lift the weight of sadness,
And make strong the stumbling feet.

For when life is worth the living,
And the world's set back in tune,
Then she will, with steady courage,
Work out systems of her own.
She'll become the nation's mainstay,
Noble, upright, loyal, true,
But it isn't only "system"
Other things must help, her too

Cheapest of All Oils.—Considering the curative qualities of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil it is the cheapest of all preparations offered to the public. It is to be found in every drug store in Canada from coast to coast and all country merchants keep it for sale. So, being easily procurable and extremely moderate in price, no one should be without a bottle of it.

An Easter Greeting

is prompted by the joy and freshness of Spring, and the gladness which rules during this great Spring festival.

In such manner do we greet you, looking forward to a summer and fall of prosperous industry and mutual success.

A pleasant custom at this time is the interchange between relatives and friends of little personal gifts, particularly of pretty jewellery.

Our attractive 1913 Catalogue will shew you many articles which you will like, and we will gladly forward you a copy of this book on receiving your name and address.

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"Such is a poet's fate."
"What?"
"He asks them for bread and 100 years later they give him a centenary."

New Definition

"Pa, what is a pillory?" "A what?" "A pillory. Teacher asked me yesterday and I didn't know." "Why, that's a facetious term sometimes applied to a drug store. What won't these schools put into your head next?"

A Woman's Sympathy

Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain a heavy physical burden? I know what these mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged, too; but learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you will assist me.

All you need do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2c (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters held confidentially. Write to-day for my free treatment. MRS. F. E CURRAH. Windsor, Ont.

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THINK MEN of your health, comfort and from $5 to $20 a year cash saved in your pocket, that wearing my steels will get you. It's doing all I claim for over 150,000 men of Canada right now—over 600,000 men all over as you can prove.

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This steel soled, waterproof shoe is an absolute protection to your health, aside from being a comfort to your feet; for you can work all day in mud and water with your feet powder dry. You escape colds, rheumatism, neuralgia, the dreaded pneumonia, and the long list of ills that result from damp or wet, cold feet.

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Men's Steel Shoes
Sizes 5 to 12

6 inches high, extra grade of leather, $3.50 per pair.
9 inches high, extra grade of leather, black or tan color, $5.00 per pair.
12 inches high, extra grade of leather, black or tan color, $6.00 per pair.
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Boys' Steel Shoes
Sizes 1 to 4

6 inches high, $2.50 per pair
9 inches high, extra grade of leather, black or tan color, $3.50 per pair.

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outlast from 3 to 6 pairs of regular leather shoes and are of absolute foot form. The Sole of Steel cannot warp, twist or draw out of shape. Consequently, corns, bunions, calluses, etc., cannot be irritated, and no portion of the foot can be rubbed so as to start new miseries of this kind. No all leather shoe can fit after it has a twisted, broken sole that allows the uppers to crease up into galling wrinkles.

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The Caged Blackbird

By A. Fraser Robertson.

It was a glorious summer Sunday. The little Sideys, surveying the sky through their high-railed nursery windows, over countless roofs and chimney-stacks, promised themselves the weekly treat of a walk with dad.

"Let's draw lots for the well or the ruin!" suggested Molly, and the lot fell this Sunday on the well. When the trio started after dinner, the birds were singing, the sun was shining, insects droned in the drowsy air. They took a short cut out of town and presently found themselves in the green country.

"It's no end jolly!" cried Hugh, his feet and eyes alike dancing as he found himself on the springy grass. "Why don't we live in the country always, dad, instead of in the horrid smoky town?"

"Because dad has to make pennies in the smoky town," struck in Molly reprovingly. "People can't live without pennies, can they dad?" she inquired, turning her grave brown eyes on her father.

"They think they can't," returned Mr. Sidey. "Most of them want a great many pennies, too, before they can be happy. Some people, indeed, go on buying and selling all their lives, and think they haven't got enough at the end."

"But that's all right, isn't it?" asked Molly, looking thoughtful. "I mean the buying and selling. Because you see, dad, Jesus bought, so it must be right."

"Jesus bought, did He?" echoed her father doubtfully, casting his mind back.

"He bought us!" persisted the child. "Don't you remember, dad, bought us back! Anyway, that's what mother said was the meaning of our 'little pillow' last night."

"What was the text in your 'little pillow,' dear?" inquired her father, smiling down on her.

"She means redeem," interjected Hugh in superior tones. "Our 'little pillow' for last night happened to be Christ hath redeemed us. And mother said the big word 'redeemed' really just meant 'bought us back.' That's what Moll's driving at," he added in condescending explanation.

Next moment he had darted off to chase a butterfly and presently Molly joined him, and together they danced along the footpath, leaving their father pondering their words.

"Penny-making," and the redeeming love of Christ! As he walked, he wished in his heart he could find some simple child-like words in which to bring home to his little ones the true meaning of "that wonderful redemption, — God's remedy for sin."

It may be his wish turned into prayer, as wishes sometimes do. If that were so, suddenly his prayer was answered, it almost seemed, as by a miracle. Something happened that made clearer to the children, Christ's love and redemption than half-a-dozen sermons could have done!

They reached the well at length, and the streamlet flowing from it, and the grim, rocky cave above it. The children had dropped back again to their father's side. Molly's little feet were tired for the moment. She was not above accepting the help of her father's hand, but Hugh plodded manfully on, feeling that such assistance would be beneath his dignity.

The three sat down at length on the great shiny flat stone close by the well worn black by all the people who had rested on it through the years, and the children begged dad to tell them over again the old favorite story of how hundreds of years ago a holy hermit had lived alone here on the hillside, of how he had preached Christ to the people, read them the Bible, and prayed for their sins.

Storm Clouds.

Hugh and Molly were never tired of hearing how, when dad was a boy, troops of little children used to bring their "tinnies" filled with water from the stream—holy water they thought it was, because the holy hermit had once on a time drunk of it—and sell it to the thirsty climbers for a penny!

Their father had hardly finished the familiar story, when Hugh's quick eye was caught by something — two little boys coming towards them. They were poor, shabbily-dressed children — from the nearest slum most likely, which yet was a good way off — little barefoot things, footsore too, no doubt from their long walk, tempted from their dingy homes by glorious visions of trees and fields and green hedges!

The younger of the two, hardly more than a baby, lifted his little feet draggingly as he walked. The elder boy stepped out more briskly. He was carrying something with evident care, and it was this "something" that had caught Hugh's quick eye.

"Dad!" he cried in an excited whisper, nudging his father eagerly. "Look! What have they got? A bird's cage?"

Mr. Sidey glanced up sharply, and sure enough, hugged in the elder boy's right arm, pressed close against his side, was a tiny wooden cage. It was so small, hardly more than a few square inches in size, a common little deal box with two sides knocked out of it, and barred with flimsy wires, into which was let a tiny door. Within could be

seen a small object, dark mysterious moving.

"What have you got there, my boy?" he demanded.

The little fellow stopped, blushed a rosy red, but was in no wise unwilling to explain.

"It's a blackbird, please, sir!" he answered, and tugged a lock of hair straggling on his brow and held out his tiny cage with its living treasure for the gentleman's inspection.

Hugh and Molly pressed close with breathless interest. It was a pitiful picture. The imprisoned songster, with its small feathered body of a dusky black, its beak of glowing orange, its eyes deep as gems, but dark, scared, unwinking.

The children cried aloud in chorus. Then Molly's brown eyes grew wistful, pitiful. But the small boy in possession saw nothing to be sad about. He was proudly unashamed. A little pang went to Mr. Sidey's heart.

"How did you catch it?" he asked, and his thoughts made his tones a trifle stern.

"With bird-lime, please, sir!" came the ready answer from the boy, as if he thought he had done a clever thing, surely nothing of which he need be ashamed! It might be the staring, interested eyes of the children that made the little fellow feel the hero of the hour! "You dabs it on a twig—and the bird comes—and sits—and there it sticks—fast—by its feet! It tries to get away and it can't!"

He jerked out the words, more to the children than to their father, nothing loth to let them behind the scenes, inside the tricks of the trade.

"Don't you think you were cruel," Mr. Sidey asked him, "to take the bird from the sky and shut it in that tiny cage?"

At the question the little fellow looked abashed for the first time and hung his head.

"What do you mean to do with it now?" went on Mr. Sidey.

"Take it home!" returned the child promptly, his tongue again unloosed. "There be a nail handy on our shutter, and my mother, she'll hang the cage on it—near by the window—in the sun."

"Near by the window, in the sun!" Were ever words more sadly pathetic? They went to the heart of the listener. He seemed to see the picture the child had drawn. He knew just what it meant—the dismal slum, the tiny cramped room, the cage—a thing scarce more than half-a-foot square — hung behind the grimy window-pane! Through the smuts and dirt the sun must feebly struggle before its cheering rays could reach it. And the bird—the sweet singer—was to exchange for this the wide green fields and the blue vault of heaven!

As the children looked and listened they too seemed dimly to understand. Molly, at least, grasped the thing, in part—the dreary, dismal picture. Her small brows frowned, her brown eyes filled with pity as she turned them from the bird to her father, dumbly praying that he would prevent this dreadful thing from happening, beseeching him to do something!

"What would you say, my boy,' asked her father in answer to the mute appeal, "if I were to offer you a sum of money for your bird and its cage?"

At the question the child lifted an amazed face to the speaker, with eyes wide and astonished. Half-a-crown! It was such a sum as he'd only pictured in his dreams! And now, for it to be almost within his grasp — unless the gentleman were only making fun! Then the astonishment passed, and over his small face there broke a ripple of delight. The alert, dark eyes twinkled.

"I'd say 'Done,' sir!" he replied, with a little irrepressible gurgle of joy.

In a breathless silence, watched by the eager eyes of the slum children, Mr. Sidey put his hand in his pocket and drew forth the coveted coin. Almost in the twinkling of an eye the exchange was made. The unfamiliar silver coin glittered in the small grimy palm, the eager childish fingers closed upon it!

And now the cage belonged to Mr. Sidey. He held it in his hand. Inside the frightened bird looked forth at the giants who should decide its fate, quaking, with feathers sadly ruffled.

Then slowly Mr. Sidey's fingers undid the flimsy fastenings of the tiny door. Before Hugh could frame his eager, breathless question, "What are you going to do, dad?" the thing stood wide on its rickety hinges. The little quivering creature—scared and half-stunned—not grasping all at once that here was its way of escape, remained for a moment motionless. The next it was out—out of its cramped, dismal prison, out into the blessed sunshine, free in God's blue sky! Up, up it soared! No highest-flying kite in Hugh's possession had ever sailed so bravely! The fascinated gaze of the children followed it as it soared and circled, till it dwindled to a speck in the distant heavens.

As it faded out of sight the breathless pause that had held the watchers spell-bound was broken by a great sigh of relief from Molly.

Even the little slum boys had gazed as if dimly understanding—apage, too, it might be, that the grand gentleman should have given half-a-crown, then, so to speak, deliberately flung it away. Then all at once they began to sidle off grown suddenly shy—the elder boy, with a tug at his forelock, close clasping the unaccustomed coin in his palm.

Hugh and Molly snuggled up to their father, their eyes bright with excitement, chattering about the incident like little magpies. "Wasn't it cruel, dad?" burst out Hugh, his boyish tones hot with righteous anger

"Poor little beggars," said their father; "they know not better." Then after a pause he continued:

"But, children, I've been thinking. I wonder whether you've been struck by something that has struck me? We were talking of 'buying back,' you remember, and 'redeeming.' It was a little hard to explain the text we found—your last night's 'little pillow,' I mean Christ had redeemed us. But now, now I think you surely know."

For a minute they both looked puzzled, then Molly lifted her face to her father's with a flash of understanding.

"You bought back the blackbird, didn't you, dad?" she cried exultingly.

"I bought it back, I redeemed it, darling," returned her father. "And I redeemed it in the first place, from a certain thing; in the second place, with a certain thing; and in the third place, to a certain Person."

The children's faces looked perplexed and puzzled.

"Please explain, dad?" Molly asked soberly.

"I redeemed it," returned their father, "from a terrible fate, a dingy garret in a slum. I bought it with the money. And I gave it back to the blue sky, the green fields, and God's blessed sunshine."

The hearts of the children were stirred. They looked on the two pictures their father had drawn, and all at once, as he had said — they understood! Their father spoke again.

"So, children, Christ hath redeemed us, not with money, but with His precious blood Not from a dingy garret and a cramped little cage, but from the power of our sins; not to the trees and fields and sunshine, but to 'Our Father' God!"

The two were silent for a while. Even Hugh's bright face grew thoughtful. Then Molly spoke:

"I'm glad, dad," she said, with a happy sigh, "that you redeemed the little bird, that it can sing again and be happy."

"So am I, darling!" replied her father. "And just because Christ hath redeemed us, He means us ,too, to sing for joy!"

An Old, Old Practice

A little fellow who had just felt the hard side of a slipper, turned to his mother for consolation.

"Mother," he asked, "did grandpa thrash father when he was a little boy?"

"Yes," answered his mother, impressively.

"And did his father thrash him when he was little?"

"Yes."

"And did his father thrash him?"

"Yes."

A pause.

EASTER GIFTS

That you may do honor to EASTER by gifts that will secure at once the warmest appreciation of your friend and remain LIFE-LONG SOUVENIRS —Write to us the moment you see this announcement for a free copy of our ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET of **NOVELTIES** IN

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Only Automatic Machine of its Kind on the Market. Pickles at the Rate of 135 Bushels per Hour.

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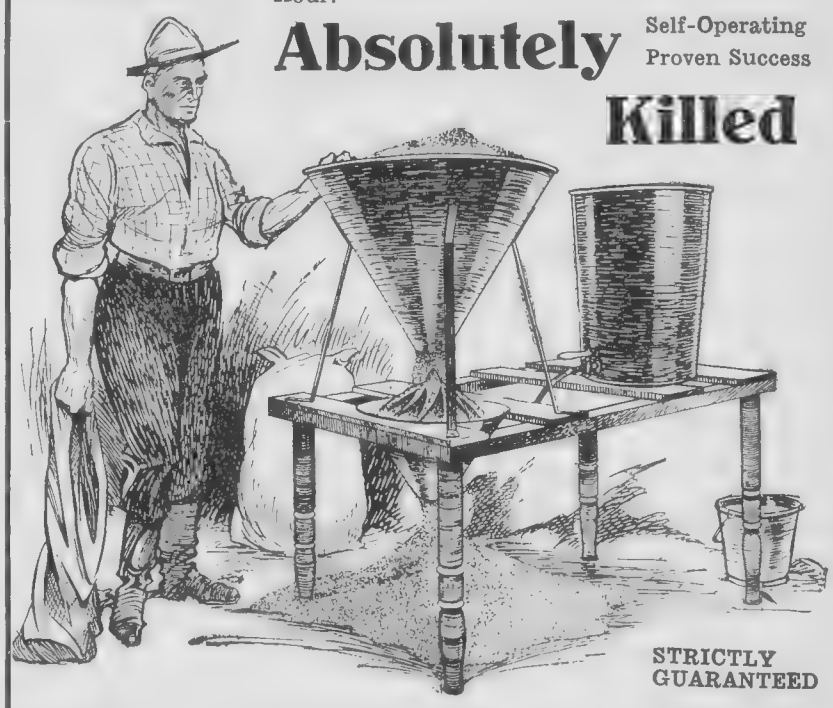

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Don't suffer losses caused through smut in grain, when you can absolutely eliminate it with The Automatic Seed Grain Pickler here pictured. Pickles at the rate of 135 bushels per hour. Self-operating, weight of grain supplying power for operation. Built for using both **Bluestone** and **Formaldehyde** and **does absolutely perfect work with every kind of grain.** Only known method that will pickle flax. Conveniently light, yet strongly built to last lifetime with ordinary care. 2500 sold last year with **guarantee** or **money back** and **freight paid both ways** if not **perfectly satisfactory** in estimation of user. Not one complaint received nor one machine returned.

Prices for Pickler using formaldehyde, **$17.00.** Built of solid copper for bluestone, **$20.00. Fully guaranteed.** Freight prepaid to any point in Canada. See your dealer **today. Insist** on **Automatic Seed Grain Pickler.** If he can't supply you send order direct and machine will be shipped at once C.O.D. **Demand last year far greater than supply. Avoid disappointment. Order today.** Write for literature fully describing this machine.

DOMINION SPECIALTY WORKS

WINNIPEG **Dept. B**

"Well, who started this thing anyway?"—Sel.

Only Half

Platitudinous Person—"I suppose, my dear Mr. Gotrox, that you have used 'Make hay while the sun shines,' as your life's motto?"

Mr. Gotrox—"Certainly, sir, certainly! But that's only half of it. You should add that I made the hay from the grass other people let grow under their feet." Judge.

A Lost Accomplishment

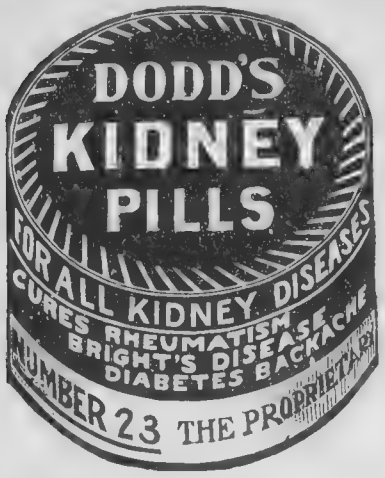
Farmer Ragweed—"Has Bill learned anything tew college?"

Mrs. Ragweed—"No; an' wuss'n that, he's forgot what he uster know! Says he can't eat pie with a knife."—Sel.

An Economical Cook

"What's this you want? Two pounds of beef, a bottle of Boxo, a packet of salt, two ounces of pepper, three pennyworth of turnips, a pound of suet, and three-quarters of a pound of flour. What are you going to do with them all?" asked Jones.

"Well, you see, answered Bones, who was in charge of the cooking affairs, "there is a little meat left over from yesterday, and I don't want to waste it, so I am going to make it into a stew, and I want those other things to season it with!"



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The International Institute has successfully taught others and can successfully teach you, even if you know absolutely nothing whatever about music. The lessons make everything clear.

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How to Conquer Rheumatism at Your Own Home

If you or any of your friends suffer from rheumatism, kidney disorders or excess of uric acid, causing lameness, backache, muscular pains, stiff, painful, swollen joints, pain in the limbs and feet; dimness of sight, itching skin or frequent neuralgic pains, I invite you to send for a generous **Free Trial Treatment** of my well-known, reliable **Chronicure,** with references and full particulars by mail (This is no C. O. D. scheme.) No matter how many may have failed in your case, let me prove to you, free of cost, that rheumatism can be conquered. **Chronicure** succeeds where all else fails. **Chronicure cleanses the Blood** and **removes the cause.** Also for a weakened, run-down condition of the system, you will find **Chronicure** a most satisfactory **general tonic** that makes you feel that life is worth living. Please tell your friends of this liberal offer, and **send today** for large free package, to **MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box E. 86—Windsor, Ont.**

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

OURSELVES

I WONDER if our readers realize just how much The Western Home Monthly is doing in genuine practical helpfulness in the uplift of young women. The management of this magazine supports every movement that encourages and makes brighter the life of any girl who feels that she has a hard time in this life. I know personally girls from the country who are now happy, ambitious and womanly, who were discouraged despondent and ready to give up until they wrote to The Western Home Monthly. I dare say that scores of young girls in Western Canada will be better, stronger and purer women because they have read The Western Home Monthly. Many a strange country girl coming to the city might have been guided to dens of destruction if she had not first written to the Western Home Monthly for protection upon her arrival in the city. When these letters of request come in, the editor immediately informs the Traveller's Aid agent of the Y. W. C. A. and this kind woman meets the girl and takes her to the Y. W. C. A. where she is carefully protected by good women until she has a position. Then the girl is so pleased with the Y. W. C. A. that after she leaves she goes back attracted by the atmosphere of sociability and inspiration. This month a girl before coming to the city wrote to friends to meet her and also to the Western Home Monthly. The friends failed to meet her because they had heard the train was late. But the Traveller's Aid agent who had been been notified by The Western Home Monthly paid no attention to rumors of late trains and was there to meet the girl. In this particular case the girl arrived in the night and as she knew nothing about the city or its life, we felt, and so did she, that it was fortunate for her that she depended on us.

It must be gratifying to the readers to know that the policy of The Western Home Monthly is to encourage not only by inspiring reading matter, but by actual practical help—all that tends to create a good, pure, clean Christian womanhood. The Western Home Monthly realizes that this means a stronger race of Canadian men and women. This is genuine honest patriotism.

* * * * *

THE GIRL WITH LITERARY AMBITIONS

One of our readers—a girl of seventeen—writes me to advise her concerning her ambition. She lives in the country and cannot go to school as her mother needs her. She feels that she would like to be a literary woman and urges me not to discourage her. By no means would I discourage a girl with an honest ambition. Our most brilliant women have dreamed their future out while in lonely places in the country. We look to the country for our clever men. There is something in the environment that fosters breadth, originality and clearness of thought. At the recent Home Economics Convention held at the Manitoba Agricultural College, I listened for two days to the brightest, most original, and most practical papers that I have ever heard at a convention and they were nearly all written by women from rural communities. Every paper indicated deep thought and extreme care in preparation, as well as unusual natural ability. Sons and daughters of pioneer men and women have an heritage that no other youth can have. This is the reason we expect much from our young people of Western Canada.

President Black of the Manitoba Agricultural College says that there is in the character of his students an expression of determination and definiteness of purpose that he never expects to see in another generation because these are the sons and daughters of pioneers. We cannot eulogize too highly our pioneer men and women. Let us be worthy of them.

But to return to my literary girl. I suggest the following method for home study. First — cultivate vocabulary. Learn the meaning of a new word every morning—then use that word as much as possible in your conversation during that particular day. It will thus become a part of you. By following this method you will increase your vocabulary about three hundred words every year. This is not difficult and produces splendid results. Select your words from good books— not the dictionary, but be sure to look up the meaning in the dictionary. Buy two good rhetoric and composition text books and study them carefully. Read Ruskin over and over again if you would learn good English. Then read Scott's books, also some from Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot and, of corse, Shakespeare, and I would not omit Milton.

Any girl who becomes familiar with Shakespeare, Ruskin, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Milton and Scott will have a splendid foundation for a literary career. It is well to take three or four good magazines to study the popular stories of today. I believe a girl in an isolated place may have an excellent opportunity to study for a literary career, as some of our very best writers of today have come from the country. Mrs. Nellie L. McClung owes part of her success to her close observation of human nature during her life in the country; and her artful references to the most common affairs of everyday life touch the hearts of her readers so sympathetically that she leaves them longing for more of her stories. Some of her sentences describe such familiar affairs in everyday life that she surprises us, by making us see old pictures through new glasses and we are determined to appreciate more the common things of life and the common people about us—people whom we regarded as common until Nellie L. McClung made them really superior. This is art.

And so I say to my ambitious girl in the country—press on! Some day the world shall learn your name.

* * * * *

MARRIED MEN—ALIAS BACHELORS

In some respects we have peculiar problems in a new country. One that has concerned me inasmuch as girls have come to me at the end of tragedies, is the bachelor-married man. He comes over to this country and is profuse in his attentions to girls. He is usually on the shady side of forty. He wins a girl and sometimes marries her just as wife number one arrives from across the Atlantic. Several cases have come to my attention from girls who have been fooled until they were just ready to be married. These men are not always found in questionable places either. They may be prominent in church circles. I have one in mind who encouraged a girl for a long time and on the eve of their marriage the real wife appeared, and this man actually made excuse to the girl that he thought his wife was dead. As a matter of fact the girl and "bachelor-married man" discovered that the wife was very much alive. This man was an active church worker. When I see a bachelor of forty or more, extremely generous in his attentions to a girl, I think: "Be careful —a vision of a wife in the Old Country flashes before my mind's eye." Now I like young men and like honest sincere bachelors who live with a mother or sisters—or bachelors whom we actually know.

But when an unknown "goody-goody" bachelor of forty or more comes into a social gathering of my girls, I must say that a cold shiver creeps along my spinal column and I keep my eye on him. I might add right here a thought for the country girl. Be very careful of the strange man in your home town

Only by keeping the scalp in perfect health can you keep your hair like you want it.

Always remember this fact about your hair:

If there is any condition of your hair you want to improve, if it hasn't enough life and gloss, if there is dandruff or too much oil, never forget that *the condition of your hair depends on the condition of your scalp.*

How to keep the scalp healthy

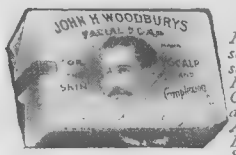
To keep the scalp healthy and active, shampoo your head regularly in the following way: Rub your scalp fully five minutes with the tips of your fingers to loosen the dandruff and dead skin. Then apply a hot lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and *rub it in.* Rinse thoroughly in gradually cooler water, having the final water really cold. Dry perfectly, then brush gently for some time.

The formula for Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and hair. Try one shampoo with it. See what a delightful feeling it gives your scalp.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake.*

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by Canadian dealers from coast to coast including Newfoundland



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For a long time I was sorely troubled by a hideous growth of Superfluous Hair on my face and arms. My face was indeed a sight from the exasperating growth and I grew almost to hate myself for my unsightly appearance.

There are many things advertised for Superfluous Hair and I think I tried them all, but never with any result, except to waste my money and burn my skin.

But, notwithstanding all my years of disappointment, today there is not a sign of Superfluous Hair on my face, arms, or anywhere else. I got rid of it through following the advice of a friendly scientist, a Professor of Chemistry at an English University. The treatment he advised is so thorough, simple and easy to use that I want every other sufferer in America to know about it. It worked such a change in my appearance and my happiness, that I gladly waive my natural feelings of sensitiveness and will tell broad-cast to all who are afflicted, how I destroyed every trace of hair, never to return.

If you are a sufferer and would like to have full details, just send along your name stating whether Mrs. or Miss and address, and a two-cent stamp for return postage, and you will receive my complete experience and advice by return mail. Address your letter, Mrs. Kathryn Jenkins, Suite 993 J. C. Duckworth Apartments, Scranton, Pa.

Note. Mrs. Jenkins is a well-known Society Leader in Scranton and will do as she says. Her photograph reproduced above shows she is a lady of refinement

THE COOK'S FAVORITE

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR

UNEQUALLED IN PURITY STRENGTH AND UNIFORMITY

or country. He may dress better and be more polished than your country sweet-heart, but his heart may be rough and cruel and deceptive. I know a girl who was attracted to a banker who came to her town. All of the home boys had to stand back while the girls showered their attentions on the stranger. Finally he married one of the girls. After their marriage he spent his wife's bank account and obtained money from others under false pretense, gave out big loans till he ruined the bank and is now busy dodging the law His wife is teaching to earn her living.

* * * * *

WOMEN WHO COMMERCIALIZE THE AFFECTIONS OF MEN

Michal, a woman of the Bible, is a type of the proud and beautiful woman who inspires passionate attachments, but being unregenerate she injures whom she attracts. It is one of the mysteries of life that a woman can inspire men with passionate attachments without admitting any deep emotion in her own heart. Cold and callous, often selfish and soulless, this kind of woman will infatuate the men who come within her sphere of influence.

Guided by selfish considerations her standard has for its ideal commercialism. She values the man only in terms of jewels, fine clothes, theatre seats, costly dinners and automobiles.

There is positively only one quality that will result in a happy companionship throughout married life, and that is character. Only in proportion as the character grows is happiness insured, and both man and wife must grow. If one becomes weaker and the other stronger discontent and quarrels arise—In many cases the husband grows in then one loses respect for the other. character because he is bent on success, while the wife because of the comforts and luxuries her indulgent husband provides, has time to spend foolishly and this leads to idleness and she develops a desire for more luxuries. She becomes weaker and in a sense commercializes the affections of her husband. Napoleon Bonaparte's sister married a man that she might have more jewels than Josephine, and their married life was a failure. When Madame de Stael was forty-five she married a young man of twenty-three and they "lived happily ever after." Why? A marriage that has not a pretty face or a passing fancy for its foundation but instead the appreciation of a gifted mind and a noble heart—such a marriage stands the test of time. The reason for divorces today in most cases is that too many women marry for convenience, position, money or reputation. When men and women do not give love for love, their marriage will not stand the test of time. When a man discovers in his wife her real character, from that time companionship grows or weakens.

Men feel bound to use false methods, steal, lie, and even murder to satisfy whim's of the women who have commercialized their affections. On the other hand men who are not commercialized by their wives win their way to honor and glory.

Tolstoi's two immortal masterpieces were composed in the midst of supreme domestic bliss. He said: "My wife is no doll—she is of real help to me." Mrs. Browning cultivated her mind and spirituality to such beauty that Browning spoke of her as if her very name were sacred. A love that has reverence for

Household Suggestions--Western Home Monthly Recipes

Carefully selected recipes will be published each month. Our readers are requested to cut these out and paste in scrap book for future reference.

CHEESE FONDUE

1 cupful scalded milk
1 tablespoonful butter
½ teaspoonful salt
1 cupful soft stale bread crumbs
¼ lb. mild cheese
3 eggs (yolks and whites beaten separately)

Cut cheese in small pieces; mix first five ingredients; add yolks of eggs, beaten until lemon colored; cut and fold in whites of eggs. beaten until stiff; pour into a buttered baking dish and bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven.

LOAF CAKE

1½ cupfuls granulated sugar
1½ cupfuls butter
4 cupfuls flour
1 cupful sour milk or buttermilk
5 eggs
2 teaspoonfuls cream of tartar
1 teaspoonful soda
½ teaspoonful salt
Flavor lemon

Can make plain or add 1 cupful citron, or same of seeded raisins.

MADEIRA CAKE

¼ lb. flour
1 teaspoonful baking powder
2½ ozs. butter
2½ ozs. sugar
2 eggs

Cream butter and sugar; add flour in which powder is mixed and lastly eggs and a few drops essence of lemon. Bake ¾ hour.

MOCHA CAKE

1 cupful brown sugar
½ cupful butter
2 eggs
2 cupfuls flour
1 teaspoonful soda
1 cupful milk
2 teaspoonfuls cream of tartar or 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder

ICING

Cream ½ cupful butter; add 1 cupful pulverized sugar and vanilla to flavor; take ½ lb. blanched almonds, brown in oven, roll fine with rolling pin and sprinkle on top of icing. To make Mocha Balls cut cake in squares, ice all around and roll in nuts.

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VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.,
are completely cured by inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamps. W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Temple Street, Springfield, Mass.

its foundation knows no change.

A soldier once said of Florence Nightingale: "Before she came there was much cursing and swearing and after she came the place was as holy as a church." Her personality made one feel holier. This is the kind of personality that will put the divorce courts out of business. This week I received a letter of reminiscences from a Manitoba woman who has lived in Canada eighty-three years. As she related her experiences I detected a fine feeling of harmonious family life all through her four score years. She and her husband worked hard and endured much sacrifice, but they were honest in their ambitions. She loved him, for his character was worthy of her affections. He reciprocated that love for the same reason. There were many homes like their home in those days and that is the reason we have our present strong race of Canadian men and women. It is well to think carefully of the future.

* * * *

HER BANK ACCOUNT

Some wage earning girls of my acquaintance have a bank account—others do not and never will have. Max Okel, in an address fourteen years ago, said that the savings of women alone in France among the poor and middle classes were 400,000,000 francs, invested in Russian securities. As a matter of history the people of France are most provident. Mrs. Henry Fawcett, author of a political economy text book, in addressing a meeting of women said: "Teach a woman arithmetic and business' methods and you have made her a fortune to her husband, her family and all who look to her." Muddle flies before method, therefore every girl should learn to be business-like in her homework and in her personal accounts. Men need wives who will perform their work in a business manner. In Paris when a man dies his wife goes right on with his business. I talked with a man recently who had considerable relationship with French accounts. He remarked about the great number of letterheads of business firms under the names of widows. She slips into her husband's place in the business world naturally and there is no stop in the business wheel. Every French girl who marries a business man learns his business. Every girl should try to start a bank account.

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LESSONS IN SALESMANSHIP

Her sales had been so poor that she footed up her score card with trembling fingers. The girl at the next circle proudly added her long column of sales and closed her book with an air of satisfaction. The first girl was discouraged—the second clerk was pleased. Figure one patted her fluffy hair as she held a tiny pocket mirror up to her face, and powdered her nose. Girl number two pinned her hat on carefully and both joined the line of employees that filed out of the open door to the crowded street. Both girls discussed freely the experiences of the day and I listened. The next day I determined to do a bit of shopping to learn why figure one had failed and girl number two had succeeded. When I approached the circle of number one she rolled her listless eyes in the direction of the little girl who wrapped bundles and exchanged a joke or two. "What is the price of this, please?" I asked, holding up the article in question. "Two dollars" she replied condescendingly as she looked beyond me to a distant object at the other end of the store. Not another word did she say as I stood waiting for her to tell me something about the quality of the goods. Lazily she continued staring into the distance until she had to wink from sheer eye exhaustion. Then she proceeded to poke some stray locks under her hair ornament. I turned to girl number two at the next circle, picked up a piece of lace and asked her the price. Immediately she replied in a most kindly voice. "This is fifty cents today. It is really a splendid bargain. Notice the delicate pattern—it is a very good imitation of the Brussels." I became interested at once as she pointed out and described points of the lace in question—points that I should not have noticed but for her knowledge of the goods she was selling. Then, too, she was so pleasing in her manner that I bought the lace even though I had no intention of buying when I went to her. This is the art of salesmanship. Then I went around to the book counter and while looking over some books, the clerk seemed so annoyed and cross that I felt I was in the belt of a thunder storm. As I stood examining the books I noticed that several customers carefully avoided her till finally one who wanted a book which no other clerk was allowed to sell, turned about, saying: "I shall not buy the book of her" and he walked across the street to another book store. Now I happen to know that this particular clerk has turned many a sale away from the store in this way. Complaints have been sent in from scores of customers, but as she is a friend of the general manager, she is allowed to go on snubbing customers and crushing her fellow sales-girls. Friendship that costs the firm money is rather expensive. Now, of course, these cases are extreme and rare in our city, but one does find them occasionally. The majority of our clerks are good, honest, intelligent, attentive girls who please their customers. Some stores employ women to instruct the girls in salesmanship. This is a good investment as a woman of this profession adds dollars to the sale of goods and she helps very materially both the girls and the firm that employs her. For example she will take my first girl and tell her to look at her customer in an interested manner and drop her mechanical attitude, for this kills sales. A sale well begun is half done. The instructor in salesmanship will tell the clerk these things: "Never begin a sale with a question. Questions do not attract a customer's interest. Do not ask, but tell. Tell her something about the article she is interested in. Call her attention to an interesting point, and be sure to tell the truth. The clerk must know about the goods she is selling. Do not talk to the customer out of the back of your head. Give her all of your attention, and such pleasant, interested attention that she feels as if you want her to buy. If you see the customer is artistic arouse that side of her. If she is practical, emphasize the practical side. First study your own manner, then that of the customer. The instructor in salesmanship studies the psychology of the customer. For example: Self-reliance may be recognized by a long upper lip, or a high tilted head or a high-bridged nose; practical people by thin, straight lips, a broad face rather than oval; artistic customers by arched brows and bow-shaped lips.

Now the difference between the self reliant and the dependent customer is this: The former wants to be left alone to make up her mind, and if you urge her too much she will be annoyed and go away. On the other hand the timid little woman wants to be helped to do her thinking. She will like to have the clerk choose for her. Then there is the irritable customer, the precise one, the approachable one, the cold one—study them all. Like children, each one has to be handled differently. First—get your customer to think about the goods, then see that she desires the goods. This last feeling is influenced by the tact of the clerk. Above all do not bore her. In the stores where an instructor in salesmanship is employed, she teaches them to study three elements: First—neat personal appearance—simple hair dressing is urged; neat plain clothes, clean teeth and skin. Second—the study of the customer in general. Third—the study of the article, the merchandise to be sold. The instructor in salesmanship in a store teaches groups of employees in classes numbering from twenty to two hundred and inefficient sales-girls learn to sell goods. One store that employs an instructor in salesmanship estimates, an increase of twenty per cent in efficiency and another forty. The stores claim that the experiment pays.

* * * * *

THE ART OF CONVERSATION

When we plan a social evening we carefully work out a programme of amusements. We are afraid our guests will not be entertained. Why can we not depend on the art of conversation? Have we lost this fine accomplishment?

Scotch Bagpipes

Have you longed for the stirring notes of the "Pipes?" Instead of being amused by others you can delight them in no time if you learn on one of our

Practicing Chanters Plain mounted. $2.50
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Ours is the largest stock of high grade Bagpipes in America. Prices from $30 to $85. All Pipes tested by our own EXPERT piper before they leave the factory. We carry all extra parts and accessories. A completely equipped repair department promptly attends to any repairs—the charges are reasonable, too.

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING COCOA

For Breakfast, Supper, or as a mid-day beverage, is the best thing that can be taken.

Sustains and nourishes the body, and keeps the mental faculties clear. It is a cup of real comfort and health, and not a mere passing refreshment.

Children thrive on EPPS'S

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WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS
Prompt and reliable, *for Ladies.* The only genuine. *AWARDED CERTIFICATE OF MERIT at the Tasmanian Exhibition 1891. 100 Years' Reputation.* Ordered by Specialists for the Cure of all Female Complaints. Sold in Bottles. 40c and 75c. Agents *THE GORDON-MITCHELL DRUG CO., Main St., Winnipeg.* Mfrs.: C. & G. Kearsley, 42 Waterloo Road, London, Eng.

SEND US 75c

Receive by return mail, postpaid, this beautiful little dress. It is made with waist joined to skirt. Fancy yoke front. The material is soft warm dress goods in dark blue and red patterns. It comes in ages 2 to 12. It is worth double what we ask. To introduce this dress and make an ad. of it, we send it by return mail for 75c and 15c postage, age 14, 1.25 and 20c postage.
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that make a horse Wheeze, Roar, have Thick Wind or Choke-down, can be removed with

ABSORBINE
also any Bunch or Swelling. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. $2 per bottle, delivered. Book 3 E free.
ABSORBINE, JR., liniment for mankind. Reduces Goitre, Tumors, Wens, Painful, Knotted Varicose Veins, Ulcers. $1.00 and $2.00 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book with testimonials free.
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It is spelled A-B-S-O-R-B-I-N-E and Manufactured only by W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Lyman's Building, Montreal, P.Q.
Also furnished by Martin Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg. The National Drug and Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary. and Henderson Bros. Co., Ltd., Vancouver.

Madame de Stael said that in France women direct all conversation and their minds readily acquire the facility and talent which the privilege acquires. When Madame de Stael visited England —men and women of England crowded about to hear her in conversation. She influenced the statesmen of Europe and was the only person in the world whom Napoleon feared. Very rare must be the case where a woman of fine mind does not have many admirers. Emerson says of Margaret Fuller Ossoli: "Sometimes she stayed a few days, often a week, more seldom a month, and all tasks that could be suspended were put aside to catch the favorable hour of her conversation—this guest who brought wit, anecdotes, stories, and oracles with her. We never met her without surprise at her new powers." In those days there were parlor "conversations," where cultivated men and women spent the evenings very happily. It might be well to revive this old custom. The other day while waiting for a street car a woman asked me a question—then she began to talk about nothing—nothing—nothing—till my head fairly ached for a rest. I thought: "What a pity that some men are not pensioned!"

* * * * *

BE CAREFUL

Women at the head of good institutions for girls have many battles to fight that the public least realizes. One great responsibility is to keep the environment safe, for wolves will sneak in to lure away their prey. It is well for a girl to be ever on her guard no matter where she is. Be careful of the stranger who asks if you are out of a position, and when you say, "yes," she tells you that she knows of a splendid position. Be careful of the over-sympathetic woman.

* * * * *

IMMIGRANT GIRLS

Too many girls come to the city without any idea of a position. They think that finding a position in the city is an easy matter. One girl of my acquaintance came in from the country two months ago and has been looking for work ever since. Most of the girls can get nothing but house work at first, and in this they are disappointed. The ambition of most of these girls is to clerk in a store. There are many applicants for every vacancy in a store. Last week a girl from Saskatchewan came to the city to work and as she had previously made arrangements for her position she found no trouble when she reached here. This is the wisest plan to follow. Be sure you know where you are going. Hundreds of immigrant girls are coming to this country buoyed with hopes which are proved to be hallucinations principally. They are not familiar with conditions here and big wages are not for the picking; nor are husbands. Last year 46,415 girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-three came to Canada. Of these 23,469 were English; 372 Welsh; 9,119 Scotch; 2,295 Irish; and 11,160 non-English-speaking. It is a crime for a sixteen-year-old girl to come here without her parents or a responsible person to look after her. Housing conditions are bad in most of our cities for the girl who is alone. Many boarding houses say "We take men only." In many boarding homes the girls entertain their friends in their own rooms as no reception room is provided. Then many of these homes are cold in temperature and hospitality. One strange girl told me that she had gone in and out of her rooming house five days without a person speaking to her. I have gone into a rooming house to see a sick girl at twelve o'clock and found that the landlady had not so much as offered the girl a cup of tea that morning. Then when the girl's friends brought her food, the landlady complained. Since the girls who arrive from the old country are mostly young, they are often homesick. Companionship and amusement all young girls crave and these they find on the street. Statistics gathered from the juvenile courts reveal a shocking percent of immorality —at least half of the girls in the juvenile courts are foreign girls who go wrong after their arrival in Canada. Canadian women should be thoroughly roused to protect these girls who are coming to us in such great numbers. It is a crime to neglect them. The Dominion council, Y. W. C. A., has taken a step to help these girls by appointing Mrs. Sabin as National Immigration Secretary. Her business is to know and keep track of immigrant girls who arrive and to organize assistance on their behalf. This is a national problem and a national organization must solve it. The Y. W. C. A. is doing a marvelous amount of good among these girls. May our Canadian women do their best to provide funds for this great organization that they may not be handicapped by lack of means.

* * * * *

The writer of this page is always urging wage-earning young women to do their best for their employer, and when a girl does so well for her employer that others in his employ become jealous of her ability, it is indeed a tragedy—but right always wins in the end, and merit triumphs even though for a time the clouds of discouragement hang heavy.

THE GIRL WHOSE SCORE CARD FOOTED TOO HIGH

In a certain book de rtment of this city is a bright capable girl who was trained in one of those good intellectual Scotch homes in the Old Country, where the evenings were spent in reading and discussing literature that is worth while, for girls in the Old Country do not spend their evenings on the streets, consequently this young woman has had splendid success in selling books, because she knew what she was selling. Before she worked in this department I often asked for a book on a certain subject and the clerk would sell me something that was as near like the material I wanted as Mother Goose is like Shakespeare. Perhaps I bought four or five different books before I would find what I wanted. The clerks did not know what they were selling. Now, when this clerk came, if I told her I wanted a book on a special subject she would find just what I wanted. She knew what she was selling. It was not long before the leading theologians and literary people of the city discovered the capability of this clerk, and became good customers, because they could rely on her judgment. She soon had a large number of reliable and paying customers because they recommended her to their friends. But when her score card footed up higher than those of the other clerks, and even that of the woman at the head of her department, and when customers asked for her, the others became so jealous that the woman at the head was glad to have an opportunity to dismiss her. Now, in this particular case I know for a fact, of three hundred dollars in sales that this department lost during the Christmas season, and I am sure there was much more lost that I do not know about. The removal of this particular clerk sent customers to other book stores. Now the petty jealousy of the woman at the head of this department has cost the firm considerable money. If she were working for the good of the firm, and not for herself, she would feel that this capable clerk under her is a valuable acquisition to her department. While this is hard and unjust for the girl who has tried to do her best, merit always wins in the end and jealousy's punishment comes when least expected.

Some Hints

To clean patent leather boots, first remove all the dirt upon them with a sponge or flannel, then rub over the boots or shoes a paste consisting of two spoonfuls of cream and one of linseed oil, both of which require warming before being mixed. Polish with a soft rag.

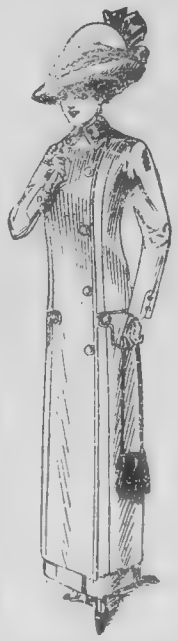
Grandmother's Gingersnaps

Rub half a pound of butter into two quarts of flour; add half a pound of brown sugar, two level tablespoonfuls of ground ginger, and half a saltspoonful of cayenne. Moisten this with a pint of good New Orleans molasses. Knead and roll thin; cut into rounds and bake in a moderate oven. These must be kept in a closed tin box in a dry place.

Shop by Mail at Scroggie's

We prepay transportation charges on all orders of $5 and over in Quebec, Maritime Provinces and Ontario except north and west of Sudbury and Sault Ste. Marie.

A-Z-1—Fine Lawn Waist, Women's Waists, attractive, semi-tailored, style very popular just now; made of finest quality sheer white lawn; front has dainty embroidery and fastens with pretty round pearl buttons, front and back; has rows of tucking, linen collar and cuffs. Sizes 32 to 44. Our Low Price **98c**



A-Z-17

WOMEN'S RAINCOATS

Special—A handsome new style coat, and one of the best values we have seen this season, made of good quality Paramatta cloth. Colors: Fawn and tan. Close-fitting collar. Loose-fitting back. Sizes: 32 to 42. Our Low Price

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A-Z-5

Exceptional Value in Men's Suits at $9.95

Suits that are very dressy, and will give excellent wear and satisfaction. They are made from fine English Tweeds in the fashionable brown and grey mixture, showing faint thread shapes, cut in the latest single-breasted sack style, with nicely shaped shoulders and lapels, tailored and finished in the very best possible manner; sizes, 34 to 42. Special value—

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A-Z-3. — Women's Skirts — Made of good quality Panama cloth. Colors or navy, attractive style. Waist band 23 to 29. Length, 36 to 43. Price.. **$2.98**

A-Z-4.—Near Silk Petticoat—Splendid new style, made of fine quality near silk, shirred flounce, edged with pleating, colors, black, navy, brown and green. Our low price.. **$1.25**

A-Z-8
A BAG SPECIAL

A special purchase of 500 only of real leather hand bags in seal grain effect, having a nine-inch frame, silver plated, nicely leather lined, small inside purse and flexible handle, wonderful value **$1.00** Only 500 in lot. Order early.

A-Z-9 **Easter Footwear at Exceptionally Low Prices when Quality is Considered.**

Ladies' Boots, made on the newest American lasts; style and fit perfect; in tan, calf, gun metal, patent colt, with plain toe and cravenette top, button and lace; styles Cuban heels; sizes 2½ to 7. Special .

$2.98

A-Z-6 —Scroggie's Famous Glove Values the Wonder. Ladies' washable chamoisette Gloves, 2 dome, in white and natural shades; sizes 5½ to 7½, for, per pair **25c**

A-Z-7— Scroggie's Famous Gloves for Easter, greatest value in Canada. Ladies' fine quality Kid Gloves, beautiful soft skins, with two handsome domes, and neatly stitched backs; good value for 79c. Special Easter Offer at **59c**

All sizes; colors, tan, brown, white, black, etc.

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ORDER TO-DAY.

Montreal

Smart Costumes in New Spring Styles.

7754—Cutaway Coat with Vest.
7727—Three-Piece Draped Skirt.

7681A—Semi Fitted Coat.

7615 Cutaway Coat.
7718 Four Piece Skirt.

Fashions and Patterns

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

PRETTY MODELS FOR SIMPLE DRESSES

The frocks that are made on simple lines are the ones that fill the most urgent and important needs, and here are two charming ones that can be utilized both for immediate use and for the future. The lines are all of the latest, and the models can be relied upon to be correct throughout the spring as well as the winter

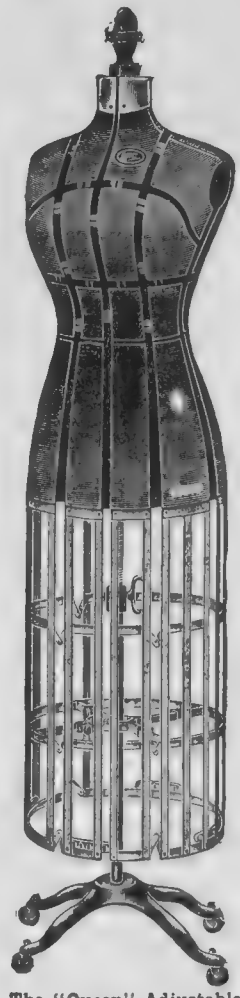
The girl's dress, 7695, is finished with the sailor collar that is always becoming. In the illustration, the dress is made of blue serge with collar and shield of white, and that combination always is an attractive one, but a great many mothers utilize the leisure of the winter for the making up of linen, pique and similar materials for the coming season, and this model is just as well adapted to such fabrics as it is to serge. There is a three-piece skirt and a simple blouse, but the side and back seams of the skirt and the front and back edges of the blouse are laid in tucks that are lapped to meet one another to give the effect of inverted plaits. If lacings are liked, eyelets can be worked in these tucks and ribbons passed through them to give a very attractive result. The regulation sailor collar is always a favorite one, but some girls like the square fronts, and these can be made in either way, while the sleeves can be made in full length or to the elbows. The closing of the dress is made invisibly at the back.

For the 12-year size, the dress will require 4½ yards of material 27, 3¼ yards 36, or 3¼ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard 27 for the collar, cuffs and shield, and 12 yards of braid.

The May Manton pattern of the dress, 7695, is cut in sizes for girls from 10 to 14 years of age.

The older girl's dress (7364-7675) shows the very latest influence in the sleeves that are joined at the elongated shoulder line and in the over skirt, or tunic. As shown here, the material is crepe de chine, and the trimming is fur, while the guimpe portions are made of lace. Crepe de chine is always a pretty material and is in the very height of present styles. Nothing could be better adapted to this frock, but because it is lovely does not mean that it is the only available fabric, for the model can be used for almost any pretty and seasonable one. Summer fabrics are already being exploited and many of the cotton crepe effects are marvelously beautiful. The dress would be charming made from one of these with trimming of lace banding or ruffles to take the place of the fur; or crepe could be trimmed with bands of ratine, for that material is exceedingly smart and is especially well liked in combination with crepe. The blouse is made over a fitted lining, and that lining is faced to form a chemisette, while the under sleeves are sewed to it. In addition to its other advantages, the blouse itself is made with straight inner and sleeve edges, so that it can be utilized for bordered materials as well as for plain ones. The skirt is made in two pieces with a three-piece tunic ar-

7695—Girl's Dress
7364—Surplice Blouse for Misses and Small Women
7675—Two-piece Skirt for Misses and Small Women



The "Queen" Adjustable Dress Form No. 55

Actual shape as well as actual size can be had on this form by careful adjustment. It is made in 28 parts. It can be made long or short waisted, broad or narrow at the shoulders and back, large or small neck, which is in four parts. Waist and hips can be adjusted separately, bust can be made full or flat, low, medium or high. The poise can also be changed from erect to a forward or backward attitude and the shoulders made square or sloping. Each part is adjustable independently of any other.

The Paying Guest

ONE of its users calls her Hall-Borchert Form her "paying guest," because it pays better than any guest or any boarder she ever had. It is a very useful guest, saving many times its cost every year, costing nothing for keep, never complaining, always ready to help you to be well dressed and comfortable.

Can you use the service of this money-saving "guest"? It will abolish dress-making bills and enable you to dress as well as now at half the cost, or better still, enable you to have twice as many dresses at the present cost.

Home Dressmaking Made Easy

Any woman who can sew or operate a sewing machine can make her own dresses with a Hall-Borchert Dress Form. All the mystery is removed and all the problems solved by the Hall-Borchert Forms.

Bust and Hips

The variations in bust and hip measurements have always been the despair of home dress-makers. With the Hall-Borchert Form it is as easy to make garments fit perfectly in these particulars as it is to drape a skirt. It is the only form with completely adjustable bust and hips. It does away with all discomforts and disappointments of fitting. It makes home dress-making easy and satisfactory.

CUT THE GOODS BY A GOOD PATTERN AND FIT THE FIGURE

If your figure varies from the "stock" or average measurements, it is impossible to obtain a perfect fit in ready-to-wear garments, and patterns are unsatisfactory, because they are made to fit a certain stock model. The Hall-Borchert Dress Form, however, adapts itself to all these little variations. You know how difficult it is to fit your own figure. When you turn to look in the glass the whole figure is altered.

Duplicate your own figure in the Hall-Borchert Dress Form and all the obstacles and objections to home dress-making are removed.

Illustrated catalogue sent free on request.

Three New Features are found in the "Juliette" Adjustable Form:

1.—New model, correct in lines and proportions.
2.—Three-quarter or knee-length contour skirt, all paper-mache, giving actual shape, and which can be pinned to—a great improvement.
3.—The Form packs away in box 28x12x14 inches when not in use.

Size 1.....32 to 46
Size 2.....36 to 52

THE HALL-BORCHERT DRESS FORM CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED
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Modern Martyrs!

The age of martyrs is not passed. There are thousands of women all over the country enduring physical torture and mental anguish almost beyond description. They are not victims of persecution, like the martyrs of old; they are not called on to face the scaffold or the stake, but their sufferings—borne in silence and hidden from the world at large—are scarcely less intense.

These ladies, as a rule, are women and girls of refined and sensitive temperaments. Knowing that their sufferings are due to a disordered condition of the female functions, their native modesty deters them from seeking relief in the earlier stages; and when they do consult a physician, they usually get some drug mixture to take internally, which is not more effective for troubles of this kind than it would be for a toothache, a bruise, or any other strictly local ailment.

The seat of the trouble being in some one of the female organs, the remedy, to be effective, must act on this portion of the anatomy.

This is the secret of the success which always follows the use of ORANGE LILY in derangements of this kind. It is a strictly local treatment. It is absorbed directly into the parts that are inflamed and congested and its beneficent, soothing influence is noticeable from the start. The irritation of the delicate membrane is relieved, the congestion is overcome by the discharge of the watery matter which served to oppress the nerves and cause mental depression; the nerves are toned and invigorated; and the sunshine and joy of life again becomes part of her being. Read the following letters:

Archer, Ont., Feb. 1, '09.

Dear Mrs. Currah:—I received your kind letter some time ago, but was feeling so well, and not needing medicine, that I neglected replying sooner. I must say I have more confidence in ORANGE LILY than in any other thing I have ever used. Before I knew or found out anything about this medicine, I doctored away hundreds of dollars, and when I thought I was dying with inflammation of the womb, a box of ORANGE LILY was sent me through the mail from a friend. The first suppository I used I was greatly relieved, and in a few months completely cured. That was nine years ago this winter, so you can imagine with what esteem I hold the ORANGE LILY. I am thankful there is such a relief for poor, suffering women, for I have been one of them and can sympathize with others. Your sincere friend,

MRS. NORMAN WEAVER.

Trenton, Ont., Dec. 4th, 1909.

Mrs. F. E. Currah, Windsor, Ont.—

Dear Friend,—I feel it my duty to write you a testimonial as to what Orange Lily has done for me. Last winter I was feeling very miserable indeed. I could scarcely do my housework during my menstrual period, and for two months or more I was never free from pain in the womb and ovaries. The pain would run down the groin, so I would frequently nearly double up. Then the pain began going up the back of my neck to my brain until I hardly knew what I was doing at times. Life was a burden indeed. I finally could endure it no longer, so went to our leading town doctor and had an examination. He pronounced it (I forget the word) a rigid condition of the generative organs, produced by repeated attacks of inflammation. He said I would have to take a course of treatment, and if that failed to overcome the rigid condition I might, in time, be compelled to have the ovaries removed. I objected to that, so filled out Dr. Coonley's symptom blank and forwarded it to him, and he diagnosed the disease the same as my local doctor, so I decided to take Dr. Coonley's Treatment. I have used two jars of Cerate Massage, two packages of Herbal Womb Tonic and six boxes of Orange Lily. It is eight months since I began the treatment, but I feel like a new woman. I work right through everything now. Hardly know a pain, even during menstruation now. I often say, "I would not take $100 and be in the state that I was last March." I feel that Dr. Coonley's Home Treatment is a Godsend to suffering womankind, and shall continue to sound its praises whenever I have an opportunity.

Yours gratefully, MRS. T. H HATTON

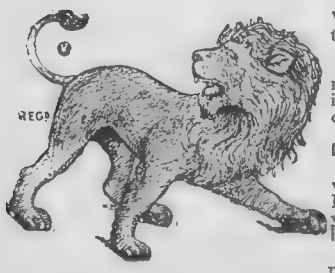
ORANGE LILY as a remedy for these ills, as well as for leucorrhoea, painful periods, irregularities, cancers in their earlier stages, tumors, displacements, lacerations, and all ovarian troubles, has long since passed the experimental stage. So confident am I of this that I will send ten days' treatment, which is worth 35 cents, to any sufferer ABSOLUTELY FREE. The treatment is inexpensive, used at home, and no physician is necessary. Send at once for the

Free Trial Treatment

which will demonstrate that ORANGE LILY will cure you. Enclose stamps, and address **MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, WINDSOR, ONT., Can. Rep., Coonley Med. Inst. Delays are dangerous.**

For Sale by Leading Druggists Everywhere

"HOW TO PRESERVE STRENGTH AND RETAIN THE POWERS."



If you have wrecked your Nerves by OVERWORK or WORRY, drained away your strength by bad habits or dissipation, or SAPPED your vital forces by EXCESSES

It is Time for You to Stop.

No man can afford to be reckless, force nature to undue effort, ruin his Constitution or violate the laws governing life. This invariably results in disaster or a Complete Nervous Breakdown and a

Giving Out of the Vital Forces

long before the average period.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, and every man who would be warned in time, should take heed NOW. Send 10 cents for my Book, and you will find it the most profitable of all literature you now possess, and thousands who have read it acclaim it to be "worth its weight in gold."

Half-an-hour's reading and a determination to act up to it may save you from an otherwise never-ending misery and give you new life. It will teach you more in fifteen minutes than you will gain in years by experience.

It is a valuable, instructive and interesting treatise on Generative Weakness, and the Cause and Cure of Nervous Breakdown, Mental Exhaustion, Depression of Spirits, General Weakness, Waste of Vitality, Premature Decline and Loss of Power in Men.

The most popular and practical treatise published on the Laws governing Life, with special chapters on Generative Weakness, Flagging of the Powers and practical observations on Marriage.

Contains valuable remarks to Weak and Nervous Men on how to preserve the Health, regain Strength and restore the Powers when lost.

To the inexperienced, the married, or those contemplating marriage, no other work contains so much helpful or sensible advice, or will prove so interesting and instructive to those who desire to preserve their Strength, build up the whole Nervous System, restore the Powers to advanced age or fit themselves for Marriage. It will be sent in a plain, sealed envelope to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

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ranged over it, and the tunic is finished with a shaped trimming band that makes most effective trimming. Both blouse and skirt are closed invisibly at the left side of the front. If washable material is used, the lining can be omitted and the chemisette portion attached to the blouse itself.

For the 16-year size, the blouse will require 1½ yards of material 27 or 36, or 1¼ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard of all-over lace 18 inches wide and 3 yards of banding; the skirt 4 yards 27, 3½ yards 36 or 3¼ yards 44 inches wide, with 1½ yards 27 inches wide for the trimming band and 5½ yards of fur banding. A pretty effect can be obtained by making the trimming band of a contrasting material and, for that reason, the quantity is given separately.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse, 7364, is cut in sizes for girls of 14, 16 and 18 years; of the skirt, 7675, for 16 and 18 years.

The above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper upon receipt of ten cents for each.

A Graceful Gown of Plain and Figured Crepe

Crepe is one of the prettiest and most available of fashionable materials. It drapes most beautifully, it takes lovely lines and it is serviceable. This frock combines plain with figured and is trimmed with touches of velvet. It is

DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
7670 Fancy Blouse with Vest, 34 to 42 bust.
7671 Two-Piece Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

very lovely, very attractive and, what will surely be a welcome statement, it is simple and the making means no difficulty. The skirt consists of only two pieces with the trimming band arranged over it. In this case, it is made of one material above the band and another below. The waist is a perfectly plain one, but the collar is novel and the little vest portions are distinctive. In this case, it is made with the long sleeves that are so fashionable, but if the cuffs are cut shorter, the sleeves become of three-quarter length. This skirt is made short, but long ones are much worn, and for many occasions, are to be preferred. If a more elaborate gown is wanted, charmeuse satin could be used throughout with the skirt made long, the collar of all-over lace and the revers of satin of a contrasting color. If a very plain dress is wanted, the trimming band can be omitted. If treated in that way, the skirt would be closed invisibly at the left side. As illustrated, it is closed on a line with the waist.

For the medium size, the waist will require 3¼ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards of 36, or 1¾ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅜ yard of velvet for the collar and vest, ½ yard 27 inches wide for the revers and ½ yard for the chemisette; the skirt, 4¼ yards 27, 3 yards 36, or 2¾ yards 44 inches wide for the upper portion and trimming band, 2½ yards 27, 2 yards 36 or 44 inches wide for the lower portion.

The May Manton pattern of the waist, 7670, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure; of the skirt, 7671 from 22 to 30 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

A Smart Gown of Charmeuse Satin

There is no material more beautiful and more fashionable than charmeuse satin. This gown shows it trimmed with velvet and narrow bands of fur, while the chemisette is chiffon. The color is amethyst, the chemisette is white, the trimmings are black, and the fur is ermine. Taupe would be lovely, however, in place of the amethyst, or white satin would be lovely with black trimming. A great deal of red is being worn this season and the right shade of

DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
7677 Fancy Waist, 34 to 40 bust.
7678 Three-Piece Draped Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

red with black collar and cuffs would be beautiful. If something simple is wanted, the skirt can be made short and, if the long sleeves are not liked, those of elbow length can be used. The full chemisette with round neck is charming, but it often happens that a high collar is desirable and a plain chemisette of lace with a stock collar can be substituted. While charmeuse satin is such a favorite material that it is sure to be in demand, gowns of the sort can be made from any material that can be draped successfully. Novelty materials include a great many lovely ones and velvet could be used, for velvet is made so pliable that it drapes perfectly. This gown is finished with a belt at the natural waist line, but the skirt can be lifted a little if the high line is liked.

For the medium size, the waist will require 2½ yards of material 27, 1⅝ yards 36 or 1⅜ yards 44 inches, with ¾ yard of velvet for the collar and cuffs and ½ yard 36 inches wide for the chemisette; the skirt 6¼ yards 27, 5 yards 36 or 44 inches wide.

The May Manton pattern of the waist, 7677, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure; of the skirt, 7678, from 22 to 30 inches waist measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

— In the Fashionable Semi-Princesse Style

7703—Semi-Princesse Gown with Three-piece Skirt

SEMI-PRINCESSE STYLE

The gown that is made in semi-princesse style and with the closing at the front is a favorite and one that will be extensively worn throughout the season. This one is designed for the trip to the South and is made up in linen with trimming of embroidery. The long sleeves with frills that fall over the hands and the open necks are especially

Bruce's Superb New Sweet Peas

We offer one of the finest collections of these beautiful flowers. 80 new and up-to-date sorts. Crop very short. Order early.

Bruce's Superb Mixed New Varieties. Pkg. 10c, 1 oz. 35c; 2 oz, 60c; 4 oz. $1.00; 1 lb. $3.50.
Bruce's Choice Mixed. Pkg. 5c; 1 oz. 20c; 2 oz. 30c; 4 oz. 50c; 1 lb. $1.50.
Bruce's Royal Nosegay Collection. One pkg. each of four superb sorts, separate colors, 25c.
Bruce's Spencer Novelty Collection. The most magnificent of all sweet peas, one pkg. each of five new varieties, separate colors, 50c.

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Bruce's Seeds are Cheapest because they are the best.

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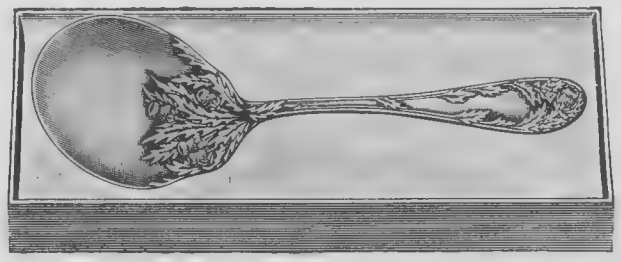
La-rola

Is a perfect emolient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use. Allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Sun, Wind and Hard Water, it not only **PRESERVES THE SKIN** but beautifies the Complexion, making it SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY.

The daily use of La-rola effectively prevents all Redness, Roughness, Irritation, Tan, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully cooling and refreshing after MOTORING, GOLFING, TENNIS, CYCLING, ETC.

Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.

M. Beetham & Son, Cheltenham, England.



This Beautiful Sugar Shell

For Western Home Monthly Readers

The above illustration is an actual photograph of a piece of silver plate ware which is bound to become popular with our readers. It is made by the well-known firm of ROGERS and guaranteed for twenty-five years. Each shell is packed in a neat box and sent to you postpaid.

This is Our Offer:

Send us $1.00 in payment for one new subscription and ten cents for postage and packing and we will forward this sugar shell at once. We only have a limited number in stock, so urge immediate acceptance of our offer.

Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

Enclosed find $1.10 for which send Western Home Monthly to

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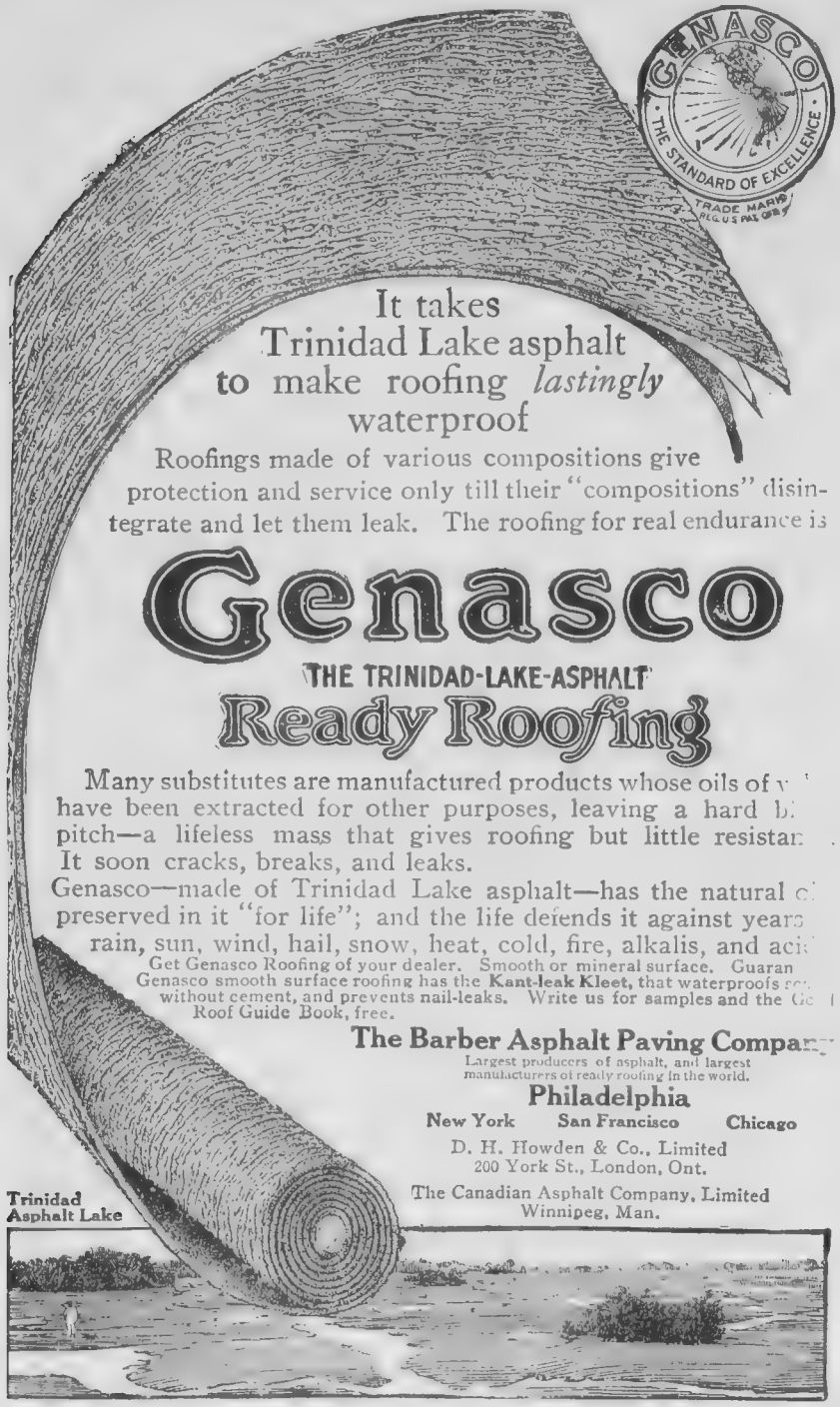

It takes Trinidad Lake asphalt to make roofing *lastingly* waterproof

Roofings made of various compositions give protection and service only till their "compositions" disintegrate and let them leak. The roofing for real endurance is

Genasco

THE TRINIDAD-LAKE-ASPHALT

Ready Roofing

Many substitutes are manufactured products whose oils of v[illegible] have been extracted for other purposes, leaving a hard b[illegible] pitch—a lifeless mass that gives roofing but little resistan[illegible] It soon cracks, breaks, and leaks.

Genasco—made of Trinidad Lake asphalt—has the natural o[illegible] preserved in it "for life"; and the life defends it against years rain, sun, wind, hail, snow, heat, cold, fire, alkalis, and aci[illegible]

Get Genasco Roofing of your dealer. Smooth or mineral surface. Guaran[illegible] Genasco smooth surface roofing has the **Kant-leak Kleet,** that waterproofs s[illegible] without cement, and prevents nail-leaks. Write us for samples and the G[illegible] Roof Guide Book, free.

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Largest producers of asphalt, and largest manufacturers of ready roofing in the world.

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smart features, but the model is a good one for many uses. It not alone is admirable for linen and all similar washable materials, it also is well adapted to serge and the like, and as there is a separate chemisette that can be worn when occasion demands, the gown is available for street wear as well as for indoor use. Serge, with the trimming portions of satin and the chemisette of lace, would make a most useful costume to be worn either in the house or upon the street with the addition of some light wrap. Long sleeves are fashionable, but they are not the only ones, for a great many smart gowns are shown with those of elbow length, and these can be finished in either length.

For the medium size, the gown will require 6¼ yards of material 27, 5¼ yards 36 or 4¾ yards 44 inches wide, with 2¼ yards of embroidery or 1⅛ yards of satin for the trimming and ⅝ yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette.

The May Manton pattern of the gown, 7703, is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure.

The pattern, 7703, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper upon receipt of ten cents.

With the Fashionable Trimming of Fur

Fur trimming and overlapped edges make two notable features of midwinter styles and this costume shows them both. The gown is a very graceful and charming one made from white chiffon broadcloth combined with brocaded velvet and finished with a lace collar and under sleeves. The lines are distinctly smart and graceful and the gown is an exceptionally useful one. This is a season of long coats and gowns and, beneath the enveloping wrap, this gown can be worn to card parties, afternoon receptions and any occasion of the kind, while it is charming for the informal dinner, the theatre and similar functions. The skirt is a three-piece one that can be finished at either the high or the natural waist line, and the blouse is made over a lining. If preferred, it can be made high at the neck and with under sleeves, but, just as illustrated, it is in the height of style. A pretty and quite different effect can be obtained by the use of velvet over satin, or plain charmeuse satin over broche, or by the use of a colored broadcloth in place of the white. All yellow shades are fashionable this season and buff would be beautiful trimmed with skunk and arranged over panels of white. The fashionable mole-colored charmeuse would be handsome with the edges of the skirt and blouse simply stitched and the gown made in this way would be much simpler in effect, and available for every day use.

For the medium size, the blouse will require 3⅛ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 36 or 2 yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with ¾ yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette and collar, 3½ yards of fur banding and 1½ yards of lace for sleeve frills. For the skirt will be needed 3¾ yards 27 or 33, or 2½ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with 1¼ yards of velvet for the panel and 4½ yards for fur banding.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse, 7562, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure; of the skirt, 7563, from 22 to 30 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

THE MULTIPLICATION TABLE.

An old gentleman was proudly exhibiting his collection of antiques to a friend who had called to see them.

"That table," said the happy owner, "is 500 years old."

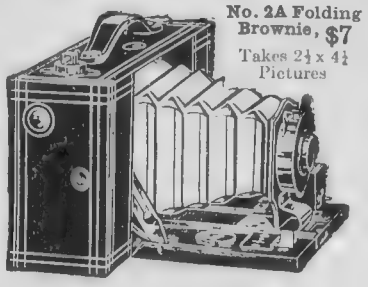
"That's nothing," came the startling remark of the visitor's young son, who was accompanying his father. "We have a table at home that is 3,000 years old."

"Impossible, my boy, impossible!" cried the old gentleman. "What kind of a table is it?"

"The multiplication table," answered the lad, with a mischievous grin.

The most obstinate corns and warts fail to resist Holloway's Corn Cure. Try it.

They Work Like Kodaks



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Made at first to make photography as simple and inexpensive as possible for the little folks. Made so well that grown-ups caught the Brownie habit at once. Now made for all—from the original little dollar Brownie up to $12.00.

Wonderfully capable little cameras are the Brownies—combining extreme simplicity, low price and efficiency to a remarkable degree,

Work like the Kodak—made in Kodak factories—by Kodak workmen—to Kodak standards of quality.

Use Kodak film cartridge—daylight loading and unloading of course—no dark room for any of the work.

"Book of the Brownies" at your dealers or on request from us

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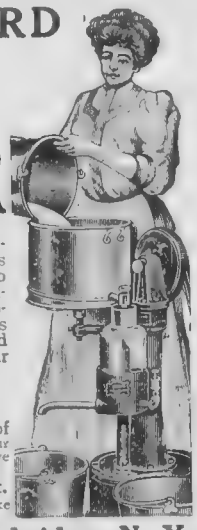
$15.95 AND UPWARD
SENT ON TRIAL

AMERICAN SEPARATOR



Thousands In Use giving splendid satisfaction justifies your investigating our wonderful offer to furnish **a brand new, well made,** easy running, easily cleaned, perfect skimming separator for **only $15.95.** Skims **one quart of milk a minute,** warm or cold. Makes thick or thin cream. Different from this picture, which illustrates our low priced large capacity machines. The bowl is a **sanitary marvel** and embodies all our latest improvements.

Our Twenty-Year Guarantee Protects You

Our wonderfully low prices and high quality on all sizes and generous terms of trial will astonish you. Whether your dairy is large or small, do not fail to get our great offer. Our richly illustrated catalog, *sent free of charge* on request, is the most complete, elaborate and expensive book on Cream Separators issued by any concern in the world.

Shipments made promptly from Winnipeg, Man., St. John, N. B., and Toronto, Ont.

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AMERICAN SEPARATOR CO., Box 1196 Bainbridge, N. Y.

Milk and Cream Wanted

Highest Prices paid for shipments to Winnipeg. Address

CARSON HYGIENIC DAIRY CO.

Winnipeg Man.

A NEW WAY TO MAKE MONEY

I am making a fortune selling Pure Fruit Candy. Any brainy person can do likewise; so if you want to make more money than you ever possessed, write me and I will start you in business. I am glad to help others, who, like myself, need money. People say "the candy is the best they ever tasted"—therein lies the beauty of the business — the candy is eaten immediately and more ordered. You don't have to canvass; you sell right from your own home. I made $12 the first day. So can you. Isabelle Inez, Block 137 East Liberty, Pittsburg, Pa.

Artificial Limbs

To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

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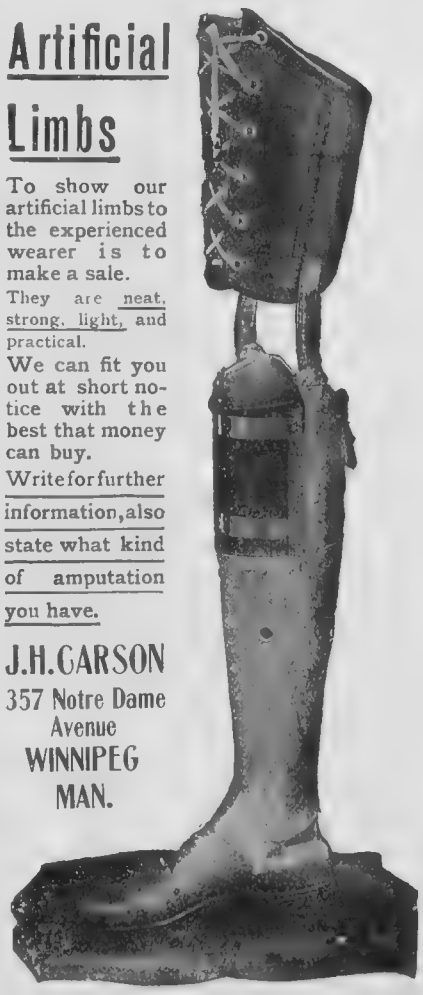

About the Farm

Thirty Thousand Dollars a Year from Twelve Acres

Farmer in Ohio Makes a Clear Profit of $12,000 Each Year—Eighteen Men Cultivate this Miniature Farm.

THIRTY thousand dollars extracted from twelve acres of ground every year, of which at least twelve thousand dollars the farmer put in the bank as profits after paying all expenses!

This is the record of a farmer near Cleveland, Ohio, who was formerly a city man, but who went back to the soil and made good. His name is Martin L. Ruetenik.

From the city with its blare of noises and its dusty streets this man sought out a little farm, settled down and is now making as much money as the head of many a successful business corporation. After a weary struggle of several years the ground gave forth its bounty and to-day he is clearing over a thousand dollars a month, owns and operates two automobiles and several carriages—has a cozy home and a happy family.

In one year—1907—the farm returned twenty thousand dollars in profits, the gross receipts being about double that sum. For this year Ruetenik hopes to realize a total of about fifteen thousand dollars in profits, after all expenses are paid.

Waiting for Master

This enterprising farmer is making one thousand dollars an acre per year from his land. It is true that he has become a specialist, yet it is also true that every cent is made from the soil itself. Nothing is manufactured except with the assistance of soil and nature.

Ruetenik's little farm contains eighteen acres in all, but only twelve acres are under cultivation. Eighteen men are employed on these twelve acres, every square inch of which is made to produce revenue in the way of vegetables.

Martin Reutenik is a brilliant example of a man who has learned to use his brains. Beginning on a piece of land without any special advantages as to fertility or adaptability and without any experience as a farmer this man, by dint of hard work, intelligently directed, has converted the little farm into a veritable gold mine, yielding as it does twice the value of the land per year, after all expenses are paid.

Scoff as the average farmer does about 'book larnin'' and the farmers who attempt to sow and reap their crops from advice bound between cloth covers, this farmer makes them sit up, for Reutenik is a 'book-made' farmer. In addition, he has been a very close student of government and experiment station reports. He has also cultivated a penchant for experimenting. Although cautious to a degree, he is constantly at work seeking to improve the quality of his vegetables and to discover new means for getting them to the people when the prices are highest.

Back in 1883, H. J. Ruetenik President of Calvin College, Cleveland, grew inexpressibly weary of city life. He decided to go back to the soil and rest his brain and exercise his body. He had a sixteen-year-old son, Martin L. Ruetenik, whom he decided to take with him.

The Rueteniks started in to do some scientific gardening. They read up the newest methods of fertilizing their land, discussed the best ways of planting, cultivating and harvesting their crops.

When the college professor and his son balanced their books at the beginning of the first year, they discovered that they had lost about five hundred dollars. The same thing happened the second year. The third year the balance was somewhat smaller. So it was the fourth year. The fifth year they broke even and thereafter the profits began to appear.

The younger Ruetenik began studying the use of hothouses in raising farm crops. Doing a general gardening business from the very first the young man discovered that more money could be made from certain crops, and as money was what he was after, he promptly began to specialize in those crops—celery, tomatoes, asparagus, lettuce, pie plant, beets and several other vegetables. The main crops, however, were celery, tomatoes and lettuce.

It was about 1888 that young Ruetenik built his first greenhouse. It was ten by fifty feet in size and has since been torn down. He started growing lettuce and tomatoes for the early spring and later fall markets when it could not be obtained from other sources.

The greenhouse didn't pay its way the first year nor the second year either. A little thing like that, however, didn't discourage Ruetenik, who about this time purchased his father's interest in the farm and began running it alone. He kept right along and the third year the greenhouse broke about even on receipts and expenditures. Thereafter it began to pay big money. Ruetenik built three or four greenhouses each year for five or six years until he had a total of about twenty-five houses in 1900, since which time he had made no new extensions, being kept busy looking after their contents and always maintaining them in first-class order. He had 120,000 square feet, or nearly three of the twelve acres of land under glass.

In a number of these houses crops

WE handle Wheat, Oats, Flax and Barley on commission, obtaining best possible grades and prices. Our work is prompt, accurate and reliable. Let us handle YOUR shipments this season. Daily or weekly market letter on application.

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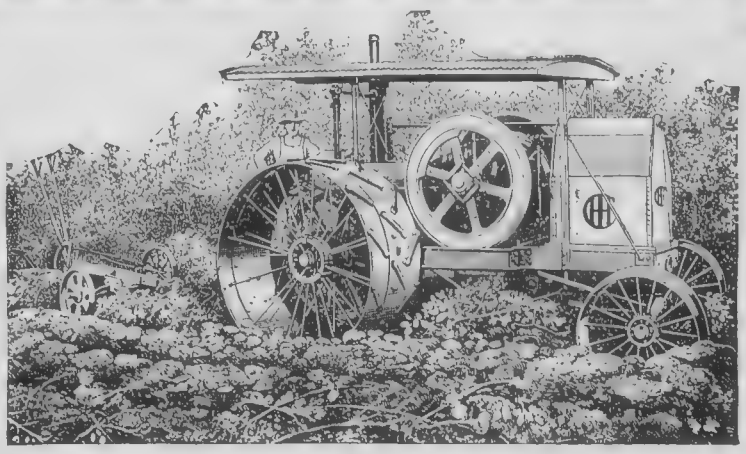
125-Egg Incubator and Brooder Both For $13.75
FREIGHT AND DUTY PAID

If ordered together we send both machines for only $13.75 and we pay all freight and duty charges to any R. R. station in Canada. We have branch warehouses in Winnipeg, Man. and Toronto, Ont. Orders shipped from nearest warehouse to your R. R. station. Hot water, double walls, dead-air space between, double glass doors, copper tanks and boilers, self-regulating. Nursery under egg tray. Especially adapted to Canadian climate. Incubator and Brooder shipped complete with thermometers, lamps, egg testers—ready to use when you get them. Five year guarantee—30 days trial. Incubators finished in natural colors showing the high grade California Redwood lumber used—not painted to cover inferior material. If you will compare our machines with others, we feel sure of your order. Don't buy until you do this—you'll save money—it pays to investigate before you buy. Remember our price of $13.75 is for both Incubator and Brooder and covers freight and duty charges. Send for FREE catalog today, or send in your order and save time.

Write us today. Don't delay. WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO., Box 200, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

It Works Throughout the Year

EACH season brings work for an I H C tractor. On all of it the tractor makes a profit for the man who owns it. Spring plowing, harrowing, disking, and seeding are best done by I H C tractor power. Summer road making, well-drilling, grading, concrete mixing, irrigating and other pumping keep an I H C tractor busy on the days when there is no field work. Harvesting, threshing, wood sawing and grain hauling are part of its autumn work. Preparation of the ground for the coming year's crops keeps it busy until winter's solid cold sets in. The one thing needful to make a tractor a profitable investment is a reliable machine, so simple and easily managed that it can be handled by the regular farm help. You assure yourself of this essential feature when you buy an



I H C Kerosene-Gasoline Tractor

The men who build I H C tractors learned what was needed to make a tractor successful, by actual work in the field. Any proposed improvement must prove itself thoroughly before it finds a place in the I H C tractor. Nothing is taken for granted, nothing is slighted in their building. Therefore, when you buy an I H C tractor, you have no experiments to make, no risks to run. Give it reasonable care, and long before you can wear it out, it has paid for itself.

I H C tractors are made in 12, 15, 20, 25, 30, 45, and 60-horse power sizes; I H C general purpose engines in 1 to 50-horse power sizes, suitable for farm uses or for the steady grind of shop, mill and factory. The I H C local agent will give you catalogues and full information, or, write the nearest branch house.

WESTERN CANADIAN BRANCHES
International Harvester Company of America
(Incorporated)
At Brandon, Man.; Calgary, Alta.; Edmonton, Alta.; Estevan, Sask.; Lethbridge, Alta.; North Battleford, Sask.; Regina, Sask.; Saskatoon, Sask.; Winnipeg, Man.; Yorkton, Sask.

About Shipping Grain to Duluth

The Canadian Northern Railway Co. have just issued instructions that until further notice they will not receive grain at country points for shipment to Port Arthur, because with the quantity now in store there, and the quantity already on the way, the elevators at Port Arthur will be filled to their capacity within a few days, but they will now take grain to Duluth where there is plenty of storage available.

The freight rate is the same to Duluth as to Port Arthur, and as the grain must be exported prices in store Duluth are usually exactly the same as in store Port Arthur and Fort William. Therefore, farmers who ship their grain from Canadian Northern stations need have no hesitation about shipping it to Duluth.

Bill cars to **"Order Thompson, Sons & Co., Duluth, notify Thompson, Sons & Co., Winnipeg,"** and on the shipping bill must be written the words **"In transit in Bond through United States to Kingston, Ontario."** This rotation however is merely a matter of form owing to the grain being carried in Bond and except for this the billing of a car to Duluth is in no way different from billing it to Port Arthur, and every station agent has full instructions in regard to billing to Duluth, so no mistake need be made. When the order against shipping to Port Arthur is removed resume shipping to that point.

We desire your consignments of Wheat, Oats, Barley and Flax, to look after and dispose of for you at the highest market prices, on commission only at the regular charge of 1c per bushel. Write to us for information. We are always at your service. In regard to our reliability, efficiency and financial standing, consult any city or country bank manager in Western Canada.

THOMPSON, SONS & CO.

Grain Commission Merchants

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Special Clubbing Rates

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CLASS A
Weekly Free Press
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CLASS B
Nor'-West Farmer
The Woman's Magazine
Weekly Tribune

CLASS C
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The Western Home Monthly	and any 1	Periodical	in Class	A	$1.00
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Special Offers

The Western Home Monthly	$1.00	The Western Home Monthly	$1.00
American Review of Reviews	3.50	Winnipeg Weekly Free Press	1.00
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All for $3.35	$6.00	All for $2.00	$3.00

British Publications

Let us send you an English paper and "The Western Home Monthly" to your friends at home. We have Special Rates on all British periodicals and quotations on any not given here will gladly be furnished on application.

"The Western Home Monthly" and any one of the following periodicals for one year for $2.35; any two for $3.50.

Overseas Daily Mail
Royal Magazine
The London Magazine
Wide World Magazine
The Strand Magazine
Tit-Bits

Quotations on other periodicals on request.

Address: THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg, Man.

Caterpillar Tractor Threshing.

of lettuce are raised all winter. Beginning about the end of July the little plants, some 255,000 of them this year, were set out. The crop was in shape for the market about the end of August, and from that time until the first of the next June lettuce is being sent to market almost every day. The garnish on the roast at Thanksgiving or Christmas in many a home comes from Ruetenik's hothouses. He plants and raises three crops of lettuce in his hothouses each year. In the fall, he sells a case of forty heads for as low as 35 cents or as high as $2.00, according to the season, the supply and the demand. Lettuce which he sells to the Cleveland wholesaler for five cents a head the grocer sells to the consumer for about fifteen cents, so that there is considerable profit for others from Ruetenik's business.

Tomatoes are another of Ruetenik's profitable crops. He sows his seed in the hothouses about February first. While the snow is swirling above the glass roof, the tender plants shoot up, the temperature being kept from sixty to eighty degrees as required. The little plants are carefully tended and trained in one tall vine, being hung with twine to a series of wires above. Some vines grow six and eight feet high, with tomatoes hanging ripe and red every three or four inches. A year ago Ruetenik sold 12,000 baskets of ten pounds each from fourteen greenhouses at $1 a basket, or a total of $12,000. The crop which is sowed early in February is marketed from June fifteenth to August fifteenth—long before home-grown tomatoes are available in the Cleveland territory and when they sell at from eight to twenty cents a pound.

Cucumbers are another profitable crop raised by this gardener. He begins his crop in the early spring and harvests it late in May and early in June. His crop the past year consisted of 500 bushels which he sold at $2.00 a bushel, realizing $1,000.

Four of the nine acres outdoors are set to celery, some 200,000 plants being grown. These plants are put out in June and July and are harvested in September, October and November, when they sell for about $2.00 per 100 plants. Such a crop is worth to Ruetenik about $4,400.

Pie plant is raised on sections of the twelve acres which are on a hillside and which cannot well be cultivated for other purposes. Over $200.00 a year per acre is realized on the pie plant. Each plant of rhubarb lasts about five years and is then replaced. Each year about fifty tons of manure, costing $1,000 a ton, are scattered over the area devoted to pie plant.

Several acres are devoted to asparagus, beets, carrots and other vegetables, which are set out just as early as possible, so they can be marketed a few weeks ahead of the regular crop. A patch of about an acre of sweet corn was grown this year and sold at 25 cents a dozen ears. Three weeks later a neighbor living almost next door sold his sweet corn on the Cleveland market for two cents a dozen! Such is the difference in men. Ruetenik uses his brains and the other fellow doesn't.—Stanley L. McMichael in the 'Technical World Magazine.'

Is Teaching Skill Worth Paying For?

Is teaching skill worth paying for? Those connected with our state institutions for agriculture are expected to be experts in their respective lines. A man who demonstrates that he really possesses unusual ability is immediately sought by commercial organizations who offer salaries much higher than the official positions pay. Love for public service does not go a great way in retaining these men, and if the public is to benefit by their skill it must be willing to pay the commercial price. The position of the teacher and public demonstrator is one of open competition, and more and more the best men will be offered the posts and will displace the less capable—provided the salaries are attractive.

The truth is that, in public service and college teaching at least, many a man does not pretend to live upon his salary. Either he or his wife possesses private means. An investigation at a certain Eastern college revealed the surprising fact that three-fourths of the members of the faculty were spending more than they received—from the college. Is university teaching to become a rich man's game, and is social snobbery to be as prominent as in business circles? If so, the hope of democracy through higher education is not remarkably strong.

What agricultural college trustees and high school boards must be brought to see, if we are to have real education by real teachers, is the necessity—not the desirability—of paying a man what he is worth. While a football coach or a head waiter gets more than a college professor it is useless to talk about the

Caterpillar Tractor Hauling Farm Implements.

Warranted to Give Satisfaction.

Gombault's
Caustic Balsam

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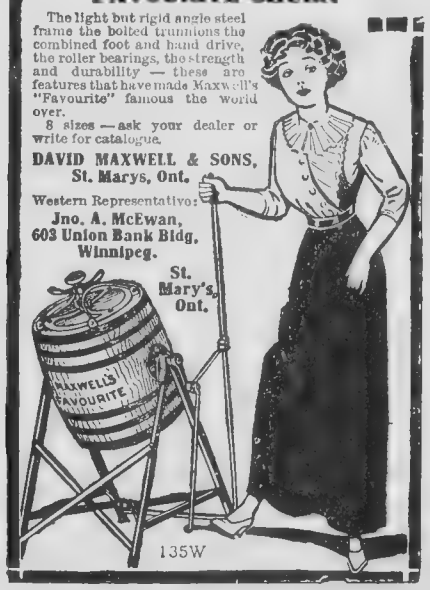

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satisfactory state of American culture.

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Frogs as Barometers

Hans was in the garden making mud pies. Suddenly he heard his father call: "Hans, come here; I want to speak to you."

"What is it, father?" cried Hans, getting up from the ground where he had been playing and going over to the window where his father was.

"Hans," said he, I want you to find a tree frog for me—like those you hear in the evenings."

"What do you want a tree-frog for?" asked the boy.

"I'll show you," replied his father; "but get me the frog first."

So Hans ran off, wonderingly, to the back of the yard, where there were a great number of fruit trees growing.

Here he searched for some time unsuccessfully.

"It's always the way," said he to himself. "If I didn't want one I could find a couple of dozen in quick time."

At last as he was about to give up the search, he found one—a big green fellow—sitting quietly in an old hollow stump, its coat so mingling with the color of the wood that he would have passed it by had it not uttered a croak of displeasure at being disturbed.

With a cry of delight the boy picked it up by the hind leg, though Hans was not a cruel boy, he was sometimes thoughtless, and then he was a little afraid of frogs. He carried it to his father, who stood waiting for him on the porch.

Mynheer Voost took the frog from his son and went into the house, closely followed by the boy, who was anxious to see what his father was about to do. When he reached the workroom he saw on the table a jar which, to him, looked suspiciously like one of his mother's preserve jars; and beside it lay a small ladder, about eight inches long, made of wood, and having four steps, each an inch wide.

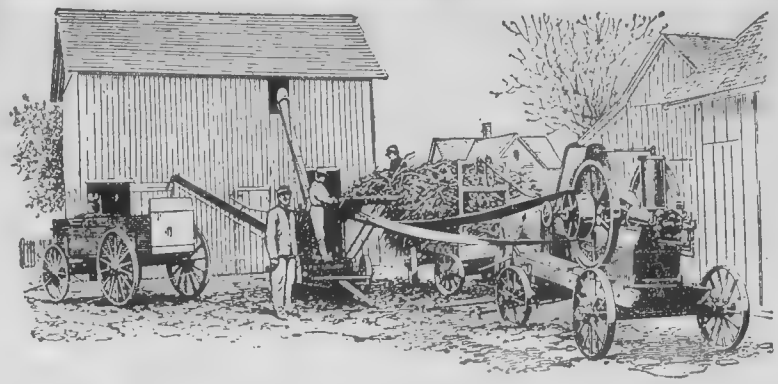
His father took this ladder and placed it in the jar, the top and bottom resting against the opposite sides. He then put the frog in the jar, and screwed the top down, making the unfortunate frog a prisoner.

"Now," explained his father, when he had finished, "I have a barometer. When the weather is to be clear and fine, Herr frog will go up the ladder, step by step, till he gets to the top; but if a storm threatens or the clouds are lowering, he will gradually descend to the bottom and remain there till the storm or rain is past. His position on the ladder, you see, will show the kind of weather we are liable to have for the next twenty-four hours."

This style of barometer is much used in the lowlands of Germany, and, strange as it may seem, they are said to be better forecasters of the weather than any barometers that can be bought, as the frogs seldom make a mistake in their indications.

Shortening the Hours

Modern conveniences and a new spirit have done much to make life on the farm pleasant. But there is much yet to be done. A young woman of intelligence who lives on a model farm with her father was recently asked: "Do you like the farm?" There was a quick unconscious sigh as the young woman



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Since there is no way to *prevent* spavin, curb, splint, ringbone, sprains and lameness, your thought should be given to the quickest, surest and most economical *cure*. And for over 85 years, thousands of horsemen have depended on Kendall's Spavin Cure. It's the old, reliable, *safe* remedy that has saved thousands of dollars' worth of *horse flesh*, to say nothing of the *worry*, *time* and *trouble* it has saved horse owners. *You* should get and keep a bottle of—

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for emergencies. You never can tell when you'll need it, and when the time does come, you'll be mighty glad you had the foresight to prepare. Here are samples of the thousands of letters we receive from grateful horse owners every year. Mr. C. E. Hull, Kingston, Ont., writes :—"I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for years with never failing success." Mr. E. A. Coon, Carnduff, Sask., says :—"I have used your Spavin Cure with great success on my stock as well as for domestic purposes. It is the best thing I can get for Sprains and Rheumatism—also for Splints, Galls and Sore Shoulder in horses." Mr. W. Shaults, Hand Hill, Alta., writes :—"I have used your Spavin Cure for years and keep it on hand at all times. It is good for man and beast." And Mr. Wm. Booth, of Grovette, Ark., writes :—"I have cured both Blood and Bone Spavins, taking the bunch all off and leaving the horse as sound as he ever was. The horse does not need entire rest while using Kendall's Spavin Cure. Light work and careful handling are better than standing in the barn. If the horse was in the pasture, not many people would take proper care of him. I use the Spavin Cure a week at least, sometimes three, according to the severity of the trouble. There is enough in one bottle to cure three large Spavins if used according to directions. It is excellent for bruises, both for man and beast. Your Spavin Cure will cure Thoropin in a hurry. With over twenty years' experience with this remedy I know what I say to be true. If one doubts my my word he may bring me a horse with a Blood Spavin on one leg, Bone Spavin on the other and Thoropin on both and I can make him a sound horse in six months. What I have done, I can do again and what I have done others can do."

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hesitated between loyalty and frankness. She was naturally domestic and by every instinct inclined to love the country. "Y-e-s," she replied, "I like the country—and we have it quite convenient now. But we have got to get up at four in the morning and work until eight at night. I get awfully tired sometimes, but it looks like we just can't quit." There will have to be some way found to quit. That is the big reason why so many of the best boys and girls go from the farm and so few come back. Telephones, automobiles, pianos, books, community centers will not avail unless time is found to enjoy them. Years ago when prices were low it was often necessary for the farmer and all his family to work early and late to make a living and pay the mortgage. But with better farming methods and increasing prices that necessity is passing. The farmer and his family must be able to earn a good profit on ten or twelve hours a day. The time has passed when intelligent, ambitious people will be content, even under the favorable conditions of the great outdoors, to labor sixteen or eighteen hours a day merely to earn a living. It is good to work; but there must be time for mental and social improvement and for play. The city has laws against child labor. But the eleven-year-old farmer boy may be sent to the field to make a full hand. Women are not allowed to work in stores and factories more than eight or nine hours; but often on the farm they work sixteen or eighteen. The economic condition that compelled drudgery on the farm must pass; and then the new farm management must teach people how to live on the farm as well as how to raise crops.

The Pleasures of Travel. — A good story is told of a well-known Isle of Wight divine who went on a yachting cruise to the Mediterranean with a friend who hated putting into port on the way to his destination. However, after a great deal of persuasion from the Canon, who particularly wanted to get his letters, the yacht put into Barcelona. The Canon at once went to the post office and asked for his letters. "We cannot give them up till you are identified," was the answer. "But I am Canon P., and well known in England, and am on board Captain H.'s yacht," replied the Canon. "You must be identified by the captain of the yacht," answered the post office official. There was nothing for it but to go off to the yacht and bring back the captain, who satisfactorily identified the Canon. "Now, you must come with me to the British Consul and make a declaration," said the official. They found that the Consul was away from home and would not be back till the following night, so the Canon had to go back to the yacht and wait. The next evening he made the declaration and went back to the post office, where he again demanded his letters, only to be told that there were none!

One of the officials at our Embassy at London tells of an incident that occurred in a train proceeding through the north of Scotland. There was another passenger in the compartment at the time the American entered.

At the next station three Scots came in. They were all big, burly men and completely filled up the seat on the side of the compartment where the first mentioned passenger was seated. At the next station the carriage door opened to admit a tall, cadaverous individual, whose girth was about that of a lamp-post.

He tried to wedge himself in between two of the passengers already there, and said to one of them:

"Here, you must move up a bit. Each seat is intended to accommodate five persons, and according to Act of Parliament you are entitled only to eighteen inches of space."

"Aye, aye, my friend," replied one of the Scots; "that's a' very guid for you that's been built that way; but ye canna blame me if I ha' na' been construckit according to Act of Parliament."

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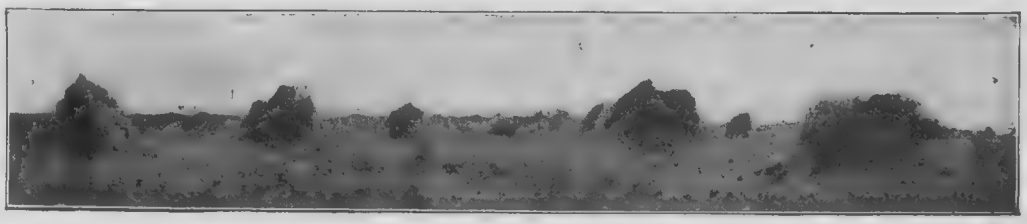
Wheat Field, Sec. 28-34-10 West 2nd

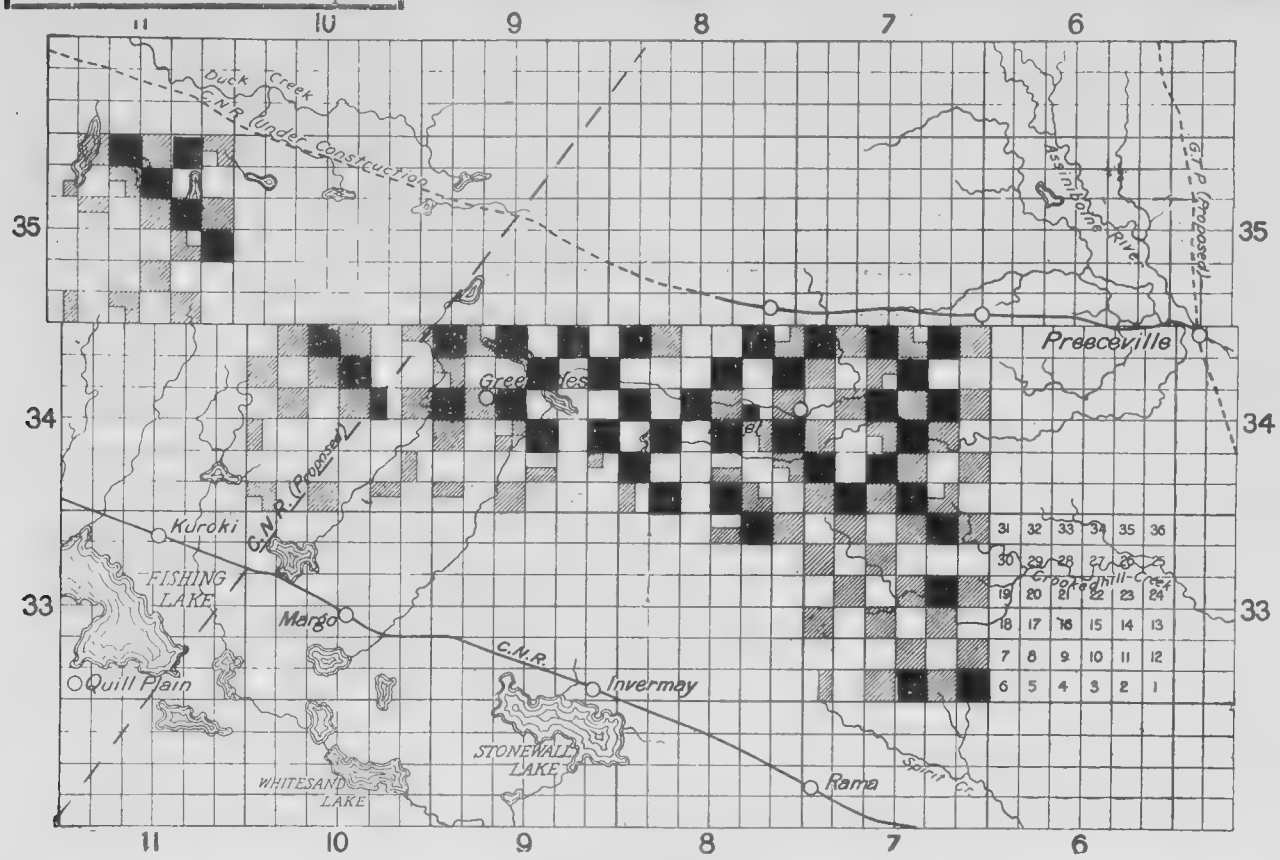


Oat Field, Section 36-35-11 West 2nd

Cattle on Section 22-34-8 West 2nd

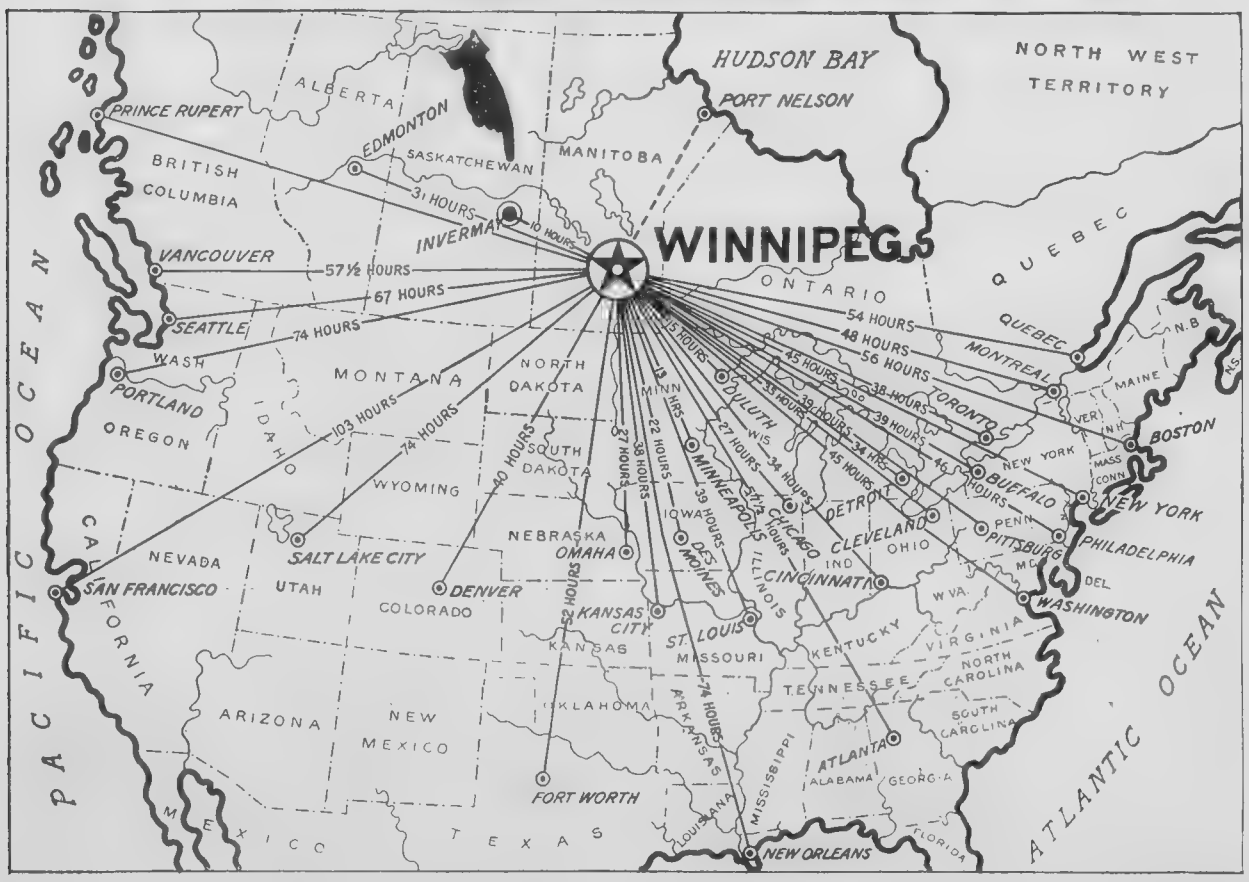
REFERENCE
Lands for sale shewn in black squares
Lands owned and operated by resident farmers shewn in shaded squares

Lands Owned by Canada Lands Limited



Scale 6 miles to 1 inch

Breaking on Sec. 22-34-18 West 2nd



REPORT ON LAND

In Townships 33, 34 and 35, Ranges 7-11, W. 2nd Meridian

I am well acquainted with the character of the land in the townships and ranges above mentioned, and know the class of land which is marked on the map which is attached to this report.

These lands are part of a very large quantity of land which was selected for Osler, Hammond & Nanton, several years ago, the selection having been made by the late Mr. Dodds and myself, who were then inspecting and selecting land for that firm. At that time there were large areas of land from which to choose, and we endeavored to select land of the very highest quality, and we had special regard to the land of first-class soil, free from alkali, with good water for agricultural purposes.

Since the above lands were first selected, I have had occasion to go over that district several times, and the last time I went over the above township was almost two years ago.

I might here state that after I had selected land in that district for Osler, Hammond & Nanton, I selected very large quantities for the Canadian Northern Railway Company, which had the right to select land out of a very large area, and I selected a very large area for the Railway Company, the better lands having since been taken over by the Saskatchewan Valley & Manitoba Land Company, who, I understand, have sold all their land in that district.

Referring particularly to the lands on the annexed map, I might say that they all have a very rich and deep loam soil, with good clean subsoil, and they are absolutely free from alkali. The vegetation is composed mostly of pea vine, red top and blue joint grasses, which are the best evidences of rich soil, and when I drove over these townships I found that in places the travelling was most difficult, as the pea vine came up to the sides of the horses.

There are some small lakes of sweet water in these townships, and also some good streams of good water. The rainfall in this district is always good.

On some of these sections there is good sized timber, suitable for building, fencing and firewood, but, generally speaking, I would say that about fifty per cent of this land is now ready for the plow, and other portions of considerable extent are of easy clearance. Where there has been much scrub on the land most of it has been burned over.

I have no hesitation in saying that it is first-class throughout, practically every quarter-section being good. I know of no better land for wheat, oats or barley. It is equally good for stock. Cattle do well and fatten ready for the block on natural grasses, and cattle and horses winter in the open and come out fat in the spring.

As to railway facilities, the annexed map shows the distance of these lands from the main line of the Canadian Northern Railway, and I understand that a branch of that railway, which is already partly constructed from Swan River, known as the Thunder Hills Branch, will be extended either through or just to the north of these lands. I understand the survey has already been made.

I am personally acquainted with some of the farmers in this district, who have raised 40 bushels of wheat to the acre, 100 bushels per acre of oats, and the yield of potatoes, turnips and other roots and garden stuffs cannot be surpassed.

In addition to the work done by me for the Canadian Northern Railway Company and for Osler, Hammond & Nanton, by whom I am now engaged on inspection for their Loan Companies, I might say that I have done a large amount of inspection and selection for the Land Commissioner of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and for other large companies, any of whom may be referred to as to my qualifications.

(Signed) E. A. BREDEN.

LANDS OWNED BY CANADA LANDS LIMITED

TOWNSHIP 33, RANGE 7, W. 2.

SECTION 1—640 acres; black loam top, clay subsoil; surface nearly level; scattered surface stone; covered with small poplar, most of which is dead and easily cleared; small creek crosses centre north and south; 75 per cent tillable, balance meadows.

SECTION 3—640 acres; black loam top, clay subsoil; surface undulating; covered with small growth of poplar; good growth of vegetation; a few scattered surface stone; 80 per cent tillable, balance meadows; branch of Spirit Creek crosses northeast corner.

SECTION 23—640 acres; rich black loam top, clay subsoil; surface undulating; a few surface stone; poplar groves, with willows on edge of low spots; good growth of grass; 85 per cent tillable, balance meadows; fine creek crosses south half

SECTION 35—640 acres; black loam top, clay subsoil; surface nearly level; some surface stone; covered with small poplar and willows; good growth of grass; 90 per cent tillable, balance meadows.

TOWNSHIP 34, RANGE 7, W. 2.

SECTION 3—640 acres, black loam top, clay subsoil; surface nearly level; sufficient stone for building purposes, covered with second growth poplar and willows, 75 per cent tillable, 15 per cent meadows, balance sloughs; good growth of grass.

General Report Regarding the Townships in Which Our Lands are Situated.

During the month of September, 1912, the President of our Company made a personal examination of the lands being dealt with in this report and spent considerable time in talking with local settlers, ascertained the best methods of farming and the crops that can be raised most successfully in that territory.

The intention is to confine this report entirely to the district in which our lands are located and the lands actually offered for sale.

During the past ten years a great deal has been written about the laws of Canada, climatic conditions, crops raised, etc., and should this general information be desired by anyone after reading this article, the same can be obtained by writing to the Deputy Minister of the Department of the Interior, at Ottawa, Ont.

LOCATION

Our lands are located in East Central Saskatchewan, in what is known to the Department of Agriculture as Grain District No. 4 of Saskatchewan.

Our lands are located between the main line of the Canadian Northern Railway on the south, the Thunder Hills branch of the Canadian Northern Railway on the north (now under construction), and the Grand Trunk and Canadian Northern Railways to the East, being lines headed northward to connect with the Federal Government Railway now being built to Hudson Bay.

As shown by the map our lands are located at the "parting of the ways." The creeks from the centre of our territory flow north, south, east and west. The territory is consequently well drained, and, owing to its altitude (1,500 feet above sea level) has a very buoyant atmosphere.

MARKETS

The railway markets within easy driving distance of our lands are fully described and a photograph of each town shown. During the next year three towns should be established on the new railway now under construction, thus affording other good market towns even more accessible than the towns herein described.

CLIMATE

The spring season in our territory commences about April 1st, which is followed by the delightful summers for which Western Canada is famous. During the wheat growing season the sun rises between 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning and sets between 8 and 9 o'clock in the evening. To the many hours of sunshine which this district enjoys, followed by cool nights, may be attributed the large crops of wheat, oats, barley and flax grown in this territory. Local settlers who have lived in the district for seven and eight years are authority for the statement that cattle and horses are allowed to run out all winter. The winters are, therefore, not unreasonably cold, due no doubt to the fact that the large forest reserves immediately north afford protection from the north winds.

LATITUDE

Few people are familiar with the relative location of Canada as compared with the other recognized grain-producing markets of the world. Taking the centre of our district as a starting point we find it is 100 miles south of Berlin, Germany; 160 miles south of Liverpool, England; 290 miles south of Copenhagen, Denmark; 560 miles south of Stockholm, Sweden; 575 miles south of Christiania, Norway, and 575 miles south of St. Petersburg, Russia.

Latitude is one of the causes of Western Canada's great productiveness.

RAINFALL

The rainfall of Central Eastern Saskatchewan is ample for the profitable production of cereal crops. Owing to the cool nights and the absence of hot winds, evaporation does not proceed as rapidly in Western Canada as in more southern countries, consequently less moisture is required to mature the crop.

The following table gives the average rainfall at the places named during the periods indicated:

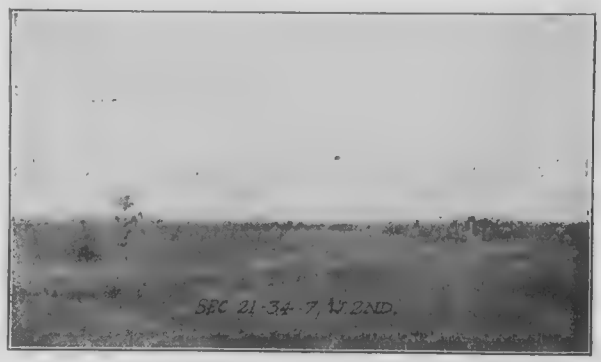
Stations—	Years Observed	Average Inches
Prince Albert	11	17.93
Battleford	12	14.88
Edmonton	13	18.44
QUILL PLAINS	7	18.61
Indian Head	13	17.59

SECTION 5—640 acres; black loam top, clay subsoil; surface nearly level; no stone worth mentioning, covered with small growth of poplar and willow; 65 per cent tillable, 20 per cent meadows, balance low and wet; all drainable.

SECTION 7—640 acres; rich black top, clay subsoil; surface level; covered with small growth of poplar and willows; a few spruce in low spots; 50 per cent tillable, 25 per cent meadows, balance sloughs; can all be drained to creek 6 ft. wide which crosses northwest corner of section.

SECTION 9—640 acres; black loam top, clay subsoil; surface nearly level; a few stones; some small scattered meadows; 95 per cent tillable; good growth of blue joint, vetches, etc.; a number of poplar groves.

SECTION 15—640 acres; gritty black loam top, clay subsoil; gently rolling surface; only sufficient stone for building purposes; 50 per cent open prairie, balance small poplar and willows; 85 per cent tillable, 15 per cent meadows; fresh water creek crosses northeast quarter.



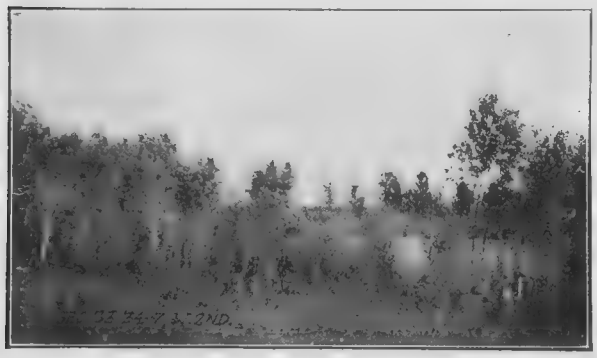
SECTION 21—639 acres; black gritty loam top, clay subsoil; surface undulating, slopes southeasterly, a few surface stone, nearly all open prairie; creek of spring water crosses south half; 90 per cent tillable, balance meadows; rich growth of grass.

LANDS OWNED BY CANADA LANDS LIMITED

SECTION 23—640 acres; clay loam top, clay subsoil; surface gently rolling; a few surface stone; covered with light growth of poplar; 75 per cent tillable, balance meadows; good growth of grass.

SECTION 27—640 acres; black loam top, clay subsoil; surface slightly rolling; surface stone on north half; covered with second growth poplar; grass two feet high covers entire section; adjoining land all improved.

SECTION 31—645 acres; chocolate loam top, yellow clay subsoil; surface undulating; covered with young growth of poplar; sufficient stone for building purposes; 90 per cent tillable, balance meadows, small creek, spring water.



SECTION 33—646 acres; dark gritty loam top, yellow clay subsoil; surface undulating; some surface stone, 75 per cent tillable, balance meadows, easily drained; good growth of grass

SECTION 35—646 acres; black loam with slight sand mixture, clay subsoil; surface undulating; some surface stone on north-west quarter; section covered with good growth of grass, 80 per cent can be plowed, balance meadows.

WATER

This district is watered by several never-failing creeks of pure spring water, small lakes, and by digging wells unlimited quantities of water, 99½ per cent pure, may be obtained at from 10 to 20 feet.

SOIL

The soil in this district is a black loam, with ample deposits of humus and decayed vegetable matter, which makes it friable, easily worked and better for retaining moisture. The subsoil throughout is a porous yellow clay of great depth.

BUILDING MATERIAL

About 25 miles north of our land are large timber reserves where several of Canada's largest lumber companies are operating. Dressed lumber can be obtained, therefore, at first cost. Some of the settlers, however, build log houses and stables to commence with, and where good judgment is used, colonial homes with cobble stone foundations and fire-places are built that would prove attractive to people living in palatial homes in the larger cities.

VEGETABLES

Some of the finest potatoes, parsnips, carrots, cabbages, tomatoes and turnips that were ever grown in Saskatchewan are produced in this district. Some of the settlers even grow their own tobacco.

It is a standing joke among local settlers that when the rural telephone line is constructed in their district they will dry carrots to be used for telephone poles.

FRUIT

Small fruits such as raspberries, gooseberries, currants, crab apples, etc., are produced in this district and do well. The guide accompanying the inspector over this land stated that in strawberry season, they grew so prolificly that in driving over the prairie the wheels of the buggy were often red, caused from crushed strawberries.

FUEL

The district contains sufficient timber, which, if properly conserved, will supply the settlers for years.

The coal mines of proven quality in the southeastern portion of Saskatchewan, about 150 miles south of our lands, supplemented by the coal deposit recently discovered in the Touchwood Hills, about 30 miles southwest of our lands, solves the fuel question for all time.

GRASS AND HAY

The photographs shown in connection with the sectional reports of our land is convincing proof that this district excels both in quantity and quality in the growth of wild grasses, such as red top, blue joint, pea vine and vetches. While clover and timothy have not been grown to any great extent, there is no question that both clover and timothy can be grown successfully in that territory. The clover sown by local settlers is convincing proof that alfalfa and mammoth red clover will grow as luxuriantly in this district as in the State of California.

LIVE STOCK

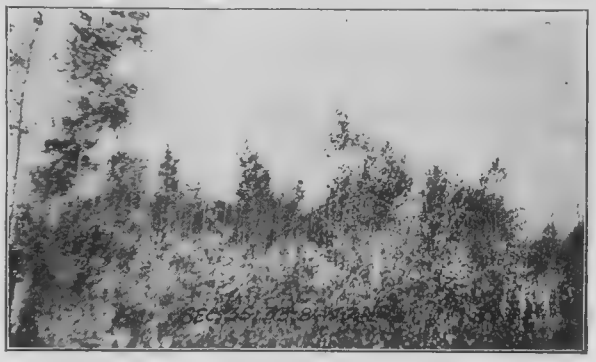
Hardly a day goes by that does not contain an article in the leading newspapers of Canada deploring the fact that Canada does not produce sufficient meat, butter, cheese, etc., for home consumption. The prices obtained for produce of this kind in the Dominion are higher, perhaps, than in any other part of North America, excepting only Alaska and the Northwest Territories, where lack of transportation facilities are the only factors in creating high prices. It is estimated that if marked attention were given to the stock-raising industry in Western Canada, it would take six years to supply domestic needs.

Owing to the rich natural grasses produced in this district and the unexcelled water conditions, combined with climatic conditions, there is no district where dairying and stock-raising can be carried on with less expense or effort than it can in this territory. Any stockman or dairyman who will take the time to investigate will find the opportunity here that meets every requirement.

SASKATCHEWAN CROP REPORT

These are the striking figures compiled by the Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Information and Statistics, for this year's crop (1912). The estimates here made are based on reports of 1,800 correspondents.

The total yield of wheat, oats, barley and flax is estimated as 228,466,154 bushels, or an increase of 15,755,801 bushels over the crop of 1911. This was grown on an estimated acreage of 9,184,814, against 8,602,455 acres in 1911,



TOWNSHIP 33, RANGE 8, W. 2.

SECTION 35—640 acres; black loam top, clay subsoil; surface nearly level; no stone; covered with small poplar and willow; good growth of grass; 70 per cent tillable, 20 per cent meadows, balance under water.

TOWNSHIP 34, RANGE 8, W. 2.

SECTION 3—617½ acres; rich black loam top, clay subsoil; surface level; no stone; covered with scattered poplar groves, with willows in low spots; there are a number of small meadows having a good growth of grass; 75 per cent tillable.

SECTION 5—638 acres; black loam top, clay subsoil; surface undulating; a few surface stone; covered with scattered groves of poplar and willows; 70 per cent tillable, balance meadows with good growth of grass; fine section for cattle or sheep raising.

SECTION 7—639 acres; rich black loam top, clay subsoil; surface level; no stone; covered with second growth poplar and willows; 65 per cent tillable, 20 per cent meadows with good growth of grass, balance wet but easily drainable.

SECTION 13—640 acres; black loam top, clay subsoil; surface gently rolling; scattered surface stone; poplar groves with some willows in low spots; 50 per cent can be broken without clearing; 90 per cent tillable, balance meadows.

LANDS OWNED BY CANADA LANDS LIMITED

SECTION 15—636 acres; good black loam top, clay subsoil; surface level; covered with small poplar groves, scattered surface stone; small creek crosses south half; good growth of grass, 80 per cent tillable, balance meadows; a good section, easily cleared.

SECTION 17—636 acres; rich alluvial top, clay subsoil; surface level; no stone; covered with dead poplar, easily cleared; luxuriant growth of grass; creek four feet wide crosses south half, which has its source rom a lake on west ine, 25 acres of which is on this section; 80 per cent tillable, balance meadows and lake.

SECTION 19—636 acres; rich black loam top, clay subsoil; surface level; no stone; covered with dead poplar, easily cleared; luxuriant growth of pea vine, vetches and blue joint four feet high; 85 per cent tillable, balance meadows.

SECTION 21—636 acres; rich black loam top, clay subsoil; surface undulating; no stone; covered with scattered groves of dead poplar; luxuriant growth of pea vine, vetches and blue joint; 80-acre slough in south half; creek of spring water 10 feet wide crosses centre of section to which slough can easily be drained; 75 per cent tillable.

S. W. 1-4 SECTION 23—160 acres; black loam top, clay subsoil; surface undulating; mostly open prairie, occasional groves of poplar; fine creek crosses southwest corner; 90 per cent tillable, balance hay

showing an increase in acreage of 582,359 acres. The increase in flax acreage is largest in those districts which have the least railway facilities, as the farmer with a long haul can obtain more money for his load of flax than he can for any other kind of grain. He can also get quicker returns, as flax is the most suitable crop for newly broken land.

The figures show that this year all previous records will be broken and that Saskatchewan will produce the largest crop in its history and further establish its supremacy as the greatest wheat-producing area in the British Empire.

WHEAT (1911)

District No.		Crop Area (acres)	Total Yield (bushels)	Yield per Acre
1.	South Eastern	1,697,655	29,199,696	17.2
2.	South Central	738,357	15,653,169	21.2
3.	South Western	229,929	3,862,807	16.8
4.	EAST CENTRAL	**422,889**	**8,796,092**	**20.8**
5.	Central	1,390,752	26,007,063	18.7
6.	West Central	415,553	6,981,290	16.8
7.	North Eastern	32,059	573,856	17.9
8.	North Central	159,762	3,243,169	20.3
9.	North Western	140,598	2,390,166	17.0
		Acres	Bushels	Yield per Acre
	Province	5,232,248	96,796,588	18.50

OATS (1911)

District No.		Crop Area (acres)	Total Yield (bushels)	Yield per Acre
1.	South Eastern	601,963	24,457,757	40.6
2.	South Central	280,232	14,140,507	50.5
3.	South Western	73,541	3,030,625	41.2
4.	EAST CENTRAL	**461,308**	**23,439,060**	**50.8**
5.	Central	435,004	18,033,942	41.4
6.	West Central	139,852	6,738,069	48.2
7.	North Eastern	42,753	1,943,979	45.5
8.	North Central	87,871	3,938,738	44.8
9.	North Western	70,282	2,953,953	42.0
		Acres	Bushels	Yield per Acre
	Province	2,192,806	98,676,270	45.0

BARLEY (1911)

District No.		Crop Area (acres)	Total Yield (bushels)	Yield per Acre
1.	South Eastern	80,713	2,111,452	26.2
2.	South Central	13,090	400,554	30.6
3.	South Western	5,946	168,879	28.4
4.	EAST CENTRAL	**63,427**	**1,980,825**	**31.2**
5.	Central	42,186	1,115,398	26.5
6.	West Central	6,882	192,283	28.0
7.	North Eastern	7,753	204,912	26.4
8.	North Central	17,354	477,409	27.5
9.	North Western	7,642	208,092	27.2
		Acres	Bushels	Average
	Province	244,993	6,859,804	28.0

FLAX (1911)

District No.		Crop Area (acres)	Total Yield (bushels)	Yield per Acre
1.	South Eastern	234,629	3,393,431	10.5
2.	South Central	299,435	3,551,299	11.9
3.	South Western	36,025	389,828	11.1
4.	EAST CENTRAL	**28,382**	**372,939**	**13.1**
5.	Central	132,957	1,475,823	11.1
6.	West Central	98,823	1,054,441	10.7
7.	North Eastern	4,182	36,551	8.8
8.	North Central	4,266	50,083	11.7
9.	North Western	4,709	53,306	11.3
		Acres	Bushels	Average
	Province	932,408	10,377,701	11.3

This report can be verified and future reports obtained by writing The Department of Agriculture and Statistics, Information Bureau, Regina, Sask.

COMPARATIVE WHEAT YIELDS

The following is a table showing the average yields of wheat per acre in Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Grain District No. 4 of Saskatchewan, covering a period of seven years, 1905 to 1911, inclusive:

Grain District No. 4	21	bushels
Minnesota	13.90	"
North Dakota	12.50	"
South Dakota	12.70	"

CLEARING LAND

In reading over the sectional reports in connection with our land, the reader might assume that the clearing of land from brushwood, etc., would prove a serious proposition. Local settlers, however, have demonstrated that there is nothing easier than clearing this land from brush, as desired. Owing to the rank growth of grass throughout this entire territory, clearing the land from poplar brush is a very easy matter. The natural grasses average at from three to four feet in height, the growth is luxuriant, and in the autumn season when this vegetation dries and lodges, it forms a carpet on the land of some depth. By setting fire to this carpet vegetable matter in the spring season it will kill all live timber and burn all wind-fall and dead timber. The following season the land produces a still richer growth of grass, and by repeating the firing process the land will be entirely clear and ready for cultivation.

The breaking scene shown on these pages demonstrates the final act of clearing the land in that way. The strip of breaking shown is a mile long, was covered with brush three years ago, and no grubbing of any kind was done when the land was broken up.

SECTION 25—638 acres, chocolate loam top, clay subsoil, surface undulating; sufficient surface stone for building purposes; covered with small poplar; 80 per cent tillable, balance meadows, good growth of grass.

SECTION 27—636 acres; black loam top, clay subsoil; surface undulating; some surface stone, north half covered with second growth poplar, south half largely prairie; 88 per cent tillable, balance hay meadows; fine growth of grass.

SECTION 31—644 acres; good black loam top, clay subsoil; surface slopes gently southwards; no stone; north half covered with large dead poplar; south half scattered poplar, second growth; luxuriant growth of pea vine and blue joint, 90 per cent tillable.

SECTION 35—642 acres; black loam top, clay subsoil; surface level with southeast slope; some surface stone; scattered groves of poplar; 75 per cent tillable, balance small meadows, with good growth of grass.

TOWNSHIP 34, RANGE 9, W. 2.

SECTION 13—640 acres; rich black loam top, clay subsoil; surface undulating; scattered groves of dead and second growth poplar, luxuriant growth of pea vine and blue joint; 580 acres tillable, 60 acre meadows; no stone.

LANDS OWNED BY CANADA LANDS LIMITED

SECTION 15—636 acres; rich black top, clay subsoil; surface gently rolling; no stone; prairie with scattered groves of poplar; luxuriant growth of grass, fresh water creek crosses northwest corner; 530 acres tillable, balance meadows.

SECTION 19—636 acres; rich black loam top, clay subsoil; surface west half undulating, east half level; some stone on west half; covered with small poplar; small creek crosses west half; 600 acres tillable, balance meadows.

SECTION 21—636 acres; rich black loam top, clay subsoil; surface undulating; no stone; west half prairie, with scattered poplar groves; east half covered with poplar; good growth of grass; 590 acres tillable, balance meadows.

SECTION 25—640 acres; rich black loam top, clay subsoil; surface level, with southeast slope; no stone; covered with dead and second growth poplar, luxuriant growth of pea vine and blue joint; 540 acres tillable, balance meadows

SECTION 27—407 80 acres; black loam top, clay subsoil, surface slopes towards lake both sides; no stone; covered with small poplar, large lake two miles long by one-third mile wide crosses this section from southeasterly to northwesterly direction; 90 per cent tillable, balance marshy.

TORRENS SYSTEM OF LAND TITLES

Our lands are all under the Torrens System of Title. The Government issues the Certificate of Title, or Deed, for the land and guarantees the Title. A bad title is unknown in Saskatchewan. The usual cost of transferring land runs from $3.00 to $10.00 for each transfer. There are no intricate and expensive abstracts to get, and the Government guarantees every Title.

TAXES

The taxes on our land for 1912 ranged at from $45.00 to $70.00 per section (640 acres). The taxes in future will average about $70.00 per section, as school districts will have been formed in every township, which is accountable for the higher taxes. Stock, implements, household goods and other personal effects, as well as farm buildings and other improvements, are exempt from taxation.

TELEPHONES

The Province of Saskatchewan owns and operates the telephone system. While inspecting our lands a Government inspector was interviewing local settlers to ascertain the advisability of establishing a rural telephone service throughout the district.

GOOD ROADS

The Government of Saskatchewan is spending $5,000,000 in the improvement of Public Highways in their Province. From $2,000 to $3,000 of this money was spent in each township in which our lands are located during the year 1912. It is likely that a similar amount will be spent in a like manner during the next four successive years. Local settlers do the work and the roads are built where they are most needed.

THEIR FRIENDS AND RELATIVES FOLLOW THEM

While inspecting our lands it was necessary to stop for a time with a great many local settlers. The first stop was made on Section 20-34-7 W. 2nd with a Mr. Studlin. In 1906 Mr. Studlin located on his land, coming originally from the State of Iowa. Today he has six relatives living in his immediate vicinity.

The next stop was made with Mr. J. J. Huntington on Section 22-34-8 W. 2nd. Mr. Huntington came from Nova Scotia and located on his land in 1905. Today he has two brothers living either adjoining or near his land, both married with families, as well as other friends.

The next stop was made at the home of Mr. Greensides on Section 20-34-9 W. 2nd. Mr. Greensides located on his land about five years ago, and today has twenty-four relatives living on adjoining lands. His home was originally in the city of Toronto.

The last visit of the trip was made at the home of Mr. T. K. Braaten on Section 30-34-10 W. 2nd. Mr. Braaten has three relatives living near him, and as practically the entire township is settled by Scandinavians from the States of Minnesota and South Dakota, it is a high tribute to his popularity, as he has a host of friends who followed him to his new home in Western Canada.

This condition indicates general satisfaction with the country, for no self-respecting citizen of any country would invite his friends and relatives to become neighbors unless he was confident that they also would be satisfied. There are 1,200 people living in the townships in which our lands are located.

OUR LANDS

Are shown on the map printed on these pages. A representative view taken on each section is shown in the report on the lands and the inspector's report printed under each photograph. These photographs and the reports are absolutely reliable.

To anyone inspecting this land for the purpose of buying, and finding these reports materially at variance with the facts, we will pay all expenses incident to making the inspection and, in addition, the sum of $10.00 per day for time spent in looking over the land. This guarantee will be given over our signature whenever requested by anyone desiring to make an inspection.

PRICES

We are offering these lands for sale at prices ranging from $15.00 to $25.00 per acre, depending on location.

TERMS

Our regular terms are one-quarter cash and the balance in five annual payments at 6 per cent. Our terms, however, are not arbitrary, but subject to such changes as circumstances may demand, as it is our purpose to make it possible for everyone who may desire to secure a home in our district to do so.

SECTION 31—641 acres; good black loam top, clay subsoil; surface undulating, some stone; covered with dead and second growth poplar, good growth of grass, small fresh water creek crosses west half; 540 acres tillable, balance meadows or marsh.

SECTION 33—530½ acres; rich black top, clay subsoil; surface slopes toward lake which crosses section east and west; a few surface stone; covered with black poplar; a number of small sloughs; $1,000.00 judiciously spent will drain this section and Section 27; 50 per cent tillable, balance meadows or marsh.

SECTION 35—642 acres; rich black top, clay subsoil; surface level with southwesterly slope, no stone; covered with dead poplar; good growth of grass; 80 per cent tillable, balance meadows.

TOWNSHIP 34, RANGE 10, W. 2.

W. ½ SECTION 23—320 acres; rich black top, clay subsoil; surface level, no stone; 90 per cent open prairie, balance poplar groves; covered with blue joint and pea vine 3 feet high; 98 per cent tillable.

SECTION 27—640 acres; good black loam top, clay subsoil; surface level; a few surface stone, 50 per cent open prairie, balance covered with scattered groves of poplar, good growth of grass; 95 per cent tillable, balance small meadows.

LANDS OWNED BY CANADA LANDS LIMITED

MARGO, SASK.

Is a market town for the eastern portion of our lands. It has 1 hotel, 1 boarding house, 2 general stores, 1 hardware store, 1 barber shop and pool room, 1 confectionery store, 2 livery stables, 1 real estate office, 1 lumber yard, 1 elevator, 1 blacksmith shop, 2 agricultural implement agencies, 1 doctor, 1 drug store, and 1 church. Margo is growing rapidly, and claims a larger rural population adjacent to it than most Western Canadian towns, which should make it an excellent trading point. The town has a population of about 200 people.

WADENA, SASK.

Is located southwest of our lands and has 3 general stores, 1 furniture store, 1 drug store, 2 hardware stores, 2 confectionery stores, 3 agricultural implement agencies, 3 lumber yards, 2 livery stables, 2 blacksmith shops, 1 tailor shop, 1 millinery store, 1 butcher shop, 2 harness-makers and dealers, 1 jewelry store, 4 restaurants, 2 barber shops and pool rooms, 1 doctor, 1 lawyer, 1 newspaper and printing shop, 3 elevators, 2 laundries, 1 dentist, 5 churches. The town has a population of 550 people.

INVERMAY, SASK.

Is located south of our lands on the main line of the C.N.R.. It has 2 general stores, 1 hardware store, 1 drug store, 1 butcher shop, 1 blacksmith shop, 3 agricultural implement agencies, 1 elevator, 1 real estate office, 1 harness-maker and dealer, 2 lumber yards, 1 hotel, 3 churches, and 1 livery barn. It has a population of about 200 people.

BUCHANAN, SASK.

Is a market town near our land. Population 300. It has 3 elevators, 2 lumber yards, 1 blacksmith shop, 3 agricultural implement agencies, 2 hotels, 1 bank, 5 general stores, 1 confectionery store, 1 jewelry store, 1 drug store, 1 barber shop and pool room, 1 livery stable, 1 real estate office, 1 restaurant, 1 school, 4 churches, 1 meat market, 1 newspaper and printing office, 1 lawyer.

PREECEVILLE, SASK.

Is a beautiful town of 200 population, located just east of our land, which is at the present the terminus of the Thunder Hills Branch of the C.N.R. This town is one year old and has 4 general stores, 1 hardware and furniture store, 1 baker, 1 millinery store, 1 confectionery store, 1 hotel, 1 restaurant, 1 blacksmith shop, 4 agricultural implement agencies, 2 livery stables, 1 lumber yard, 2 elevators, 1 laundry, 1 meat market, 1 harness-maker and dealer, 1 bank, 1 barber shop and pool room, and 2 churches. The Assiniboine River is located immediately south of the town, and the beautiful Pelican Lake is 3 miles west. Preeceville is a town surrounded by a fine farming district and we predict a great future for it

Invermay, Sask.

Preeceville.

End of Steel, Preeceville, Sask.

Margo.

The Walch Land Co., Winnipeg, Man. Kuroki, Sask., Oct. 7, 1912.

Dear Sirs: Your letter of Sept. 30 received, in which you ask my opinion in regard to this country. I have lived here seven years, and can say I am well pleased. I own a valuable farm in Southeastern South Dakota, which I have rented out, as I prefer to farm and live in this country. I have raised six crops that have averaged very good, and the way people are coming in here and towns are growing shows that this must be a satisfactory place to be or they would not come to stay. This country is going to the front fast, especially so with regard to school houses and good roads. There is no free homestead land left in our district. Some Company land can be bought at reasonable prices, but it is raising in price each year.

Yours respectfully, T. K. BRAATEN.

LANDS OWNED BY CANADA LANDS LIMITED

SECTION 33—647.15 acres; black loam top, clay subsoil; surface undulating; south half open prairie; north half prairie interspersed with dead poplar groves; no stone to speak of; 95 per cent tillable, balance meadows; this section is regarded very highly by adjoining settlers.

TOWNSHIP 35, RANGE 11, W. 2.

SECTION 13—640 acres; black loam soil, clay subsoil; surface undulating; some surface stone; covered with thick growth of small poplar, a good deal of which is dead; 600 acres tillable, balance meadows.

SECTION 23—588 acres; black loam top, clay subsoil, surface undulating; a few surface stone; open prairie, dotted here and there with poplar groves; 30 acres meadows, balance all tillable; beautiful lake with gravel shores and bottom, in northeast corner

YOU

Should arrange to inspect our lands and district as early as possible. We are confident that an inspection only is necessary to convince you that it is the most profitable district in which to farm and at the same time a very pleasant place to live.

This land is fertile and rich, the cost of living is exceedingly low, water throughout the district is of the very best quality, the price of land is reasonable, as one crop in many cases has more than paid the entire purchase price. The district is a hunter's paradise, as partridge, chicken, grouse, ducks, etc., are found in abundance, while the timber reserve to the north is a reserve for larger game, such as elk, moose, bear, etc.

The best way to reach our lands from Eastern Canada is by way of either the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway or the Canadian Northern Railway to Winnipeg. People living in the United States should come by the shortest route from their home to Winnipeg. When you reach Winnipeg, call at our office and we will get you the cheapest rate obtainable to our lands and will show you over the property free of cost. Your local Railway Agent can furnish you information as to excursion dates, etc. For any other information desired, write:

The Walch Land Company

Northern Crown Bank Bldg.
WINNIPEG, CANADA

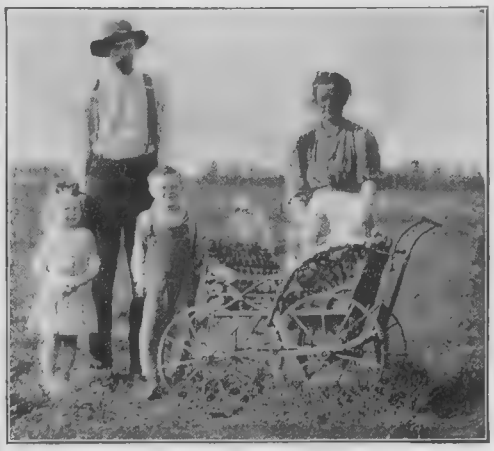
Or call at our office at
INVERMAY :: :: :: SASK.

SECTION 27—612 acres; black loam top, clay subsoil; surface undulating; a few stone; prairie dotted with groves of small poplar; 40 acres meadows, balance tillable; fine lake, containing fish, in northwest corner; gravel shores and bottom.

SECTION 33—556 acres; black loam top, clay subsoil; surface level; 70 per cent open prairie, balance small poplar; no stone; luxuriant growth of wild grasses; 500 acres tillable, balance meadows; same lake as mentioned in Section 27 southeast corner.

SECTION 35—640 acres; black loam top, clay subsoil; surface undulating; fine creek crosses north half; no stone, 480 acres open prairie, balance poplar groves; good growth of grass; 600 acres tillable; 40 acres meadows.

Studlin Home, Sec. 20-34-7, West 2nd.



Huntington Family, Sec. 32-34-8.

The Walch Land Co., Winnipeg, Man. Hazel Dell P.O., Sask., Oct. 8, 1912.

Dear Sirs: With reference to land in this district, I can say that in the year 1905 I spent two months in looking over land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, looking for a home. I had just about given up trying to get what I wanted when my attention was attracted to this locality. I spent a few days in the Hazel Dell district and took a piece of land, as I found that it was exactly what I was looking for. The luxuriant growth of natural grasses, the excellent springs of water and the creek which crosses my land, provide the conditions for what I consider an ideal home. I naturally concluded that land that could produce such growth of grass must have great fertility to do so. This year I had 40 acres sown to winter wheat. My crop averaged 40 bushels to the acre and I sold it to local settlers for seed purposes at $2.00 per bushel. Winter wheat has never failed to produce a bountiful crop wherever sown, and this now promises to be the finest winter wheat belt in Western Canada. Owing to the rank growth of natural grasses and the abundance of fresh water, this is an excellent stock-raising country. Cattle and horses can run out all winter without care and come out fat in the spring. Taking everything into consideration, I am satisfied that this part of the province cannot be beat for general farming purposes.

Yours respectfully, J. J. HUNTINGTON.

The Walch Land Co., Winnipeg, Man. Bond P.O., Sask., Oct. 4, 1912.

Gentlemen. As I promised your Mr. Walch, when he was here a short time ago, I am writing this letter to give you my views with regard to my farm and this district. I left Michigan four years ago, and when I started farming here I had $65.00. I had a hard time of it at first, as there were so many things I wanted to do but could not for lack of capital. I built my house of logs gotten in this district, fenced my land in the same way and as I had no fuel to buy, it proved a great help. A beautiful creek of spring water crosses my land and I did not have to spend any money to dig a well. I found that for the few things I needed my credit was good. My land is paid for; I have over 80 acres under cultivation and keep a great many cattle, pigs and chickens and enough horses to work my cultivated land. At the end of four years' work in this district I find that I am worth $10,000.00, and I could get every dollar of it out in cash in 30 days if I wanted to do it. Next summer I intend to put up a good set of buildings, and after that I am going to buy more land. I have succeeded in getting my brothers and brothers-in-law to locate near me, and they are all doing well. I am still a young man, and I like this district so well that I have decided to live here the rest of my days. My farm is described as the S.E. ¼ of Section 2, Township 36, Range 11, West 2nd, and I will be glad to have intending settlers stop with me when they are looking for a home in this district.

Yours respectfully, G. H. FRASER.

A Song of Growth

IN the heart of a man
Is a thought upfurled:
Reached its full span
It shakes the world,
And to one high thought
Is a whole race wrought.

Not with vain noise
The great work grows,
Nor with foolish voice,
But in repose,—
Not in the rush,
But in the hush.

From the cogent lash
Of the cloud-herd wind
The low clouds dash,
Blown headlong, blind;
But, beyond, the great blue
Looks moveless through.

O'er the loud world sweep
The scourge and the rod.
But in deep beyond deep
Is the stillness of God.—
At the Fountain of Life
No cry—no strife!

Charles G. D. Roberts.

That Old Country Schoolhouse

In many prosperous communities the district schoolhouse is often one of the most ramshackle buildings to be seen. The interior is frequently bare and cheerless, and the grounds unkempt and treeless. After all, is it not merely tradition which has kept the schoolhouse and its grounds in a primitive state? A start toward a beautiful setting for education can be made at virtually no cost save that of the labor which children are almost invariably glad to give. This has been proven again and again—especially in the Middle West. Flower gardens, trees, fresh paint and pictures mark the inexpensive steps from shiftlessness to self-respecting comeliness. If, in addition, the shape of the building can be made less like that of an enlarged packing box, so much the better. Such improvements are not the result of pretty sentimentality, but of awakened common sense. The schoolhouse should be as attractive as any farmhouse.

The economy of employing competent teachers in country schools is not appreciated by many rural school boards. Of course the limited funds are the principal drawback, and this requires a campaign of popular education. But in far too many cases the boards do not make good use of even their limited funds. In some districts consolidation is the only answer to the question. Have the pupils come to a central point, and combine for the greatest good of the greatest number. When this ideal is attained in a majority of districts, no longer will it be possible to make the statement, now only too true, that the country school is the one laggard in the educational procession. No prosperous farming community should allow justification for such a charge to exist. Attractive school buildings and efficient teaching are not luxuries; they are essential to good citizenship.

The Scarcity of Male Teachers

The scarcity of men in the teaching profession has long been a subject for regret, not only in Ontario but in all the Provinces. Even the ministry cannot find enough. The question of allowing our children to be taught by women is so old and apparently hopeless of solution that we accept it as one of the things with which we must bear patiently until we hear such men as Dr. George Locke of Toronto or Professor J. George Adami of McGill enlarge upon the evils of the present system. Professor Adami, addressing the Canadian Club at Guelph, said:

Character begets character .. .. It follows that a characterless teacher, or one incapable of impressing his or her character, turns out a race of characterless pupils.. .. There can be absolutely no question as to who should teach the growing boy. So long as he is still a child under ten years of age, I believe that, on the whole, he is best guided by the gentler hand of woman. .. .. But after ten he needs the influence and direction of a man.. .. Take, first of all, your own Province (Ontario). In your own public schools, according to Vincent Massey, there are employed as teachers 5,500 more women than men.. .. Eighty-one per cent of your teachers are women.. .. The conditions in the Province of Quebec are still worse.. .. Leaving Montreal out of account, over ninety-six per cent of the Protestant teachers are of the feminine persuasion. At Macdonald College which has become the Normal School for the Protestant teachers of the Province, there were last year 153 would-be teachers on the books. Of these 150 were women.. .. It would be better for our boys to put them under the tuition of a superannuated sergeant than in the tender care of a budding school miss. If he did not turn out scholars he would at least turn out men possessed of the cardinal virtues of discipline and esprit de corps, and a respect for the same.

For some reason or another, Professor Adami's address escaped the newspapers. It would have made excellent headlines, but, which is worthier, it touched firmly and boldly a national matter, and showed something of the magnitude of the evil.

Sheep Thrive on Swan River Farm.

Proper Care of Market Eggs

Remove the male birds from the flock immediately after the breeding season and market no fertile eggs.

Provide roomy nests and plenty of clean material; preferably dry shavings or cut hay.

Keep the nests clean and sanitary.

Collect the eggs regularly at least once, better twice, a day in moderate weather, and more frequently in very warm and very cold weather.

Remove at once in clean utensils to a cool, dry cellar.

Cover with clean cloth to prevent dust from settling upon them, and also to prevent evaporation and fading.

Do not pack loose in a box when taking them to market, but rather secure

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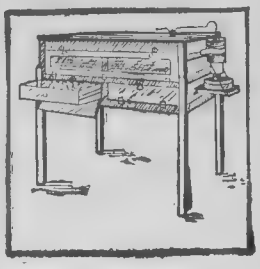

Into the pockets of the users of The PEERLESS INCUBATOR last year went five million dollars made from the poultry these people raised. Yet chickens are scarce in Canada and eggs are the scarcest of all food commodities. That is positively the fact.

To-day there are not enough Canadian CHICKENS or EGGS to go around. Thousands of dozens of eggs are being shipped into Canada from the United States and other countries to help meet the demand.

Yet there is a shortage! Eggs are commanding a tremendous price—chickens are worth dollars.

Now is the time to take advantage of this situation and make money out of it yourself. You can raise and sell 600 chickens this next year, and you will find a quick and sure market for every one of them. You can get the top notch price for all the hundreds of dozens of eggs that your poultry lay.

Let us tell you how!

The book, "When Poultry Pays," will show you how. Let us send it to you. It is interesting; it is instructive, and it contains the proof.

You need this book. It will be mailed free. A post card will bring it.

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The machine is constructed with special care. The frame cannot buckle nor bend under the most severe strains. The guards are almost level with the top of the platform allowing short grain to pass without lodging on the cutter bar. The reel has a wide range of adjustments for handling tall, short, down or tangled grain. A third packer pulls down the grain from the top of the elevator. The third discharge arm keeps the bound sheaves clear of unbound grain. The floating elevator handles grain in any quantity without clogging. Either smooth section or serrated knives can be used in the cutter bar. The improved McCormick knotter is a very strong feature.

McCormick binders are built especially for Western Canadian fields. They are not only very efficient, but are also very durable and of light draft. You cannot do better than to buy a McCormick. Let the I H C local agent show one to you, or, write the nearest branch house for a catalogue.

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Willow Cuttings, Russian Laurel, French Laurel and Russian Golden, $4.50 per 1000, express paid to any station in the three provinces. Also a nice stock of reliable trees, shrubs, trees and small fruits. No Agents. Deal direct with me and save 35% to 50%. Any trees that are not satisfactory may be returned at my expense and I will refund the money. Native Ash are proving the best tree for street planting in the West. I have a fine lot, send me your address on a Post Card and I will send you my price list and printed directions. Nothing beats the willows for a break.

JOHN CALDWELL, Virden Nurseries

VIRDEN, MAN.

a suitable egg case and thus avoid breakage.

Market as frequently and as directly as possible.

Bulletin No. 16, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Production of Eggs

And the Right Methods of Feeding to Get Them.

Some people seem to have the idea that if hens are well fed they should lay in spite of everything else. But other conditions are lost sight of, and oftentimes a well fed hen may be a most uncomfortable sort of a being. She may have a poor home, if she has any home she can really call her own, for on some farms the barnyard fowls roost in the pig pen, the cow stable, or wherever they can find a bar on which to clutch their claws. Or on some farms a poultry house is provided, but it may be so damp and filthy that a hen cannot do well in it; and no amount of good feeding will overcome the damage done in poor housing. Laying hens to do well must be housed properly in dry and well ventilated houses.

Well Bred Fowls the Best Layers

Another factor that influences egg production is the stock. A good illustration of the value of good breeding is to be found in the results of the many egg laying competitions which are being held in different parts of the country. In one contest many hens laid over 200 eggs each in one year, and in most of the contests the average is quite high. These birds are usually the best birds selected from well bred stock, and the results go to show what can be accomplished through systematic and persistent breeding. It is not necessary that a hen be pure bred to be a good layer, but at the same time, we know that the heaviest layers today are nearly always pure bred and well bred fowls. Note the difference between pure and well bred, for a pure bred hen may be an abnormally poor layer.

At any rate, the average farm flock can be readily improved by introducing fresh blood from a pure bred strain. Also the laying hen should have plenty of constituional vigor in order that she may stand the strain of egg production. Egg production depends upon the health of the hen, and naturally an unhealthy hen cannot be expected to do well. Her blood must be kept in good circulation, and this can only be done through exercise.

The Importance of Exercise

The importance of exercise for the laying flock is often overlooked. Take conditions as found on the average farm, and where the hens have access to the manure pile and scratch in it vigorously from morning till night, it will always be found that these hens lay best, particularly in winter. It is not only the undigested grains in the manure heap that benefit the fowls, but they also get plenty of exercise.

A hen is hardly ever happy unless she has lots of work, and seldom does an unhappy hen lay. The moral is to give the hen plenty of exercise, and where there is no manure pile or straw stack to provide the necessary exercise, then put plenty of litter on the hen house floor. Make the hens scratch for the whole grain given in 10 or 12 inches of straw. This will tend to keep the hen healthy and happy ,and will induce egg laying.

Feeding for Eggs

The laying flock to do well must have a sanitary and comfortable poultry house, they should be well bred, they should also be given a variety of wholesome feeds, and these should be fed to induce exercise. Many poultry men do not realize the importance of good feeding, while others place the whole responsibility upon the feed and the method of feeding. The right position to take is the happy medium. Food is only one factor that affects egg production, though it is one of the most important factors.

All foods serve various purposes in the production of eggs. Part of the food a laying hen receives furnishes energy to carry on the various activities of the body, and to keep the body warm. Other purposes served by the food are the building up of the tissues and organs, and keeping them in repair, and the supplying of material for egg production.

Variety is a most important essential. Wheat, oats, peas, buckwheat, with a little corn, are very good for summer feeding, although the proportion of corn should be increased for winter feeding. These grains should be fed as variable as possible, giving wheat in the morning and in the winter time giving corn at night. Of course, all of the grains named here are not absolutely necessary, and as far as the farmer is concerned he should use principally those grains which he may have on hand. A ration of whole grain made up of half wheat and half corn is very good for this time of the year on to March.

Whatever the method of feeding the grains, mashes, and other poultry foods, a poultry man must always remember that activity is the life of the hen. No amount of foods will give best results unless well fed.

Wet and Dry Mash Feeding

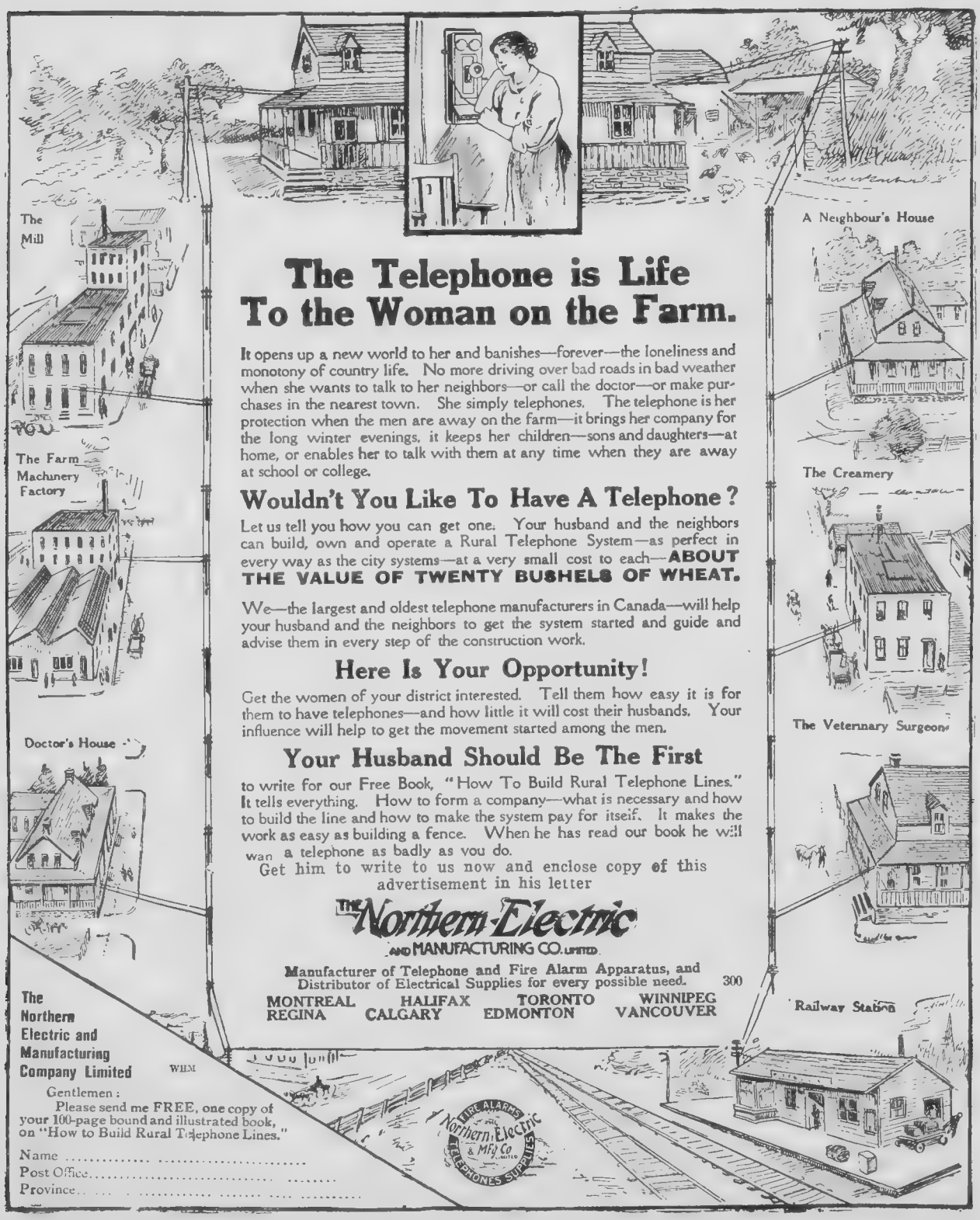
Besides the grains, usually some form of mash food is given, either wet or dry. The ingredients of the mashes are usually made up of wheat bran, middlings, crushed oats, cornmeal, with some of the more concentrated feeds, such as gluten meal, oilmeal, and linseed meal. A great deal has been said concerning wet and dry mash feeding and today the majority of the poultry men are in favor of the dry mash method, especially where there are large flocks. It takes less time and labor.

If wet mash is used it must be fed very carefully, never giving too much at one time. That is the great difficulty in feeding moistened mash—feeding too much at once. Never give more than the hens will eat up clean within a few minutes after feeding. Give a piece of mash about the size of a walnut to each bird.

The principal thing in dry mash feeding is to have the grains thoroughly mixed, and to feed in a hopper which will prevent any waste. One good dry mash is made up of 200 parts by weight of bran, 100 parts cornmeal, 100 parts middlings, 100 parts gluten meal, and 100 parts beef scraps.

Field beets and cabbages are two of the best forms in which to give green foods. Turnips are also very good. Some form of green food is necessary if one expects many eggs. Grit and oyster shell should be kept before the hens constantly. Fresh water should never be wanting.

Feed wholesome food, feed it liberally, feed it regularly and feed a variety.



Bringing the College to the Farmer

1. The Work of the District Man, by R. Newton, Macdonald College Representative for Pontiac Co.

The extension work of the agricultural colleges in this country is a very recent institution, but it has already come to be recognized as one of their most important departments. To accomplish its mission of rural uplift with any effectiveness the agricultural college must reach not a small percentage, but all of the people. If the great mass of the people cannot come to the college, then, perforce, the college must go to the people. When we consider the great numbers to be reached in this way, as compared with the relatively small numbers who ever take a regular college course, we are bound to realize something of the importance of this branch.

Although the work is new, the history of the movement leading up to it covers a much longer period, and, indeed, includes among its pages the establishment of the agricultural colleges themselves. It had its beginnings in the depopulation of the rural districts by the draining of their best young blood to swell the crowds flocking to the cities. The abandonment of some farms, and the under-manned condition of others, with the resultant wane of agriculture, threatened disaster both economically and socially. Of course, out of the congestion of the cities there came the natural reaction known as the 'back to the land' movement. But men with true insight knew that the only real and lasting solution of the problem of the rural districts was to make rural life attractive enough to hold upon the land its own best and most capable sons and daughters, and to fit them by special vocational education there to become the most efficient citizens, as well as to live the fullest and most satisfying lives.

Better Farming, Better Business

'Better farming, better business, better living,' is the succinct statement of the requirements by one of the leaders in the nation to the south of us.

'Better farming' means the more scientific selection and rotation of crops, the use of better and cleaner seed, the adoption of improved cultural methods, the more careful harvesting and storing of the crops, and the better housing and more intelligent feeding, breeding, and selection of the farm live stock.

'Better business' means for the individual the adoption of more business-like methods in the planning and execution of his work. It would involve a system of farm bookkeeping, and the careful investment of profits in improvements which would increase the earning power of his land, such as drainage, more efficient buildings or machinery, and better live stock. For the community 'better business' means co-operative organization. Business men in the cities secure increased efficiency and economy through combination of forces. If farmers would hold their own in the march of progress they must adopt like tactics. They may finance their business by co-operative credit associations; they may secure justice from merchants and middlemen, as well as economize in the cost of handling commodities, by co-operative societies for buying and selling; they may effect great economies by co-operation in the purchase of expensive machinery and high class stock. Many other benefits will suffice to prove our point.

'Better living' means first of all in the home a more intelligent dispensation, born of greater knowledge, with better equipment and more modern conveniences and comforts; it means daily rural mail delivery; it means social organizations, such as farmers' clubs and women's institutes, which bring the people together; and it means good roads to induce the people to come to these meetings.

Eliminating the Drudgery

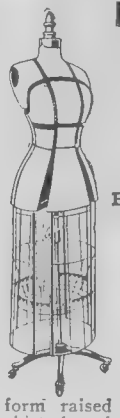
By what agency are the foregoing requirements to be fulfilled? Vocational education—it is the only answer. It will raise the farmer from a breaker of clods into a skilled scientist, with the field as his laboratory. It will create for him such an absorbing interest in his work that the element of drudgery will all but disappear. The business training included will enable him to run his farm upon a strictly business basis, with due regard to all the economic laws which govern it, and thus to compete with other commercial enterprises. The power which knowledge gives will probably be evident nowhere more than in the social advancement of the community, and the rural districts will come into their own as the most perfect location for ideal homes and home life. This threefold result of proper vocational education will mean that the young man with the most brains will see the greatest opportunities in his avocation as a farmer, and he who once felt the lure of the city most strongly will now feel it least.

Vocational education for the farmers' sons and daughters is the main reason for the existence of the agricultural college. But, as was stated at the outset, the great mass of the people never come within the college walls, hence the institution of an extension department, through which the college strives to extend its benefits to all in the rural districts.

In Ontario, the provincial Agricultural College at Guelph has during the last seven or eight years placed about thirty of its graduates in different parts of the province to act as district representatives. Each year the number is increased, the object being to have eventually a representative in each county.

Connecting Links with the Farmer

In the Province of Quebec, Macdonald College has begun an aggressive campaign. Its governing body realized at the outset the importance of this work, and in 1911, one of its first graduates was created a permanent representative for the county of Huntingdon, with an extension branch office in the town of that name. This year four more graduates were sent out. Offices were opened in Farnham for Missisquoi and adjacent counties, in Rougemont for Rouville county, in Lennoxville for Sherbrooke, and adjacent counties, and in Shawville for Pontiac county.



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This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this but I send it entirely free.

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These district representatives will act as connecting links between the college and the farmer, and will constitute themselves distributing centres for the information and help which the agricultural colleges and experiment stations have for the farmers. By getting into close touch with the man on the farm, they can render practical, expert assistance in the solution of farm problems. Their work, of course, must be as 'diversified as the manifold interests of rural life.' But through it all they are expected to conduct a progressive campaign of education and organization.

Some of the features of their work will be dealt with more specifically in future articles, to which this article may act as an introduction. It may be said here, however, that already, after but a few months' work, hopeful signs are not wanting, and, in the districts served, we are confident of a new era of progressive development.

For instance, if the breed calls for yellow legs and the flock is made up of a number of hens with dark or pale colored legs, it is well to get a male with a pronounced yellow leg, and so on. Where the practice of buying a new male bird each year is followed, the male bird should be taken from the flock as soon as the breeding season is over, and the cockerels disposed of or separated before they become troublesome.—Poultry Department, Macdonald College.

Bran as Food

Bran as a poultry food proper does not stand very high in the esteem of poultry-breeders, many never using it at all. Bran, however, possesses the good quality of being both a bone and feather-maker, while, having regard to the prices of other foodstuffs, a proportion of bran may be wisely added to the bill of fare. Apart from its value as food, bran is an aid to the entire digestive process of animals in that it promotes the digestion of other foods, while it lightens the work of the blood. A meal, for instance, that consists of one part brans and four parts of ground oats or barley can all the better and more nourishingly be digested than can meal consisting of the latter only. Hence, a meal so composed has a far greater economical value. The most suitable way of gaining the object in view particularly for fowls is that the bran be scalded and allowed to remain for some hours before mixing with other foods. In this way, the bran's qualities are better communicated, as well as its digestive powers.

Kootney Apples on the Branch

To Improve the Average Farm Flock

The buying of a pure bred male and mating him with the farm stock is probably one of the most popular methods of keeping up a flock. This system, when used for getting pure bred stock, is not to be recommended, as one never knows just when by such a method his flock can be termed pure bred. Where this is practised there are several things that must be considered.

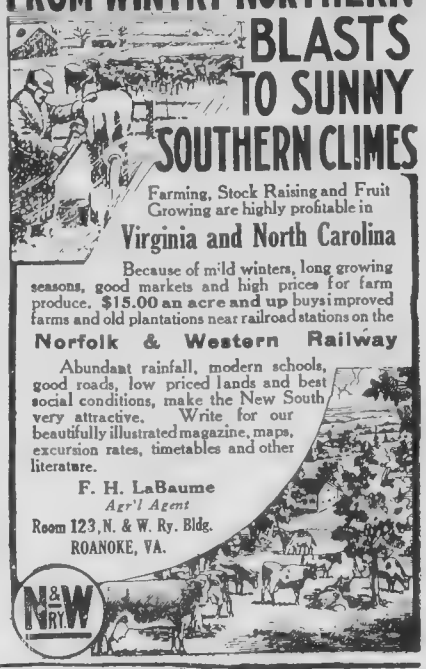
Buy nothing but birds of the best constitution. Never be satisfied with a bird lacking vigor. Get a bird of the same breed each year. A good many buy their birds intelligently, but some change breeds every year. They will take a Rock this year, then a Wyandotte, next a Red, and possibly the Red will be followed by a Minorca, Buff Orpington, Langshan or a Game. In fact they never seem to be satisfied if they cannot get a new breed each year. This should be avoided. Better stick to the same breed, and if possible buy from the same source each year.

If any selection is being done, one can easily lose the standard that has been attained by introducing a new bird from a different source. In selecting a male bird, intelligent breeders will choose a bird that is strong in the points in which their hens are weak.

The Useless Rooster

Experiments by poultrymen show that a cock eats enough each month to produce a dozen eggs, if the same food he consumes were fed to a good hen. Old cocks and non-productive hens eat, but return no income. Half a dozen cocks with five or six dozen hens will produce all the fertile eggs needed for incubation; while the hens, after the removal of the males, will continue to lay as many, as large, and as good eggs as they will when in company of the male birds. The policy of separation of the sexes, after the incubator season,

FROM WINTRY NORTHERN BLASTS TO SUNNY SOUTHERN CLIMES



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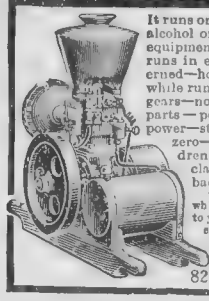

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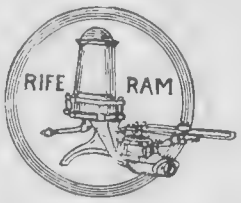

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They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c., POSTPAID. Agents wanted.
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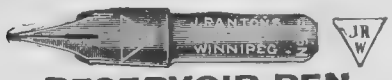

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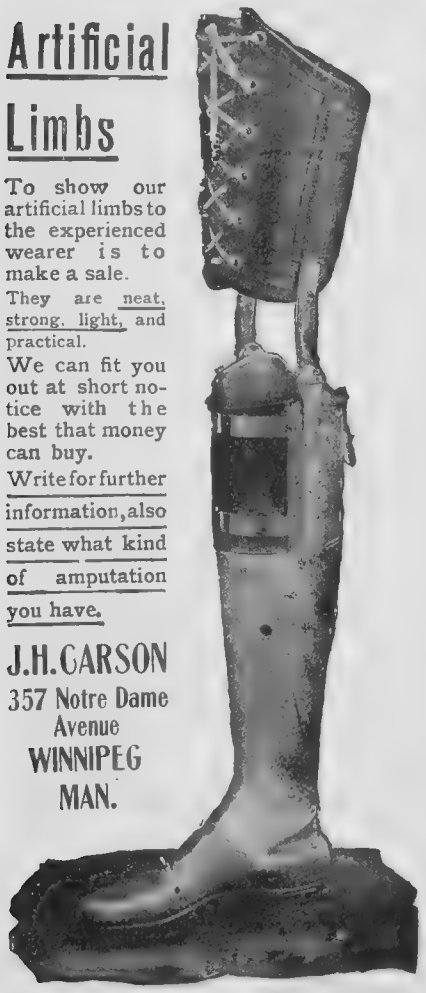

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They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

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Shiloh 25¢

"The Family Friend for 40 years." A never failing relief for Croup and Whooping Cough.

results in vigor and thrift among the remainder of the flock, and in greater profit to the owner. Get rid of old cocks and lazy hens. They are only food consumers and drones. Then select a dozen most energetic, active, happy hens and a male of like quality. Give them a small house and yard by themselves, with lots of straw to compel exercise; all the grain they will dig for, green food, such as cabbage, beets, etc., and table scrap; then use the eggs from this pen for hatching.

Winter Eggs most Profitable—How to Produce Them

Just now fresh eggs are very scarce, and prices are high. The majority of hens and pullets are not laying at all; some of the hens are just completing their moult, while the pullets as a rule have not yet commenced to lay. Most of the pullets which I have seen are somewhat late, and do not seem to have developed during the growing season, as they should have done. The cold, backward spring season, along with the cold and wet summer, retarded growth and development considerably, with the result that many pullets which have been put into their laying quarters for the winter will not be ready to lay for another month or so. These are the most important causes of poor egg yields, and egg dealers state that fresh country eggs are scarcer than usual at this time of the year. Guaranteed eggs are selling at 60 cents per dozen in Montreal at present, and it is a price which should induce the farmers and poultrymen to use every effort in getting the hens to lay.

Winter Housing and Feeding

The laying stock, which is to be kept over the winter, should have been in the houses some time ago, and they should now be on liberal feeding with green food and lots of exercise. All the very young or late hatched pullets should be culled out, as they cannot possibly be made to lay until late in winter or early in the spring, and in the meantime they will have to be feed on more or less expensive grains. All sickly and diseased stock should also be culled out.

This culling out process is one which is not practised sufficiently on the average farm. There is something else to look for besides eggs, and that is good, strong, healthy chicks next season. Cull out rigidly, keeping only the well-developed, healthy hens, and be sure to keep over as breeders only the best and most vigorous males. The male birds should be kept from the females until the breeding season comes next spring.

Among many flocks of Leghorns and other light breeds there are often kept as layers those very small birds which are often very poor layers and are particularly poor breeders. If any hens are now in the laying flock which do not look profitable, select them out and dispose of them.

There is still another place where a great many farmers fall down as far as egg production is concerned, and it is that too many old hens are kept over and allowed to run with the laying stock. Under ordinary conditions a hen is not profitable after two years of laying. All old hens should be killed off every year. The farmer should feed and breed for healthy young stock each succeeding year, and for eggs every winter.

Feeding the Laying Pullet

As far as feeding is concerned there are the whole grains and the mashes. Then green food is necessary, also grit, oyster shell, and lastly, the hens should be induced to take as much exercise as possible. Pullets hatched in April should commence to lay now, and they should be well developed and fully matured. They should not be forced heavily before they are fully matured, but if eggs are expected the pullets must be fed fairly heavy to get them into laying condition.

Wheat is the staple poultry food, and practically no grain can take its place. Corn is a good winter food, as it is more fattening than wheat, and it keeps the fowl warmer and in good condition. Then the whole grain ration might well be half wheat and half corn. This should be scattered in eight or ten inches of litter, where the hens will have to scratch for every kernel. Oats are very good for poultry feeding, but just at present they are rather expensive. A few could be sprouted to supply green food.

For the mashes wheat, bran, cornmeal, middlings and beef scraps are generally used. A good mash, whether it is fed dry or wet, consist of two parts by weight of bran, one of cornmeal, one of middling, one of gluten meal, and one of beef scraps. These should be thoroughly mixed together before feeding.

The Hopper System of Feeding

For dry mash feeding they are simply fed in hoppers, which are kept before the hens all of the time. The hopper system of feeding has been used extensively, and has given good success. The mashes, however, should be carefully prepared, and should be palatable without being too bulky or too concentrated. Sometimes the ground grains are mixed and fed moistened with water, or better still with skim milk. It has been found best to feed the wet mash at noon or shortly after noon, and by all means do not feed too much at a time. That is the great trouble with so many farmers; they stuff their hens on some kind of bulky wet mash, and then wonder why they don't lay.

If the wet mash feeding method is used I would suggest feeding only what mash the birds will pick up clean within a few minutes after feeding.

A quantity of wet mash about the size of a walnut is sufficient. Cut up oyster shell should be kept before them all of the time. Skim milk is one of the best foods that can be secured for poultry. It is probably worth 25 cents to 35 cents per 100 lbs. for poultry feeding. Care should be taken to keep the water or skim milk accessible all the time throughout the cold winter. Give it warm if convenient, and add more warm water during the day to keep the drinking fountain from freezing over.

Field beets are probably the cheapest for green food at the average farmer's disposal. Cabbage refuse, alfalfa and clover hay are also good, and some form of green food should be kept before them continually.

And, finally, eggs cannot be expected without exercise. Feed activity into the hen and she will usually lay and pay well. Winter egg production is the most profitable, and a few eggs from each hen of the flock at this time of the year will go a long way toward keeping the flock for the rest of the year, and the balance of eggs should mean profit.

Beat this if you can

Orrin E. Dunlap

Canadians feel that the Yankees are proverbially boastful of having about the biggest of everything, but they smile over the fact that it remained for Mr. William Warnock, of Goderich, Ontario, to raise the largest squash ever grown. This mammoth squash weighed four hundred and three pounds, and for all Mr. Warnock had previously raised several squash wonders, it beats his record by fourteen and a half pounds. In raising huge squashes, Mr. Warnock uses common sense. He does not treat them like babies and feed them milk and other things of the kind, but he believes that the only thing that will increase the size of the fruit must come through the channels of nature out of the vine, and the vine must get its support from the natural roots. Thus squash raising is much like the development of a child. To make a noble man or woman, the foundation must be watched. It must be thoroughly substantial in every way. After a mistake has been made, followed by a stunting or false growth, no amount of artificial feeding or building up will equal the work of nature. Squashes and children must be fed from the "roots," so to speak.

Farming the Landscape

An old New England farmer who was past his days of active labor was anxious to sell his farm. A stranger came with money in his pocket, eager to buy. The rolling hills and neglected fields all

WAS SO NERVOUS
COULD NOT EAT OR SLEEP.

There are many people who become worn, weak and miserable because their nerves become so unstrung they cannot sleep, and wherever there are ones troubled in this way they will find that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will restore the deranged nerves to full life and activity.

They do this by their invigorating effect on the nerve centes, and will tone up the whole system to a perfect condition.

Mr. George McBeath, Round Hill, N.B., writes:—"I take the pleasure of writing to tell you the great benefit Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills did for me. I was so nervous I could not eat or sleep, and could not even do my work, and I failed to a shadow. Finally I consented to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and have only taken two boxes, and am able to work as well as ever, and can eat and sleep as well as ever I did I can't praise your medicine too highly. My wife is taking them now for palpitation of the heart and is improving greatly."

The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for $1.25.

For sale at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited. Toronto, Ont.

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The Celebrated Effectual Cure without Internal Medicine

ROCHE'S
Herbal Embrocation

will also be found very efficacious in cases of

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In constant use for over 120 years. Of all Chemists.

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Its Diagnosis, Treatment and Cure
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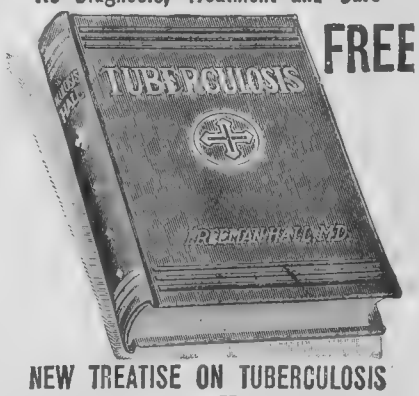

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By FREEMAN HALL, M.D.

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, it will instruct you how others, with its aid, cured themselves after all remedies tried had failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

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No need to suffer bunion torture another day.

DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION RIGHT

removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged toe joint by permanently straightening the crooked toe. Gives **INSTANT RELIEF** and a **FINAL CURE** of all bunion pain. Shields, plasters or shoe stretchers never cure.

Dr. Scholl's Bunion Right is comfortable, sanitary, convenient. **Guaranteed or money back.** 50 cents each or $1.00 per pair at drug and shoe stores, or direct from **The P. Scholl Mfg. Co.,** 214 King St. E. **Toronto.** *Illustrated Booklet Free*

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Send samples of your hair and 5c postage. We will match and mail you a fine human hair 22-inch switch, wavy or straight. If satisfactory remit $1.50 in 10 days, or sell three and get yours free. Booklet on request.

BETTY BOOTTS, 254 Post Street, San Francisco

seemed suited to the fruit-growing which he was projecting. Various phases of the trade were discussed. The stranger wanted to bring his family and make the farm his home. "Why did you build your barn directly opposite the house and exactly in front of it?" he asked. "Handy," said the farmer. 'Wouldn't it have been just as handy back of the house?" "Why, no. Here the public road runs right between the house and the barn. It's very convenient." "But if the barn was back of the house you would have a magnificent view from the front," persisted the possible buyer. "Oh, well, now," said the old farmer, "I've heard that story from automobile parties for years. They stop here on this hill and tell me I could see forty miles down the valley if it wasn't for the barn. I know it. But I could never see far enough in that direction to see a dollar coming to me!" And so the stranger went elsewhere.

This is a report of an actual case. Had the house been opened to the truly magnificent view at its front the farm would have sold for a thousand dollars more than it finally brought—perhaps two thousand more. The crabbed owner would then at last have seen a dollar coming to him from that distant landscape. Moreover, in this case his barn would have been much more conveniently arranged at the rear of the house; so that with thirty years of privation he lost a thousand dollars.

The Personal Effect

All this talk about raising real-estate values is nonsense to some farmers. Many do not want to hear it. The rise in market price does not interest them, except that presently the assessors may hear of it and push up taxes. It is not good policy for them, therefore, to do anything simply to enhance the selling value of their farms. But farm plans are becoming standardized, and a farm home which should be the lifelong home of the farmer must conform to certain standards.

The farmer is no longer made conspicuous by his clothes. He is a man among men and is fast coming to appreciate the same comforts and surroundings that are demanded by the city worker when his income becomes such that he can move to the suburbs. A beautiful farm home is an asset to the family that cannot be easily measured in money value. It may not in itself be sufficient to keep the boys and girls at home, but it will never stimulate a dislike for things rural as will the barren, treeless box house devoid of distinctive surroundings.

Preservation of Landscapes

Along with the realization of the value of surroundings will naturally come better efforts for the preservation of the trees and landscape. The ruin of country roads will cease and the tree butcher will be driven out of the neighborhood. The unnecessary and disgusting practice of cutting the roadside trees in order to put in ugly telephone and trolley poles will be stopped. The desecration of the landscape with patent-medicine signs, general advertising and even Scripture texts will be condemned and abandoned; the dumping of rubbish along the shores of ponds and rivers will be forbidden; the needless slaughter of trees or forests will be checked; the whole face of the country will be improved and the entire community will be the better for it.

Improvements of this kind really belong to the community and are in the hands of the public rather than of individuals. They are the proper business of village or neighborhood improvement societies. In their larger aspects they belong to Government agencies. This has already been recognized in certain states, notably Wisconsin, Massachusetts and New York, where important types of natural scenery and extended areas of native landscape have been formally reserved for public use and enjoyment. The Federal Government in its turn has begun to see that there are certain examples of landscape which belong genuinely to the whole nation. A wise and beneficent bill now before Congress is designed to establish a national park service to look after this property and to make it really available to the whole people. We are coming to see more clearly that the landscape has an enormous value on both a large and a small scale, that it ought to be conserved, and that we ought for ourselves to practice its daily enjoyment.

What the States are Teaching the Nation

Progressive Wisconsin's Campaign for Co-operation

By The Observer

The legislature of Wisconsin seeks "means for the reduction of the cost of living and the betterment of the business side of farming at the same time," said Dr. Charles McCarthy to The Observer. Through the instrumentality of the Legislative Reference Library, of which Doctor McCarthy is the chief, a study has been made of the great co-operative movement which has long been perfecting in parts of Europe. This investigation, coupled with an analysis of the broad subject of marketing, was conducted with the primary idea of developing and applying a system of co-operation to Wisconsin. "Previous to this attempt," said Doctor McCarthy, "no thorough study leading to the construction of a state plan had been made

Free Gifts For The Children!

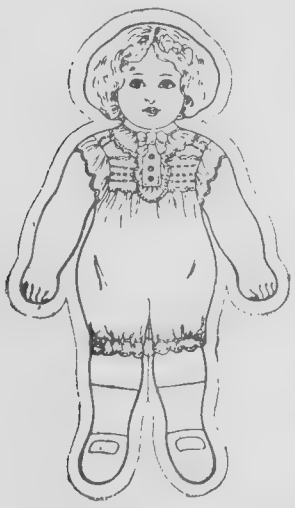
3 Big Dollies

We Want To Play With You

Here is a great, big, handsome life-size doll, 27 inches tall, looking for a little mama. She is just the finest playmate any little girl could wish for and you will love her as soon as you see her pretty face and big brown eyes, her pink cheeks and light curly hair.

In addition to the great, big dolly, we also send two smaller dollies, making three dollies in all.

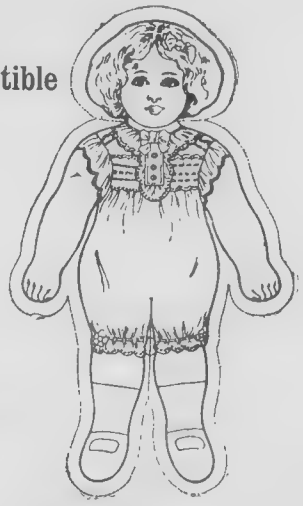
You will have lots of fun playing together and needn't be afraid of hurting the big mama dolly and her two baby dolls, because they won't break, soil their hair or lose their pretty eyes. These three dollies are stamped in bright colors on strong cloth and mother can sew them up on the machine in ten minutes. You can set these dollies down, bend their arms and legs and dress them up in all kinds of clothes and play all day long.



The limbs are movable and the dolls won't break

Is Indestructible

No little girl has enough dollies



1 GREAT BIG DOLL, 27 INCHES TALL, AND

2 SMALLER DOLLIES, ALL READY TO CUT OUT, SEW UP AND STUFF.

Lots Bigger than a Baby

These three beautiful dollies will make any little girl or boy happy. They won't break and we believe they are the most popular plaything you can give your children or little friends.

Actual size of Big Dolly, 27 inches tall. It is so large that baby's own clothes fit it.

Every little girl wants a big doll. Think of the joy and happiness these three dollies will bring into your own home when the little ones see them.

All three dollies on one large sheet of heavy cloth, ready to sew up on machine and stuff. So simple any one can do it in ten minutes' time.

Thousands of little ones all over the country will be made happy with these three dollies. After your little girl gets her dolls all your neighbors' children will want dolls just like hers. The supply of dolls is limited and we will fill all orders as long as our supply enables us to do so.

These three dollies will make any little girl or boy happy. If you are a little girl or boy, ask your mother or father to send for these dollies, or if you know some little friends whom you want to make happy you can accept the offer below at once, and give them the surprise of their life. Better order these 3 dollies early.

How To Get These Dollies Free

Send us a yearly subscription to The Western Home Monthly at $1.00 and these three beautiful Dollies—one big one and two smaller ones—will be sent to you by return mail.

Now, in case you do not get a NEW subscription, just get your papa or mama to EXTEND your own family subscription for one year. Send us this subscription, and by return mail we will send you the three beautiful Dollies. ABSOLUTELY FREE.

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ANOTHER WOMAN JOINS THE ARMY

Of Western Women Who Have Found Relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills

After three years of Suffering Madame Dufault of St. Boniface is telling Her Neighbors of Her Wonderful Cure.

St. Boniface, Man. (Special)—Cured of a complication of diseases, each a direct result of disordered kidneys, Madame Oct. Dufault, of 84 Victoria street, this city, has joined the grand army of the women of the West who are telling their neighbors that Dodd's Kidney Pills are suffering women's best friend.

"I suffered for three years," Madame Dufault states: "and I may say I had pains all over my body.

"I had sciatica, neuralgia and diabetes. My back ached, and I had pains in my head. I was nervous and tired all the time; there were dark circles around my eyes, and they were puffed and swollen. Heart fluttering added to my fears.

"But when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills I soon began to get better. I took thirteen boxes in all, but now I am a well woman again. I think Dodd's Kidney Pills are a grand remedy."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure women's ailments, because nine-tenths of these ailments come from sick kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure sick kidneys.

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A wonderful offer to every lover of music whether a beginner or an advanced player.

Ninety-six lessons (or a less number, if you desire) for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Banjo, Cornet, Sight Singing, Mandolin or Cello will be given free to make our home study courses for these instruments known in your locality. You will get one lesson weekly, and your only expense during the time you take the lessons will be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small. Write at once. It will mean much to you to get our free booklet. It will place you under no obligation whatever to us if you never write again. You and your friends should know of this work. Hundreds of our pupils write: "Wish I had known of your school before." "Have learned more in one term in my home with your weekly lessons than in three terms with private teachers, and at a great deal less expense." "Everything is so thorough and complete." "The lessons are marvels of simplicity, and my 11 year old boy has not had the least trouble to learn." One minister writes: "As each succeeding lesson comes I am more and more fully persuaded I made no mistake in becoming your pupil."

Established 1898—have thousands of pupils from seven years of age to seventy.

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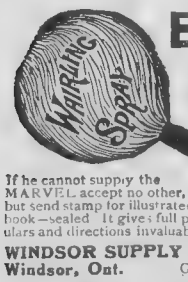

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The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly. Ask your druggist for it

If he cannot supply the MARVEL accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

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Shiloh 25¢

The family remedy for Coughs and Colds
"Shiloh costs so little and does so much!"

in America." And Charles McCarthy knows.

The authority behind the investigation was the Wisconsin State Board of Public Affairs, of which Governor Francis E. McGovern is chairman. This board believes in thorough, scientific, first-hand investigations; after which it insists upon a practical application of the conclusions reached. In the matter of co-operation the board was forehanded; for a recommendation was made to the University of Wisconsin looking to the establishment of a professorship, which recommendation has been adopted and a professor appointed. He will teach the history of co-operation, co-operative credit, marketing of produce and markets in general, and co-operative stores. Eventually, no doubt, this professor will become also the "director of co-operation" of the state—this being in line with the principal recommendation of the report. Probably the director will devote the greater part of his time to educational work—field work and special instruction in the university. He will not only teach the principles of marketing and co-operative methods, but he will be expected to devise some central exchange through which co-operative buyers can reach co-operative sellers and co-operative producers. The Wisconsin Board of Public Affairs will say to the director of co-operation:

"Your genius and your energies must be directed to the problem of reducing useless waste and thereby reducing the cost of living, so that the ideal of that great champion of co-operation, Sir Horace Plunkett, 'Better farming, better business and better living,' may become a reality in our state."

The investigation in co-operation was conducted by Mr. John F. Sinclair, of the Legislative Reference Library, who, at his own expense, visited Europe and there gathered the basic principles for his admirable analysis of the subject. In his forthcoming report he will say that his purpose is "to show the farmers of Wisconsin the possibilities that exist and the dangers to be guarded against in agricultural co-operation."

From Poverty to Prosperity

Co-operation he defines as "merely a phase of economic and social development." And he explains: "As in every other evolutionary process perfection is reached only after a series of trials where the best is retained and the worthless cast off. If we are keen enough to detect the fundamental principles and wise enough to utilize them when found, regardless of their source, the success of co-operation is assured." He gives this warning at the outset: "The movement will not develop properly without conscious effort of the most exacting character on the part of the farmers. Nor will an enterprise once established on the co-operative plan run along automatically without the constant vigilance of the people concerned."

Mr. Sinclair's report will be subdivided somewhat along these lines: First, he will discuss co-operation abroad—specifically, in Denmark and Ireland; second, he will give the early history of so-called co-operation in Wisconsin. Present-Day Co-operation will be the next subdivision, in which will be found a discussion of co-operative breeding, cow-testing associations, the dairy industry, the livestock shippers' association, the fruit-growers' association, co-operative warehouses, the vegetable industry, co-operative elevators, co-operative marketing of eggs and mutual telephone companies. Lessons and Prospects will furnish a subject for another important chapter; and the report will conclude with The Practical Application of Co-operation in Wisconsin.

Within the limts of this review The Observer can indicate but a few features of this comprehensive investigation. Denmark and Ireland. Mr. Sinclair tells us, "resorted to co-operation because of their dire poverty. The former is now one of the most prosperous countries in Europe; the latter is growing in prosperity as the co-operative spirit develops." Denmark was chosen by Mr. Sinclair as an object lesson because of the apt comparisons possible. The little country has an area of about 10,000,000 acres—or approximately the size of Wisconsin's undeveloped area! Formerly Denmark was to a large extent a bleak waste of sand dunes; now it is essentially an agricultural country. Every year butter, eggs and meats to the value of $90,000,000 are exported by Danish farmers. And what is particularly remarkable, out of every 100 families, 89 own their own farms and homes! This, explains Mr. Sinclair, is because "land holdings can be easily acquired."

The co-operative movement in Denmark is only about thirty years old. In 1882 the first co-operative creamery was established at Olgod, West Jutland. According to the statistics of 1908, there were 1100 co-operative creameries in successful operation, handling practically all of the milk supply of Denmark. Mr. Sinclair explains how these co-operative enterprises are organized.

Each member enters into an agreement to supply the entire product of his herd to the co-operative society for a fixed period—usually from ten to fifteen years. All of the capital for the undertaking is provided by raising a loan on an unlimited liability. As a rule there is no reserve fund, but the loan is paid off out of net profits during the period for which all contracts are drawn. The general policy of the society is determined at regular meetings, at which each member has one vote, and questions of administration are settled by an executive committee elected at these meetings. The creamery is manged by a competent buttermaker.

Each member is paid at stated intervals for the butter fat he has furnished during the preceding period. He receives for his product not the market price at the time of payment, but the lowest price which has prevailed during that period. Thus a profit accumulates, which is divided among the members at the end of the year in proportion to the amount of butter fat furnished by each farmer. The skim milk returned to members is charged against them at a fixed price, sufficient to cover all working expenses. And mark these facts:

THE FOOTHILLS

Down at their feet lie the round, curdled tops of the liveoaks,
Grasses and flowers and wheat, all the glad life that thrills
In joyous succession each year through the heart of the valley—
Dear children forever denied to the sad, barren hills.

Motionless lie they, save for the flight of a shadow,
Shaped by a cloud drifting silently over their slopes;
Eternally changeless, save for the flame of the sunset;
Ah, how they mock me, surging with passionate hopes!

I am longing for life, for the world. They hold me in bondage,
These bleak, barren hills, and I struggle and cry to be free.
In my heart is let loose all the fierceness of youth and its power;
What is their grandeur, their desolate beauty, to me?

I shall scale them and plunge in the world. Yet I know, in its glories,
An hour will come when I curse it and cry for release;
And my heart will turn back to the hills with an infinite longing,
It will pant for their cool, it will break for their passionless peace.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

Suffered With Kidney Trouble For Ten Years.

Those who have never been troubled with kidney trouble do not know the suffering and misery which those afflicted undergo.

Weak, lame or aching back comes from the kidneys, and when the kidneys are out of order the whole system becomes deranged.

Doan's Kidney Pills go right to the seat of the trouble, and make their action regular and natural.

Miss Mary Daley, Pennfield Ridge, N.B., writes:—"I now take great pleasure in expressing myself for the benefit I have obtained from your wonderful medicine, Doan's Kidney Pills. Having been a sufferer with kidney trouble for the last ten years, and having spent hundreds of dollars in the so-called 'Quack' cures, from which I derived no benefit whatever, and after having been advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills, I at once purchased a box, and from the first obtained relief, and after having taken five boxes am now completely cured."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box, or three boxes for $1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering specify "Doan's."

The Great English Remedy
Grasshopper
Ointment and Pills

TRY IT IF YOU

HAVE A BAD LEG

a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumor, Piles, Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed Veins, Synovitus, Bunions, Ringworm or Diseased Bone. I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will. Because others have failed it is no reason I should. You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box of Grasshopper Ointment and Pills, which are a certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade Mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label. **40c** and **$1.00** per box. Prepared by ALBERT & CO., Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England (copyright).

Wholesale Agents, The National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada.

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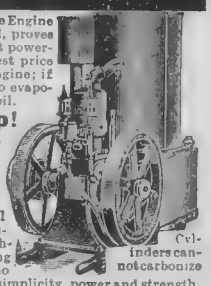


Amazing "DETROIT" Kerosene Engine shipped on 15 days' FREE Trial, proves **kerosene** cheapest, safest, most powerful fuel. If **satisfied**, pay lowest price ever given on reliable farm engine; if **not**, pay nothing. No waste, no evaporation, no explosion from coal oil.

Gasoline Going Up!

Gasoline is 9c to 15c higher than coal oil. Still going up. Two pints of coal oil do work of three pints gasoline.

Amazing "DETROIT"

—only engine running on **coal oil** successfully; uses alcohol, gasoline and benzine, too. Starts without cranking. Only three moving parts—no cams—no sprockets—no gears—no valves—the utmost in simplicity, power and strength. Cylinders cannot carbonize. Mounted on skids. All sizes, 2 to 20 h. p., in stock ready to ship. Engine tested before crating. Comes all ready to run. Pumps, saws, threshes, churns, separates milk, grinds feed, shells corn, runs home electric lighting plant. **Prices (stripped), $29.50 up.** Sent any place on 15 days' Free Trial. Don't buy an engine till you investigate money-saving, power-saving "DETROIT." Thousands in use. Costs only postal to find out. If you are first in your neighborhood to write, you get Special Extra-Low Introductory price. Write! (1 S)

Detroit Engine Works, 347 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

SHOEMAKER'S BOOK on POULTRY

and Almanac for 1913 has 224 pages with many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies. All about **Incubators**, their prices and their operation. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. **Only 15c.**
C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 968 Freeport, Ill.

Send the Coupon Below for Prof. Jesse Beery's Grand Free HORSE-TRAINER'S PROSPECTUS!

This book, by Prof. Jesse Beery, "King of Horse Trainers and Horse Tamers," tells the thrilling story of his eventful career; points the way to success as a practical Horse Trainer; explains the Beery System; gives many examples of men who are now repeating the very feats with which the great horseman won the applause of vast audiences throughout the United States.

Every owner of an unmanageable horse or colt should send for this book. Everyone who loves horses should learn the secret of subduing and controlling the wildest horses without the use of whips, cruel "curb bits" and other instruments of torture. Every man who is looking for a profession that pays

$1,200 to $3,000 a Year at Home or Traveling should learn how hundreds are making big money as professional Horse Trainers with the aid of the simple, safe, humane Beery System. Take for example the case of Emmett White, of Kalona, Iowa, who has followed the Beery System and become a professional Horse Trainer. Mr. White says: "I would not take $500 for what you have taught me. You may judge of my success when I tell you that I have been able to buy a **home and an automobile** solely through earnings from training horses as taught by your excellent methods. I am proud of my profession."

Do You Own a Balky, Tricky, Scary, Vicious Horse?

If so, don't get rid of the **horse**—get rid of its **bad habits!** The minute such horses are thoroughly mastered and trained their value is **doubled** or **trebled.** Prof. Beery teaches you to master any horse and make him valuable, useful, **salable.**

Priceless Facts from World's Master Horseman

Having retired from the arena, Prof. Beery is devoting his life to teaching others how to duplicate his marvelous achievements.

He writes from experience, in a simple, direct style, without boasting, yet you realize that he is a veritable wizard—one who knows more about the nature of horses than any other living man.

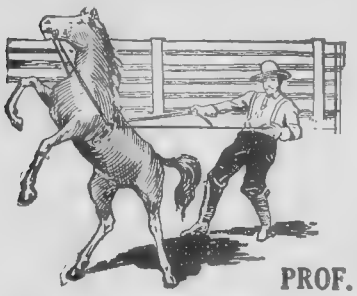
Thousands Are Now Making Money by the "Beery System"

Today he can point you to thousands of men—yes, **and a number of women!**—who are making all kinds of money by training horses, breaking colts, giving exhibitions, buying up cast-off "tricksters" and "man-killers," taming and training them and **re-selling at high prices.** Prof. Beery's lessons are simple, thorough and practical.

A. L. Dickenson, Friendship, N. Y., writes: "I am working a pair of horses that cleaned out several different men. I got them and gave them a few lessons and have been offered $400 for the pair. I bought them for $110."

F. N. Goux, Vernon, N. Y., writes: "I cannot speak in high enough praise of your instructions. I am at present handling a $1,000 horse. People bring me horses to train from miles around."

Roy Fordyce, 041 Adams Street, Spokane, Wash., says: "I am delighted with your teachings. Have trained a 3-year-old stallion to drive without a bridle or lines. I would recommend your system unqualifiedly to anyone."



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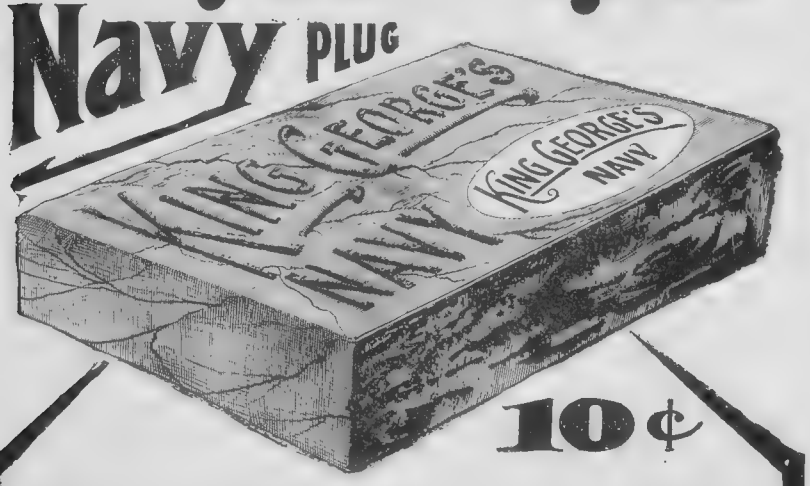
King George's Navy PLUG



10¢

KING GEORGE NAVY PLUG CHEWING TOBACCO

IS IN A CLASS BY ITSELF!

It surpasses all others in quality and flavour because the process by which it is made differs from others.—It is deliciously sweet and non-irritating.

SOLD EVERYWHERE: 10c A PLUG

ROCK CITY TOBACCO Co., Manufacturers, QUEBEC

Co-operative creameries in Denmark dispense with the middleman and dispose of the product themselves.

Every week of the year Denmark ships a million dollars' worth of butter to England!

Not only co-operative manufacturing and distribution, but co-operative buying, has been extensively developed in Denmark. Seeds, fertilizers, machinery—indeed, everything for the upkeep of the farm—are purchased through the co-operative society. In 1908 these purchases in wholesale lots amounted to $17,500,000.

In the efforts at co-operation in Wisconsin, Mr. Sinclair found, there was an absence of what might be called "team play." In other words each man was for himself—or imagined he was. In the end his selfishness defeated its own purpose. Take the cow-testing associations, for example. These should be organized with 25 herds—not less than 400 cows—as a basis for efficient work; better 500 or 600. The membership fee should be not less than one dollar a cow annually, which goes to the man making the tests. Further, the farmer, as a member, pays for books for the keeping of his cows' records and for the necessary apparatus, both of which items amount to very little. Experience has shown that the undertaking fails because of the parsimonious attitude of the average member. He is wrong-headed enough to believe that one year's tests are sufficient; or he writes a letter such as the following to the secretary or manager of the enterprise:

The association has been of great value to me. I find from the tests that I own a very ordinary herd, and it is my intention to dispose of nearly all the animals in the herd. In view of this it

The Beautiful Residence of J. Reid, Qu'Appelle

would not pay me to continue testing them. When cows or heifers that have been raised on my farm take their places then I shall resume the test work.

Meanwhile he expects his neighbors, more public-spirited than he, to keep the co-operative association a "going concern," in fine working order for him to partake of its advantages when his pocketbook prompts him again to offer his support. Such men do most to retard the establishment and development of co-operation in America. They should ponder a little the real meaning of co-operation—"joint action; a working together."

In Wisconsin co-operative creameries and cheese factories have achieved permanent success where—and only where—patrons own, operate and manage the creamery or factory, declares Mr. Sinclair. He attributes their failure to lack of sufficient number of cows, improper organization and poor management. He gives some interesting data. Of 169 co-operative creameries investigated, 57 per cent made no attempt to increase the amount of butter fat per cow a year, showing that cow-testing associations had not made much headway. And of the percentage noted, only 40 per cent could explain how increased production was brought about. Not quite 6 per cent made any effort to raise the quality as well as the quantity of product by having one breed of cows kept by all of the farmers supplying milk to the creamery. The tuberculin test was in use on all cows by only 1½ per cent; on some of the cows by 10 per cent.

The most interesting American experiment cited by Mr. Sinclair was an egg-marketing association in the vicinity of Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minnesota. It is three years old, comprises the product of seventy farms, and is operated largely on the Danish plan of collecting, sorting, grading and packing. Each member agrees in writing not to bring in an egg which is over seven days old and to pack his product in pasteboard cartons containing one dozen each. These boxes are stamped with the producer's number and the date. The manager of the association grades the eggs according to size and color and disposes of the product to retail stores in the Twin Cities, taking for his own services a commission of one cent a dozen.

Eggs that are Guaranteed

The association prints on each box the guarantee, "Strictly Fresh." If eggs so guaranteed do not come up to this standard the manager of the association can easily detect, from the number on the carton, the farmer guilty of offering stale eggs. The offender is promptly fined and if the offense is repeated he is dropped from the association. In the first year of its existence the association marketed 49,019 dozen eggs, and the members averaged 5 cents more a dozen for their product than before the association was formed. The second year 60,000 dozens eggs were marketed, and the association is still growing.

Mr. Sinclair lays great emphasis on the fact that, judged by the results in Europe, the success of rural co-operation depends "in a very large measure upon the term and conditions of land tenure. It cannot well be secured," he believes, "in a country where land tenancy predominates." Then he reviews Denmark's land legislation of 1899, 1904 and 1909. Americans may well ponder this proposition: A laborer in Denmark with one-tenth of the purchase price of a parcel of land can borrow the other nine-tenths on that margin of security, either from a state bank or from one of the many co-operative savings banks. Payments include more than the interest. Danish money-market conditions are such that at a low rate of repayment not only are the interest demands satisfied, but a sinking fund is built up which gradually repays the principal of the debt.

Approximately 240,000 Danish farms average but little over 40 acres each. Of these 68,000 have less than 1½ acres, 65,000 from 1½ to 13½, 46,000 from 13½ to 40, 61,000 from 40 to 150. The small farmer, to make his farm pay, must not only make his land produce abundantly by skilful intensive tillage, but he must strive to realize the highest net income possible from his product. Co-operatively selling and buying were finally resorted to in order to bring about the desired end. But at first there was much doubting and shaking of heads. The older farmers, especially, were sure they would come to grief. They talked like American reactionaries—said that the system would "check personal initiative," would "reduce the farmers to a dead level of uniformity," would "hinder improvements in processes and financially penalize the more energetic and skilled members for the benefit of the backward and stupid." But experience proved that these fears were not well grounded. In Denmark today the co-operative principle is part of the woof of the native character and of the national life.

Wisconsin will take the experiences of Denmark and adapt them to the needs of the state. Before long there will be a new division of the administrative branch of Wisconsin's state government, denominated "Co-operation."

He Must Walk.—A man carrying two pigeon-baskets stopped before the town hall of a certain provincial town, and, taking a pigeon out of one of the baskets, was about to throw it up, when a policeman stopped him and told him he could not throw the pigeon up there. "Ah's that?" asked the man. "Because the law will not allow it." The man stared at the policeman a second or two; then a bright smile crossed his face, and he put the bird on the ground. "Tha'll better walk hoame, lad," he said, "t'bobby wean't let me thraw thee up!"

Worms feed upon the vitality of children and endanger their lives. A simple and effective cure is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

Correspondence

We invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. A friend of the magazine, offering a kindly criticism, writes that the Correspondence column has at times an air of monotony, as one writer after another follows the same phraseology. We wish to warn our co respondents against this common error. A little independent thought will help mental development, and readers of The Monthly will find valuable aid in the study of the many instructive articles by eminent men that appear from month to month.

A Strong Argument

Sask., December 24th, 1912.

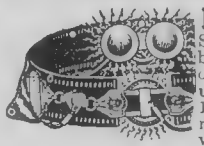
Dear Editor: I am specially interested in the Correspondence column of your valuable "Monthly," and should very much like a peep in for the first time as a correspondent. I hope my topic will be new, and guilty of rousing the critic vein of some W.H.M. readers. Here goes, defence f · the negative side of the subject and question: "Is the uniting or legal union of man and woman for life a failure?" Marriage is properly the act which unites the two parties, and matrimony the state into which they enter. Marriage is legal, and has to be performed according to law. As regards the married state, I wish to prove, and will maintain, that it is not a failure, but I must admit that there are exceptions. Marriage has proved in some cases, what might be termed a failure, but when we get to close study, every instance of marriage has been of some good, directly or indirectly, and more so when we believe the old adage, "What is, is best." In face of the frequently expressed masculine belief that all girls are ready to humbly pick up the handkerchief, when any "lord of creation" deigns to throw it, the fact remains that every day the average girl is less and less inclined to regard marriage as the end and aim of her existence. But, nevertheless, at an alarmingly early age, the busy working girl demands, "What has marriage to offer me?" Single, she works hard—true; but in her leisure moments she is absolutely free. She owes no man anything, and because she is happy, and healthy, and bright, all the men are pleased to be in her society, and help to give her a good time. She can be friends, "good comrades" with any or all of them. What would she gain in exchange? She looks in pitying fashion at the girls of her own age who have married, and are living, in her eyes, such narrow and uninteresting lives slaves of the ring—and she makes a pretty-looking mocking curtsey, and refuses to listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely. And is she wise? A busy, bustling, or more or less butterfly life may content her for a year or two; but the day inevitably dawns when a woman's heart demands something more, when the sight of even the poorest of her sisters, surrounded by husband and children, fills her soul with envy, and the isolation of her chosen lot frightens her. Then she longs for a home, not a mere shelter, but the dearest spot on earth, because it contains those she loves, and to whose happiness she is absolutely necessary. Don't refuse a good fellow who has half won your heart for no better reason than that you imagine you will have a better time as a girl bachelor. If husband and wife were to live as designed, in accordance as they vowed, it would be impossible to prove that marriage was other than "the grandest sphere of life." The following conversation clearly depicts a few of the many advantages to be enjoyed in married life. One of two chum bachelors got married. Soon after both met, when the bachelor chaffingly said, "I am still free, Jack, and you are tied up, don't you feel sad?" "No," was the quick response, "There are no missing buttons now and all holes are neatly patched and darned." Bachelor: "Patches denote poverty; a hole may happen with anyone." Jack's victorious reply, "There is not much pleasure in wearing a legless sock wanting the foot." An old man on his death bed advised his daughters never to marry, for some that married did well, and those who did not, did far better. One daughter spoke out and said, "I will marry and try to do well and be pleased should others do better." I conclude by advising my readers to marry and do well, and your part will be played to make life worth living.

Brightside.

Quite Original

Newfoundland, Dec. 21, 1912.

Greetings Everybody: My, but I'm only just in time for the Monthly meeting of the "Correspondence," Editor's Office, Winnipeg. Oh dear, please excuse the wintry blast I have brought in with me, but really I had to come in after travelling so far. This chair for



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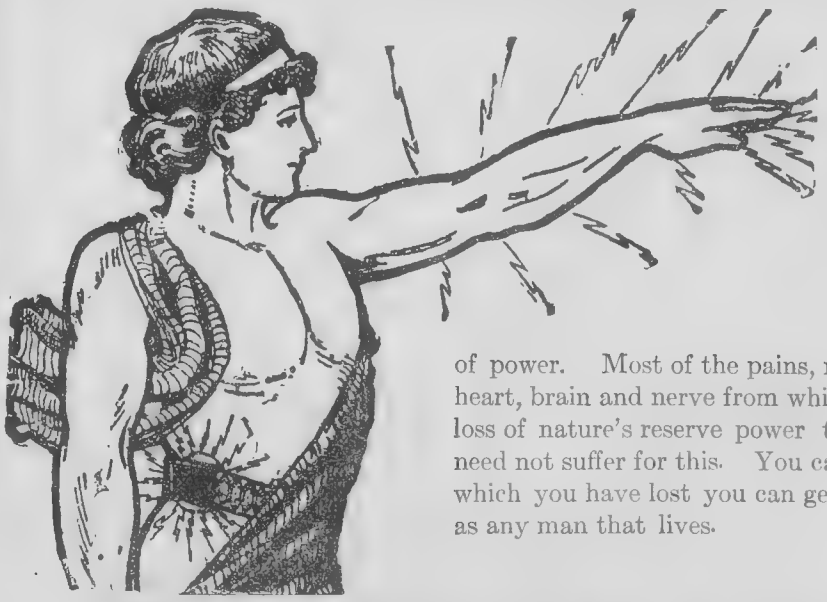
$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure. We furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1716, Windsor, Ont.

WEAK MEN

ELECTRICITY WILL CURE YOU

Electricity is animal vitality. It is the foundation of all strength. It is the fuel to the engine which runs the human machine. Electricity, as I apply it, is a source of new life to all parts of the body.



No man should be weak; no man should suffer the loss of that vital element which renders life worth living. No man should allow himself to become less a man than nature intended him; no man should suffer for the sins of his youth when there is here at hand a certain check for his weakness, a check to his waste of power. Most of the pains, most of the weakness of stomach, heart, brain and nerve from which men suffer, are due to an early loss of nature's reserve power through mistakes of youth. You need not suffer for this. You can be restored. The very element which you have lost you can get back, and you can be as happy as any man that lives.

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT

restores the snap, the vim and vigor of youth. Any man who wears it can be a giant in mental and physical development. Men, are you weak, have you pains in the back, varicocele, weak stomach, constipation, lumbago, rheumatism, enlarged prostate gland, or any of the results of early mistakes, excesses or overwork? Our method of applying electricity while you sleep at night will cure you It fills the nerves with the fire of life

EVIDENCE COMES FRESH EVERY DAY

KIDNEYS—WEAK BACK—RHEUMATISM—SCIATICA—CONSTIPATION.

Dear Sir—Your Belt was received five weeks ago to-night. I am feeling better than I have for a long time. I did not know I was sick, but thought hard work and my years were telling on me. I was tired all the time—worse in the morning than at night. I can now do a hard day's work and feel all right. You certainly have my thanks, and if I can recommend it to anyone needing it, I will do so. Yours truly, WM. PULVER, 437 William Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

BETTER IN EVERY WAY.

Dear Sir—I have been wearing the Electric Belt I received from you, and I am pleased to say that it has been very beneficial to me. The drain on my system is entirely cured; bowels are regular every day since I have worn the Belt; appetite is good; mind is strong, also my head is better, and the tired feeling and pain is gone from my back. I cannot say anything else regarding the Belt, but it has made a wonderful change in me, and I have done quite an amount of work this fall as well. I do not fail to fully recommend your Belt to all who come and ask what did me so much good. You can put my name in your paper. I was simply of no use when I started to wear it. I could not do anything, and now I am plowing every day. With best wishes to you and to all who use your Belts, I wish to remain, Yours truly,
EDWARD SHERRITT, Willow Range, Man.

INDIGESTION—CONSTIPATION—SLEEP.

Dear Sir—I have been wearing your Belt a month now and it is certainly helping me. My food digests better than it did and my bowels move more regularly. I am not as constipated as I was and sleep better than I did. My back is getting stronger and I do not have to pass water as often and the burning sensation is gone. I have had no night losses since wearing the Belt, and my private organs are getting stronger. Yours respectfully, EDD. BODELL, Clover Bar, Alta.

PERMANENTLY CURED OF WEAK BACK.

Dear Sir—I purchased one of your Belts several years ago for a lame back, and can truthfully say that the first time I wore it my back felt stronger, and in a short time I was completely cured. This was over five years ago, and I have had no return of the trouble since. I have recommended your Belt to others, and will always be pleased to tell anyone the benefit I received from it. Yours very truly, ARTHUR McKAY, Shoal Lake, Man.

Mr. J. F. Bone, Brant, Alta., says: "I have worn your Belt for some time and can say it has done me good. The pains in my back have left me entirely."

Are you a weak person? Are you nervous, fretful and gloomy? Is your sleep broken? Have you pains and aches in different parts of your body? Is your back weak and painful? Have you lost the vigor of youth? Are you rheumatic or gouty? Does your back ache? These are the results of the waste of vital force. The gentle stream of electricity from my Belt going into the nerves and weak parts for hours every night soon re-places all energy and makes every organ perfect. It is worn while you sleep and pours a steady stream of electricity into the nerve centre, saturating the weakened tissues and organs with its life. This is strength. From it comes the vim, the energy, the fire of perfect physical and mental action It renews health and happiness

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This book should be read by every man. It tells facts that are of interest to every man who wants to remain young in vitality at any age. Call if you can; if you can't, send coupon for our beautifully illustrated 84-page Free Book.

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Office Hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday until 9 p.m.

Write plainly.

TORTURED FROM BABYHOOD

"Fruit-a-tives" Cures Constipation

MISS E. A. GOODALL

EDMONTON, ALTA., Nov. 20th. 1911

"I have been a sufferer since babyhood from that terrible complaint, Constipation. I have been treated by physicans, and have taken every medicine I heard of, but without the slightest benefit. I finally concluded that there was no remedy in the world that could cure Constipation.

About this time, I heard about "Fruit-a-tives" and decided to try them. The effect was marvellous.

The first box gave me great relief, and after I had used a few boxes, I found that I was entirely well.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine that ever did me any good and I want to say to all who suffer as I did—"Try this fruit medicine and you will find—as I did—a perfect cure"

(MISS) E. A. GOODALL

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made of fruit and the only one that will positively and completely cure you of Constipation.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

THE WORLD'S WORK DEPENDS ON THE WORLD'S DIGESTION

From the captain of industry to the hod carrier—from milady in the auto to the woman with the scrubbing brush—the accomplishments of every one of us depend absolutely on the accomplishments of our stomachs. Backed by a good digestion, a man can give the best that is in him. When his stomach fails, he becomes a weakling.

To this loss of power no one need submit. Right habits of eating, drinking, sleeping and exercise, aided by Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets, will restore and maintain the full efficiency of the human mind and body.

Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets contain the active principles needed for the digestion of every kind of food. They go to the assistance of the weakened stomach, and enable the sufferer, right from the start, to assimilate and get the benefit of the food eaten. With this assistance, the digestive organs regain their tone, and soon the use of the tablets is no longer necessary.

If your stomach is not working properly, try Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets. 50c. at your druggist's. National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 145

Better Than Spanking

Spanking does not cure children of bedwetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor Ont, will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

me? Thank you so much. Now isn't this comfortable. How thoughtful of our Editor to have such a bright cheerful fire burning. Cold? Why, yes. I was nearly frozen. You see unlike most of you I have had a sea voyage, and a very boisterous passage it was crossing the Gulf. What with frost and snow and gales of adverse wind, I thought I couldn't possibly arrive in time, but here I am, and I already feel repaid for the discomforts of the trip in just anticipation of the cosy evening we are going to have. I have only to glance around the circle to know that the stranger is welcomed—and that "There is neither East nor West, border, nor breed, nor birth"—for assuredly that maiden yonder comes from the Emerald Isle, and the laddie who is listening so attentively to what she says is from the land of heather; most certainly I detect quite a few different accents in the conversation. Hello, is that you Mermaid? Glad to see one from Terra Nova. How are all the folks from the ocean depths? And isn't that tall wise looking gentleman (speaking to the Editor) our Doctor? Ah, but Doctor the country is beautiful, can you say as much for the city? What was that? Don't I smell cigarette smoke? I hope no one is breaking that hard and fast rule hung above the door; "No smoking allowed" for remember,

That those who use fusees,
All grow by slow degrees
Brainless as Chimpanzees
Meagre as lizards;
Go mad and beat their wives
Plunge (after shocking lives)
Razors and carving knives,
Into their gizards.

Ah, isn't this Josephus? I'm so glad to meet you. How well you are looking after being the target for so many missiles, but like the target of many a marksman you remain unhurt. I do believe that optimistic looking person who is stirring up the fire is "Cheerful Critic." Won't you introduce him? What, you Ontario Girl and Fritz too! Well, this is a pleasure, to think I should meet so many kindred spirits, and have such a jolly—Hello, Mr. Editor, what's wrong with the clock? You don't mean to tell me that is the correct time? Dear me, and I have not spoken to half that I should like to. May I drop in again sometime? Yes, really I must go now, it's such a long way to my nest, so with every good wish for the New Year, I'm off,

"Stormy Petrel."

Picknicking on Centre Island, Toronto, with The Western Home Monthly in evidence

To the Point

Craik, Sask., Jan. 6, 1913.

Dear Editor: They say patience is a virtue, and I must say you must be gifted considering the amount of correspondence you must receive during a month, especially if there's many like this one, but it's the best I can do and I would very much like to become one of the elect. I have travelled Canada from coast to coast, and I like the West better than the East on account of the business conditions and also for the many opportunities that seem to crop up right under one's nose, so to speak, for those that are willing to grasp them. I appreciate Plato's opinion concerning the West and unhappy marriages. In my opinion, the homestead is no place to take a woman by herself, under any conditions: if there's a whole family that alters the case. It is not reasonable for any man to expect a woman to go and bury herself on a homestead maybe quite a few miles from a town and other women, and still expect to be loved and cherished, and in return they may help to bear the usual disappointments and sundry failures that seem to be every farmer's lot. In conclusion I would like to say that the only harm I see in dancing is the congested atmosphere. As a pastime I thoroughly enjoy it. I'm a smoker and card player, a total abstainer and choir member. I'm twenty-five years of age and am six feet in height. Thanking you, dear Editor, in anticipation of your valuable space and wishing the W.H.M. every success.

Cruikshank.

From a Sask. Farmer

Dilke, Sask., Jan. 1913.

Dear Editor: Having just read a column on The Hired Man question, I will say regarding myself, I have been in both the hired man's and also the boss' shoes, and I find that both are to blame. I have worked for men in the States for two or three years where other men would not stay a moment, and also would not work where others would. As for my part I could not hire to a man and then when it comes to doing the work, the woman try to do the boss stunt. For instance the man would tell you to do a certain thing, then the "Would-be Boss" tells you to go and do forty other things, and still give satisfaction to both. Now I don't say this is the case everywhere, for it is not, as I have worked for others where the lady of the house would not as much as tell you to get in some coal, water, etc., if you did not get it, though in such a place a man, that is any man at all, would do any thing he saw to be done without being told. Whereas in the other place he would not do anything he could get out of doing. Now as to hiring men, I have had one man for past two summers and expect to have him the coming year at $15 per month, while last season I paid him $40, and year before $37.50. While this is a great difference of wages, compared to the $22.50 and $25 I received in the States, I do not regret paying it to a man such as I have. On the other hand I have had men that I did not keep a month at $35, because if he were plowing in the a.m. for instance, and finished by noon, he would perhaps go to the barn and sleep, if I were not there to tell him what next to do, instead of taking the mower and mowing some weeds, or discing, or one of the other thousand and one things to be done on the farm. So I think, the best thing for a farmer to do if he wants help and plenty of good help is just to treat his man as he would like to be treated, and he will always have help and lots of help in any locality. The Sask. farmers are the ones that need help, for help is scarce here. Well, Mr. Editor, as I have pretty well unwound, I will quit the subject, hoping this does not take up so much space in your columns. I will sign myself

A Sask. Farmer.

Words of Advice

Southern Manitoba, Jan. 13, 1913

Dear Editor: I have been a silent reader of your valuable paper for over two years, and think it a very good paper. I see the correspondents are giving the marriage problem an overhauling. I think any girl foolish to

NEVER NEGLECT A HEADACHE.

Headache is not a disease in itself, but is often a source of great suffering, and its presence is likely symptomatic of some disease lurking in the system.

To get rid of the headache, and thus prevent more serious troubles, it is absolutely necessary to cleanse the system of all waste and poisonous matter, and keep the bowels well open, the clogging of the bowels being one of the principle causes of headache. Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the bowels, and makes their movement free and natural. A cure for headache; a medicine that cures where others fail.

Mrs. L. Banks, Mt. Hanley, N.S., writes:—"Several years ago I was a constant sufferer from headache. I was all run down, and nothing seemed to do me any good. I read of Burdock Blood Bitters, and decided to give it a trial. The result was marvellous, the headache stopped entirely, and I feel better in every way. I can safely recommend B.B.B."

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is the acknowledged leading remedy for all Female Complaints. Recommended by the Medical Faculty. The genuine bear the signature of WM MARTIN (registered without which none are genuine). No lady should be without them. Sold by all Chemists & Stores

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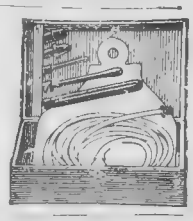

$3.50 Recipe Free For Weak Kidneys

Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches, the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath, sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this. Dr. A. E. Robinson, K2045 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

Dr. de Van's Female Pills

A reliable French regulator; never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. Refuse all cheap imitations. **Dr. de Van's** are sold at $5 a box, or three for $10. Mailed to any address. **The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.**

Sold by the Ultra Druggists, Winnipeg.

TORONTO WOMAN WELL AGAIN

Freed From Bearing Down Pains, Backache and Pain in Side by Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Toronto, Ont.—"Last October, I wrote to you for advice as I was completely run down, had bearing down sensation in the lower part of bowels, backache, and pain in the side. I also suffered terribly from gas. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's VegetableCompound and am now entirely free from pain in back and bowels and am stronger in every way. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound highly to all expectant mothers."—Mrs. E. WANDBY, 92 Logan Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

Consider Well This Advice.

No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for nearly forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Rheumatism

A Home Cure Given by One Who Had It

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered, as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. If, after you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer, when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to-day.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 306 Alhambra Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.—Pub.

CANCER

Book Free. A simple Home treatment removed lump from this lady's breast Old sores, ulcers and growths cured. Describe your trouble; we will send book and testimonials.

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leave a good home and marry a man who has nothing. If he truly loves the girl he wishes for his wife he will try and make a comfortable home to take her to. There is an old saying and I think it true "When poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window." I think hard work and many cares to the young wife make so many grow old very quick. I am fond of all kinds of sport and would like to hear from anyone wishing to write. My address is with the Editor. I will sign myself, True Blue.

All Alone

Echo, Sask., Dec. 31, 1913.

Dear Editor: I sent a letter on its tortuous journey from this out of the way place some time ago to Winnipeg enclosing a subscription for your valuable paper, and am following it up with this letter for your fair page. I belong to the most noble order of H. B.'s (not Hudson Bays) but "Homesteading Bachelors." This is New Year's eve and I am sitting in a lonely shack 80 miles from the nearest town, with a photograph on one corner of the table and a bowl of sauce (at least I intended it to be sauce) on the other—near at hand is a pan of biscuits. I have worried considerably about what to do with those biscuits, but have finally decided to take them away back in the hills and scatter them abroad that some poor hungry fellow may run across them in a couple of years when their crusts have softened, and thereby save his life. My neighbors are away to a dance about ten miles from here, but as I do not care to dance and am too homely for a wall-flower I have stayed at home and intend to have a watch-night service all by myself. I have set the alarm for twelve but am not sure whether it is the right time or not. I hope it is not fast as I hate to see old 1912 leaving us. This seems to be the best time of all the year for real serious thought. This is the time of year when everyone should halt and reason out in serious thought what his habits, his thoughts and ways of living are leading to, or there is the great danger of one blundering on through the years covering each year's clean page with black marks, and when the time comes that he does look back he sees nothing but the black smears where there should be the clean, pure page. Now is the time to throw off the petty faults and habits that will grow bigger as the years go by, and start out and try to keep manhood and womanhood as clean as possible.

If fault of mine, or pride, or fear
Has lost one soul or far or near
One bitter pang, one burning tear,
May the hurt die with the old year.

I am going to a really truly New Year's dinner tomorrow. My, I like to think about it. Would someone kindly write to a lonesome lad that has just another jump to take and he will be twenty-one. Well, I think I have stayed quite too long. The alarm begins to ring. Bashful Sandy.

A Plea for the Woman

Hamiota, Jan. 21, 1913.

Dear Editor: I have just received the last issue of your valuable paper, and on looking at the wrapper I found out my subscription runs out this month. I have been taking it for three years and I would like to thank you for the pleasure it has given me during that period. One thing has struck me in this beautiful West of ours. As we drive through the country, we see the most up-to-date machinery for working the farm, also a big beautiful barn well filled with fine cattle and horses that any man might be proud of; everything up-to-date for the comfort of man. What about the wife? Well I am sorry to say in lots of instances we find a little shack that has never had any paint, and so cramped in the inside you almost wonder how the good wife can manage with such a pokey little place. Don't you think it shows a selfish spirit in a man that has a beautiful barn well filled with cattle, horses and the most up-to-date machinery, while the poor housewife plods along as best she can with very little comfort. Speaking to a man one day I asked him how it was there were so many beautiful barns and such poor little houses for the wife and

A GOOD RIDDANCE

Winnipeg Man Finds That GIN PILLS Keep Away Lumbago

ANY man or woman who has ever suffered, winter after winter, with Lumbago, will be able to imagine how glad Mr. Jukes is to find that he need not suffer with it any more. This is how he manages:

Winnipeg, January 6th, 1912

"I have been a sufferer from Lumbago for some years past and during Christmas week had a very acute attack which confined me to the house. About the latter part of April, I met your Mr. Hill and mentioned my complaint to him. He advised me to take GIN PILLS.

"I have been taking them at intervals during the early part of the present winter, and up to date have had no return of my old trouble—in fact, I feel better than I have for years and think that my old enemy has vanished for good and all."

H. A. JUKES.

GIN PILLS have been doing just this kind of service for many years, and for many thousands who were once sufferers.

They contain the healing, medicinal properties of Gin, or rather of the Juniper Berries from which Gin derives its value for Kidney troubles. But in GIN PILLS these valuable properties are combined with other curative agents, and it is this combination which gives them their wonderful power over Lumbago, Rheumatism, Backache, Painful, Scanty or too Frequent Urination; Soreness of Hands or Feet, Swollen Joints and all the train of ills which come from sick or inactive Kidneys.

GIN PILLS are wonderful in their actions on the Kidneys and Bladder. They neutralize the Uric Acid, purify the blood, strengthen the weak Kidneys and give quick relief from the agonizing pain.

You don't have to buy GIN PILLS to try them. Simply send your name and address and the National Drug and Chemical Co. will mail you a trial package absolutely free. Then you can get further supplies from your dealer at 50c. a box or 6 for $2.50. Write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

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Best quality Hair only used.

All Goods securely and *Privately Packed* and sent Duty & Post paid direct to your Home.

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Only measurement required is circumference of Head.

Some Samples of Hair, and also remittance, either by Express or Postal order, or Registered letter.

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SWITCHES of PURE HUMAN HAIR.

16 inch	$1.10
18 "	$1.35
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22 "	$2.50
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Any length to order.

Our Extra Full Cluster of Curls mounted on Comb $3.00.

Send for New Illustrated Catalogue No 21 to BOX 3032, Dept, D. P.O. MONTREAL.

OUR NEW WAVED CHIGNON, very light in weight, most easily adapted, only $6.50.
SWATHE OF PURE LONG HAIR, to complete this effective Dressing, from $5.00.

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CAN YOU WORK THIS PUZZLE?

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AWAY

Will be given according to conditions of Contest to somebody who succeeds in arranging the letters of the above three lines so that they will spell

THE NAMES OF THREE STATES IN THE UNITED STATES

ALSO A PRIZE OF $10 FOR NEATEST SOLUTION

TRY IT AT ONCE. IT MAY BE YOU.

Write the names of the States on a postcard or a letter, giving your Name and Address plainly.

IMPERIAL WATCH CO., Prize Dept. [45], MONTREAL, CANADA

OR $50 IN GOLD

The best time to take

"Wincarnis" is whenever you feel below your usual standard of health and fitness, but for those requiring a *course* of treatment, there are certain times of the day when there is an extra need for

WINCARNIS

Many people, especially those with a poor appetite for breakfast, find it necessary to take a "pick-me-up" during the morning. A glass of "Wincarnis" at eleven o'clock will dispel faintness, brace you up, and give you renewed strength for the morning's work.

One glass of "Wincarnis" during the afternoon will banish headache or fatigue brought on through over-exertion whilst shopping, travelling, walking, or through household work. "Wincarnis" not only refreshes and revives, but gives permanent energy for the rest of the day.

If you take a glass of "Wincarnis" before retiring for the night, you will be protected from the risk of colds and chills on leaving a warm room for a cold one. You will also be assured a sound night's rest, and you will wake in the morning refreshed and invigorated.

These are particular times when thousands of people take "Wincarnis" regularly with the best possible results, but you can take "Wincarnis" at any time, in any circumstances, with safety and benefit.

"Wincarnis" can be obtained from all leading Stores, Chemists and Wine Merchants.

NURSE KNOWS

that in SEQUARINE the public are offered all the body building properties of a Meat extract; and all the vitality restoring elements of a Tonic.

Sequarine is therefore a food and medicine "*par excellence.*" Its purity is assured by the conditions under which it is prepared—*i.e* the supervision of medical men in the famous Richter Laboratories at Kreuzlingen, Switzerland.

SEQUARINE

is invaluable in a wide range of diseases as shown in the Sequarine book which is sent gratis to the public. The appreciation of the Medical Profession is recorded in L. H. GOIZET'S (M.D.) work "The Prolongation of Life"—a book issued only to Practitioners. Either can be had free on application to C. RICHTER & Co., 59-61, New Oxford Street, London, England.

Sequarine is prepared in two forms—the ampullæ (for injection by medical men) and the bottle form (for the general public).

Price of Sequarine **$1.75** per bottle (**6** or more bottles can be had cheaper). Injection Form for Doctors **$2.00** per box of 4 Ampullae from Lyman Bros. and Co. Ltd., Toronto. Sold at all High-class Stores and Druggists. **The Lyman Bros. & Co. Ltd., Toronto.** GRATIS TO DOCTORS: A copy of "The Transfusion of Life," by Dr. Goizet, of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, gratis and post free to members of the Medical Profession. GRATIS TO THE PUBLIC: "The Sequarine Book" will be sent gratis and post free on application to C. Richter & Co., Mfg. Chemists (Est. 1782), 59 and 61 New Oxford Street, London, England.

CANCER

R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment cures external or internal cancer. Write to R. D. EVANS, Brandon, Manitoba, Canada

family. He said all the money was made in the barns, not in the house, but I don't quite agree with him there because I believe if it was not for the good wife lots would not have their beautiful barns. The wife has stayed with them through thick and thin, ever ready to help and sacrifice that she might help her husband along, but I am pleased to say in this district the majority have nice homes for the wife first, and let the cattle and horses take second place. Wishing your valuable paper every success I will call myself,

Wellwisher.

"P. S.—Enclosed will find money for 3 years subscription."

Light Biscuits

Manitoba, Jan. 13, 1913.

Dear Editor: The Western Home Monthly is the most popular magazine in our home. I quite agree with Mora, I think the letters could be more helpful and interesting. A number of the correspondents object to dancing and cards. Well, I am an all round sport as I both dance and play cards and see no harm in it. There are some people who could not go out for a healthful walk without walking themselves to death. As this is my first letter I will close wishing the W.H.M. every success. Light Biscuits for the Bachelors:—

1 quart flour, 1 tablespoonful of baking powder, mix with flour. 1 tablespoonful of butter, 1 tablespoonful lard, 1 cup sweet milk (good measure) 1 egg, beat separately and mix with milk. Bake twenty minutes in quick oven.

I'll welcome all correspondents.

Sport.

Good Reasoning

Sask., Jan. 1, 1913.

Dear Editor: Your letter received and I will renew now. The paper is worth the price. I was in arrears and being an old subscriber did not think it looked just right so paid up, and at the same time wrote a line to the Correspondence column. My letter was published in the October number, and since then I have enjoyed some very encouraging correspondence. This time I am not courting personal correspondents, but just wish to drop a line of approval to the Editor. The W.H.M. is getting better. Re the tobacco habit—I have used it and quit. It's dirty, quit it, boys; you'll never be sorry, neither will your lady friends; and young men if you are inclined to take liquor, take a middle aged man's advice and drop it. Too many women and children suffer from the use (or rather the abuse of it) and then later in life you might be left alone as I am, and if you ever had an appetite for it, it's hard to fight it alone. As for dancing and card playing for amusement, do as your conscience dictates. Helen says in December number, imagine anyone getting married through correspondence, and says none of that for hers. Now Helen, if your leter in W.H.M. should appeal to me (or rather some young man) and he should write to you, you surely would be courteous enough to reply. Then that young man makes his way into your company and who knows what may happen. Why should not this introduction through the W.H.M. be just as good as that of some other friend? The question "What shall a man do for his wife" is too broad for me to express my opinion on here, but, husbands, love your wives and don't let anything hinder you from letting them know it. Wishing you all a happy New Year, I remain,

A Reader.

The Afternoon Rest in an English Mansion

A Little Late

Ont., Jan. 7, 1913.

Dear Editor: Here comes another Easterner to your group. I have been a silent reader of your valuable magazine for some time, but after reading so many interesting letters I have found it impossible to keep silent any longer. I suppose if I had not been so slow I might have stood a chance of getting the "Barefoot Boy's Pony." That was a pretty good offer and I like riding too. In fact I am fond of all kinds of sport,

NEXT TO CONSUMPTION

THERE ARE MORE DEATHS

From PNEUMONIA

Than Any Other Lung Trouble

Pneumonia is nothing more or less than what used to be called "Inflammation of the Lungs."

Consumption may be contracted from others, but as a rule pneumonia is caused by exposure to cold and wet, and if the cold is not attended to immediately serious results are liable to follow.

There is only one way to prevent pneumonia and that is to cure the cold on its first appearance.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will do this for you if you will only take it in time.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup contains all the essence and lung healing powers of the famous Norway Pine tree.

Mr. Hugh McLeod, Esterhazy, Sask., writes:—"My little boy took a very severe cold, and it developed into pneumonia. The doctor said he could not live. I got some of your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and he began to improve. Now he is a strong healthy child, and shows no sign of it ever coming back."

The price of this remedy is 25 and 50 cents per bottle. It is put up in a yellow wrapper; 3 pine trees the trade mark, and is manufactured only by The T Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Battered and bent,
Uses Fluxite
To ment the rent.

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Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. • • • 25 cents.

riding, skating, snowshoeing and dancing. I see no harm in dancing if one does not go too far. I never attend any dances except at house parties and have certainly never seen any harm in them. I have never learned card playing nor had the least desire to learn. I love music and have been taking lessons on the piano for four years. I like house work but must confess I am not much of a cook. I have never been the means of anyone dying with indigestion yet, so perhaps there is hope of me being a good cook in the future. I will be glad to correspond with anyone in the West, and will try to be an interesting correspondent if anyone cares to write. Leaving my address with the Editor I will sign myself, Blue Eyes.

Better Luck This Time

Balgonie, Sask., Jan. 9, 1913.

Dear Editor: This is my second letter to your very charming paper. I did not see the first one in print, but I hope to see this one. I have been reading the W. H. M. for some years, and like it better every time, especially the Correspondence column. I think it is a very good way to get information about different parts of the country and also make friends with different people in our glorious Canada. Now girls, don't think I'm a very old lad for I am only nineteen. I like dancing, skating and all kinds of sport. I don't play cards or use tobacco or liquor. I live on a farm not far from Regina, and I think farm life is just as good as city life. Now girls don't fail to write to a lonely country lad. You will find my address with the Editor. I will sign,

Lonely Country Lad.

A New Recruit

Sask., Jan. 4, 1913.

Dear Editor: I salute you. I am a new recruit from the States, having only recently joined the Canadian homesteaders, though an old one from the other side as I homesteaded in N. D. and then trecked across for more land and more experience. The first copy of the W.H.M. I saw I bought, then I subscribed, so I am a new reader but like the paper well. The correspondence is both interesting and instructive. The dancing and card arguments are amusing. Anyway it's lucky we can't all see things the same way or what a monotonous world this would be. For myself I play cards indifferently, go to a dance occasionally and perhaps am on the floor for one or two squares. Can see nothing wrong about either except one goes to excess and that may well happen in other ways. I am past being in the youth's class, yet I am sorry I never mastered dancing. I see where I missed and am still missing many enjoyable times. On the drinking question I can see only one safe side, and that is leaving it strictly alone. Am not a moralist understand, rather more of a rounder, but as a policy—for health, success and respectability, I say, fellows cut it out. And here's my respects to all girls who take an outspoken stand against it as Helen indicated regarding the tobacco habit. I move that every lady contributor be asked to furnish, as the price of admission, some good simple recipe designed for improving Bacherlordom Cookery.

Yankee Rambler.

Will Send Recipes

Ontario. Jan. 12. 1913.

Dear Editor: Is it worth while trying to avoid the waste paper basket? I think so. Well, we are subscribers to the W.H.M. and could not do without it—unless someone starts one better, which I think is impossible. My sister and myself have gained several excellent correspondents through this column. My home is in the centre of the oldest country in Ontario. Until the last few years this has been strictly a grain growing county; now farmers are putting in acres of fruit principally strawberries, cherries, peaches and raspberries, and it certainly is paying them. We have no fruit except apples. Now as the letters written for this column seem to be all alike, I will say nothing about my accomplishments. I am a farmer's daughter; that will be sufficient. I can look in a mirror without breaking it, and I love dancing. Anyone

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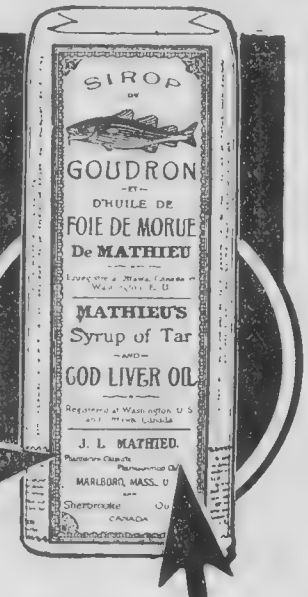

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in every possible way during the past forty years. This great herbal remedy—prepared from roots, barks and leaves—is sold and used in every quarter of the globe, and we are so confident that it will cure you that we stand ready to return your money—cheerfully and without question if it should fail. Go to your druggist today and get the genuine **Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup,** or send us one dollar and we will forward a full size bottle by return mail, postage prepaid, and if you are dissatisfied with results return the label, taken from the package, to us, and we will gladly refund the price paid.

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I will mail, **free** of any charge, **my home treatment** with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell **all** women about this cure — **you,** my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men **cannot** understand women's sufferings. What we women know **from experience,** we know better than any doctor. **I know** that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for **Leucorrhoea** or **Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement** or **Falling** of the **Womb, Profuse, Scanty** or **Painful Periods, Uterine** or **Ovarian Tumors** or **Growths,** also **pains in the head; back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar** to our sex.

I want to send you a **complete 10 days' treatment entirely free** to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that **it will cost you nothing** to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. **Just send me your name and address,** tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and **I** will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. **I** will also send you **free of cost,** my book—**"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER"** with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to **think for herself.** Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. **It cures all, old or young.** To **Mothers of Daughters, I** will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, **I** can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this **Home Treatment** really **cures** all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. **Just send me your address,** and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address

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They stop a headache promptly, yet do not contain any of the dangerous drugs common in headache tablets. Ask your Druggist about them. 25c. a box.

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wishing to know more may write to me, my address is with the Editor. I would like correspondents especially from the Canadian Northwest, or New Brunswick, or Nova Scotia. I will write on any subject within reason, of course, that they care to write about. Anyone, I mean some of those poor fellows who live on velvet flapjacks—wishing any good recipes—without a dozen eggs or something else equally as hard to get—just write to me. There, I wasn't going to tell anything about myself. Well I didn't, my mother is the best cook in this country. As it is my favorite refreshment will sign myself,

Fudge.

Needs the W. H. M.

Sask., Jan. 1913.

Dear Editor: Being a subscriber of your magazine for some time I may say that my mail would not be complete without the W.H.M. As I am interested in the Correspondence column I would like to become a member. I have travelled a good deal and can say that I have seen as many happy families among the poor as among the rich. I do not believe riches bring happiness. I see no harm in dancing if there is no whisky at the dance. Some seem to think the ladies would not have a very pleasant life with the Western young men. I believe the man who has batched for a year or so would appreciate a woman more than one who never had to do woman's work. I may say I am a Westerner and will never be hung for my beauty. I will gladly answer all correspondents who care to write. Would like to correspond with "Half past sixteen" and "Lonesome" in January number. I will add this verse, and leave my address with the Editor:

Of all the gifts that heaven bestows,
There's one above all measure,
And that's a friend 'midst all our woes
A friend is found a treasure.

Wishing the W.H.M. every success,

Semper Idem.

Temperance Talk

A Plea

WHEN nation strives with nation,
and hate's reward is hate,
And brother slaughters brother
and plunders his estate,
When moans and curses mingle, and
battlefields run red,
With blood, shed in unrighteous wrath,
and passion's whirlwinds spread,
When loving homes are loveless, and
laughing eyes shed tears,
And spite, malevolence and greed engender doubts and fears.

O potent, loving God, we pray,
Give us more light, and strike
strike—strike.
Strike out the hate, strike out the
greed,
Mould a more loving fearless breed,
And banish war's array.

We ask, O God, what matters it if Empire stands or falls?
Is it important to maintain our stanch
imperial walls?
We hear it said that love survives, while
hate's reward is death.
Can we praise Thee and curse the man
Thou madest with one breath?
Are we Fate's ministers to loose forces
that tear and rend,
By slaying children that Thou lov'st,
gain we in Thee a friend?

O loving, fearless God, we pray,
Give us more light, and strike—
strike—strike,
Upon this mortal clay.
Thy Son they strove to crucify,
Did He live on, or did He die?
Was His the better way?

The sword, the gun, the battleship, are
these the nation's might?
Or are they ghastly spectres that will
vanish with the light?
Can a race of ruthless tyrants sound a
noble people's doom,
Or do the tyrant's acts of ruth enchain
him to the tomb?
Do Satan's mandates rule the world, impelling death and strife,
Or will Thy mighty laws prevail, demanding love and life?

O loving, fearless God, we pray,
Give us more light, and strike—
strike—strike.
Upon this mortal clay.
Give us this day our daily bread,
Not shrieking shells and rains of
lead,
And banish war's array.

Speak! Speak! O Lord! Open Thy lips,
We crave Thy mighty word,
The nation proud that hopes to live by
battleship and sword.
Breaketh Thy law, must die the death,
falling shall rise no more.
Its dying shrieks we hear above the
mighty cannon's roar.
Thine empire only shall prevail, the nation that would live
Must know Thy law, obey Thy will, Thy
loving service give.

O potent, loving God, we pray,
Give us more light, and strike—
strike—strike.
Upon this mortal clay.
Strike out the hate, strike out the
greed,
Mould a more loving fearless breed,
And banish war's array.

Montreal. I.Y.B.

The Clergy and the Bar

Mr. C. H. Hale, editor of the Orillia Packet, in anticipation of about fifty local option contests coming on in Ontario, New Year's Day, writes convincingly to the Toronton 'Churchman' deploring the indifferent or postively negative attiude of the clergy towards this very practical reform. He says:—

The old prejudice as to 'individual liberty' is the chief plea of those of the clergy who are openly antagonistic; but, thank God, this ancient sophism yields much less support than in the past to the accursed traffic, which ruins so many lives and damns so many souls. I am disposed to believe that those who take neither side are not so often impelled by considerations of prudence—by the spectre of trouble with members of their congregation and the fear of consequences—as by a genuine doubt as to the effectiveness of local option as a measure of temperance reform. It is in the hope that I may be able to dispel some of these doubts that I pen this article. Having lived for four years in a town where local option is in force, I am able to speak with some decisiveness as to its working. As to the success of local option in Orillia there can be no manner of doubt. By the united testimony of those in a position to know, crime has been reduced in so marked a manner as to leave no room for question as to the cause. Public drunkenness has well nigh disappeared. The 'treating system' is to all intents and purposes a thing of the past. The moral tone of the town has been raised. The streets are more orderly, women are less exposed to insult or annoyance. The removal of the temptation of the open bar has been a blessing to many a family. The town has become a veritable city of refuge for those unfortunates who, while they have no wish to be drunkards, when liquor is about cannot 'take it or leave it alone.' Surely all these are objects that should have the sympathy of both the clergy and laity of the Church. I could give equally emphatic testimony as to the industrial and commercial benefits conferred on the community, but this is not the aspect of the subject that will appeal to those whose chief concern is spiritual. I shall mention only one significant fact—that during two years or more during which railway construction was going on in and around Orillia only one of the hundreds of men employed found his way into the police court, and his was not a case arising out of drink.

Did space permit, I could quote overwhelming testimony in support of all

This Wife *and* Mother

Wishes to tell you FREE How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her and Learn how She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 439 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. *(We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)*

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the statements contained in the previous paragraph. One or two striking facts must suffice. So far as I know, no resident of Orillia has dared to state publicly, either on the platform or in the press, that local option is a failure in this town. During the present month one of the best liquor detectives in the province spent a week in Orillia, but reported that he was unable to find any trace of the illegal sale of liquor. A representative of the Winnipeg 'Free Press,' who visited Orillia during the past summer to investigate the working of the law, wrote his paper that this town 'stands as an eloquent answer to the stock arguments of those who oppose local option either on selfish or economic grounds.' If there be any who still doubt, I would refer them for confirmation of what I have said to the rector of St. James' Church, to the Mayor, the Reeve, the president or secretary of the Board of Trade, the Police Magistrate or the Chief of Police, or, if any wish for details on any of the points touched upon, I shall be glad to furnish them.

We are told of other towns, such as Galt and Bowmanville, which have had similar satisfactory experience with local option; and what has been done in Orillia can be done in any other town or village where the Christian people will unite in passing the law, and afterwards lend their support to its enforcement and the last century witnessed the abolition of slavery. The great moral struggle of the present day is for the suppression of the liquor traffic, and there is every reason for anticipating that, with God's help, this curse, whose evil effects are many times as widespread as those of slavery, will be banished from Canada and this continent within the lifetime of this generation. No weighing of chances, no unwillingness to co-operate with other Christians, no easy-going indifference should deter the clergy and laity of the Church of England from taking their place in the battle against this arch enemy of mankind, and so rob the Church of her share in the glory of the final victory.

A Spacious Platform

This is a question above party lines. This is a question aside from the matter of a man's personal habit as to drink. This is a matter above religious differences, one on which people of all faiths and of none have already united. This question is vital in every department of civic life.

Drinkers can consistently unite in the movement because it is simply against the open saloon as an instituion.

Temperance workers and total abstainers can consistently unite because the banishment of the saloon means much less drinking.

Citizens, interested in civic welfare, can unite because No-License means a safer, a cleaner, a more moral city.

Employers can unite, for it means larger dividends for legitimate business, more trustworthy employees.

Professional men can unite, for No-License helps to realize higher ideals.

Philanthropists can unite, for it means less debauched manhood, degraded womanhood and defrauded children.

Rich men can unite, for it means safer investments.

Poor men can unite, for it means more money in the pockets of their class.

Religious men can unite, because it means less sin in the city.

Working men can unite, for it means a great help to their fellows and larger chances for success.

Republicans can unite, because it is in accord with those ideas of liberty for which Republicanism stands.

Democrats can unite, because it is in harmony with the principle which is expressed in the very word democrat—the rule of the people.

Prohibitionists can unite, for it means the sale of liquor prohibited from a larger part of the country.

Socialists can unite, because it offers the best working solution for one of the most serious social problems.

Non-partisans can unite, because the movement is itself non-partisan.

Citizens, get together. The platform is broad—Square Deal.

NATURE'S LAWS.

Nature's laws are perfect if only we obey them, but disease follows disobedience. Go straight to Nature for the cure, to the forest; there are mysteries there, some of which we can fathom for you. Take the bark of the Wild-cherry tree, with mandrake root, Oregon grape root, stone root, queen's root, bloodroot and golden seal root, make a scientific, glyceric extract of them, with just the right proportions, and you have

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It took Dr. Pierce, with the assistance of two learned chemists and pharmacists, many months of hard work experimenting to perfect this vegetable alterative and tonic extract of the greatest efficiency.

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MR. C. W. PAWLEY, of Millville, Calif., writes: "I wish to tell you that I have used your 'Golden Medical Discovery' in my family for twenty years. We have had a doctor called in but once during that time. I have a family of ten children, all well and hearty, for which, to a great extent, we owe thanks to you and your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' which we use when sick."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules.

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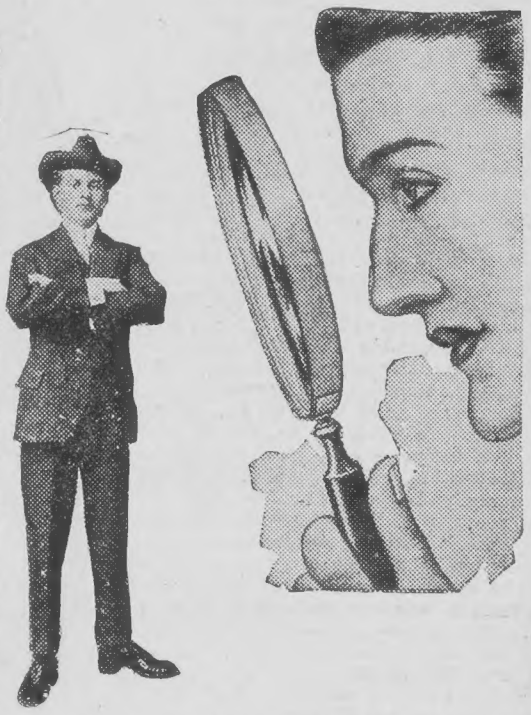
TO MY READER.

Have you heard of the wonderful new drugless method for the self-restoration of lost strength. Use the free coupon and get full and explicit information, sealed in plain envelope, by return mail. Over 12,000 men wrote to me privately for this free information during February. Everything you need to know about this new self-restoration method is contained in my little pocket-size 86-page illustrated book, which the free coupon below entitles you to. This compendium, or treatise of over twenty thousand words covers its subjects thoroughly and contains complete private information of a special nature, which should be of vast interest and value to any man from the years of youth on through early manhood, married life, and to a ripe, healthy old age. This wonderful little book with its words of wisdom is ready for you.

Please write or call today.
SANDEN, Author.



Do you know my friend that a fine, strong, clear-eyed, strong-nerved man is the most powerful influence in the world? His faculties are all normal and evenly balanced; he loves life for itself; he conquers obstacles that the weakling would tremble at; he casts good cheer about him; he fascinates all men and all women who come within the sphere of his manly influence. Do you know that the true power of the so-called "Hypnotic Influence" is really nothing more than the strong personal magnetism of the man who exerts it? Therefore, if I restore your lost strength, reader, I give you the power of the giant. It makes no difference to me what caused your ailing condition, or how unstrung or debilitated you may be, whether young or elderly, short or tall if I can show you a sure and never failing way by which you yourself can restore yourself to complete strength (without drugs) then I can make you as well, vigorous and capable, as buoyant of spirit, as fascinating in manner as the biggest fullest-blooded fellow of your acquaintance.

I will here merely say that my method is a system of vitalization by means of an appliance of my own invention and which, under my patent rights, I call a HEALTH BELT. You place this HEALTH BELT around your waist upon going to bed and wear it nights until you are thoroughly restored to strength and health. The sensation it produces is a most pleasant one; merely a warm, soft gentle flow of a force which I call vitality. This new method often takes the the pain or weakness out of your back in a few hours' time, while you commence to feel better at once. Sixty to 90 days is sufficient to build up your nerves and body, so that you will probably look better, feel better than you have ever looked or felt before. Your friends will soon commence to secretly marvel at the change in your appearance, while you will unconsciously answer "Never felt better in my life," to their greetings.

As your system absorbs the new strength, rheumatism, kidney, liver and stomach troubles disappear.

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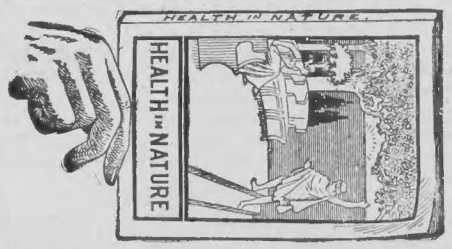
My 86-page illustrated book for men aside from its general advice, fully explains the new drugless method for restoring strength which is referred to above. Write for free copy today. Please use coupon below. There are several chapters of this book which ANY MAN, young or old, single or married, should read and can profit by to the end of his life. Write for it today. Tomorrow you may forget.



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The Lighthouse Lamp

When at night I draw the curtains,
and look out upon the sea,
I watch the yellow lighthouse lamp
flash out, 'One, two and three;'
Calling, 'Here are reefs to wreck you!'
and 'Good sailorman, take care!
An island here with rocky shores, beware, sea-folk, beware!
'Tis I, the lonely lighthouse lamp, that calls you on the deep.
I glow when fog is thick and cold,
when daylight is asleep.
Watch close! Ride sure! Take heart again! Keep safely out to sea!
I send my warning out to you, my friendly warning out to you,
I flash, "One, two and three."'

When morning comes to wake me, and
I look across the bay,
The lighthouse lamp is fast asleep, all in the light of day.
The tall, white tower is holding it. It keeps it safely high.
The gray gulls circle round it, and
'We bring you dreams!' they cry.
'Dreams of the high, white stars at night, dreams of the rocking sea,
Dreams of the ships that listen when you call, "One, two and three!"
And more than all of these again, are dreams to fill your sleep,
Of all the homes of sailormen, the waiting homes of sailormen,
Whose happiness you keep.'
—Miriam Clark Potter, in the 'Youth's Companion.'

The Cost to Canada

The amount actually paid for drink by consumers, has been shown on a conservative basis to be at least $81,392,969. This is total loss. It may be said that it is spent for articles of consumption, just as in the case of other beverages. There is this difference,—that in this case the purchased commodities immediately disappear, without giving any benefit to the consumers. Science and experience have demonstrated the invariable uselessness, and the very frequent injury, of drinking practices. The money is paid for a product of investment and labor which product is immediately totally destroyed, just as if a house or crop were burned, or destroyed by an earthquake. The community is poorer by the value of the property that has disappeared, that is, what is received for the money unwisely paid for it.

The loss to the country through the idleness of men who are kept from work through their own drinking or the drinking of others, has been shown to be at least $66,017,429.

Not fewer than 5,445 citizens have their lives cut short every year because of intemperance. Nearly all of these, if they had lived, would have been a part of the work-producing power of the country. It has been shown that a worker is worth at least $500 to the community, and if the average shortening of the lives of the four thousand be taken at ten years each, our country is impoverished every year through drink-caused deaths to the amount of $27,225,000.

These amounts have to be added as total loss to the amount paid for drink. Had the idleness and death not taken place, all the wealth production set out would have been added to the country's wealth production, and the country as a whole and some individual citizens are poorer to the extent set out.

It has been shown that the destruction in the manufacture of liquor of grain that might have been exported or otherwise used for the enrichment of the country, involves a national loss of $4,000,000.

This, however, is a loss of a different character. It is paid for out of the money spent for strong drink, and therefore cannot be added to the aggregate national impoverishment twice. The same is true of the item representing misdirected labor, which also has been paid for by the liquor purchasers.

It is true in a sense that both the grain and the labor, if not employed in liquor-making, would have been represented by some surplus form of products which would have been available for export, and resulted in the bringing into this country of other wealth in exchange or money to represent it; but this more desirable exchange would not have altered the position of the producers, who are already paid for their product by the purchasers of the liquor. We cannot add these items unto our total bill of loss.

It is altogether different with the next item in our calculations. As a result of the drinking of the liquor for which the purchasers paid, the taxpayers were called upon to pay over large amounts for police courts, jails, and the like. It has been shown that this expenditure amounts to at least $7,087,285.

This is only a part of the expenditure for this purpose. It is the part contributed in taxes. Outside of this, individual citizens are continually paying large sums voluntarily towards hospitals, homes, and other institutions, which they would not have to pay, were it not for the liquor traffic. The amount herein set out is only the amount which the people are compelled to contribute.

Mother's Darling

It is clear, then, that really the only salvage from the money paid by the liquor purchasers is the amount which is taken out as revenue by the government authorities, and which they would have to collect from the people in some other way, if they had not collected it from them as part of the price of the liquor.

Putting the various foregoing expenditures in the form of a table, and setting out against it the total revenue which the liquor traffic contributes in every way to meet this vast expenditure, we obtain the following results:

Cost of the Liquor Traffic

Paid for liquor	$81,392,969
Labor lost	66,017,429
Loss by deaths	27,225,000
Cost of intemperance	7,087,285
	$181,722,683

Receipts from the Liquor Traffic

Aggregate of Dominion Provincial and Municipal Revenues	$19,342,924
NET LOSS	162,379,759
	$181,722,683

Readers who have carefully studied the foregoing calculations will admit their moderation. The charges against the liquor traffic have been as small as could be justified by any fair argument, and in the amount counted as paid by consumers no allowance has been made for the great extent to which liquors have been diluted by vendors, and sold below their full strength. The expense to which the country is put by the liquor traffic is very much greater on the whole than what is represented by the public outlay and loss which the foregoing table sets out. It is well within the mark to say that the liquor habit costs our country much more than $180,000,000 per year.—The Pioneer.

In the Making

A member of the British Parliament is reported to have said that in the mass of legislation for consideration he had learned to apply in most cases the test of this question: "What will it do for the children?"

The action of Congress in establishing a Bureau for Child Welfare, of which Miss Julia Lathrop, of Hull House, Chicago, has been appointed the first chief, has finally given official national recognition to the value of child life, its importance to the nation, its silent appeal for well-being registered in the pathos and helplessness of the thousands who are the victims of domestic and social conditions involving health, efficiency and morality. In the growth of the higher estimate of human life which has gradually manifested itself during the past century, and which underlies our peace and other humanitarian movements, the child has come to hold a place of increasing importance in all work for physical, mental and moral development, not only for his own sake, but because of his potentialities as a citizen and as a bearer of the life of the race.

Thus about the child to-day is waging the battle of forces contending for good and for evil. If, on the one hand, numberless agencies such as the world has never before seen, are at work to build up a sturdy manhood and womanhood, on the other hand are forces organized or inherent in the conditions of the times openly assailing the weakness of youth or subtly undermining its slender defences.

The alcohol problem, like that of social purity, is pre-eminently a problem of youth. Limited investigations have confirmed the general impression that the alcohol-using habit is begun, in the majority of cases, before the age of twenty-one. If youth can be pre-empted for sobriety, the battle will be largely won.

All studies of heredity have shown the frequent coincidence of physical or mental weakness in children of alcoholic parentage. The last report of Craig Colony for Epileptics (1911) shows that of 272 new patients admitted 19 per cent. had at least one drinking parent. The same percentage of alcoholic parentage appears in the autopsy records of 320 epileptic parents.

The parent's drinking habit may not only start the child in life with a physical handicap, but it may contribute to infant mortality through lack of proper nourishment or care; it may create an environment unfavorable to the best physical and moral development. The Chicago Juvenile Protective Association in the first six months of 1910 dealt with 1,379 cases of adult delinquency which had drunkenness as their prime causal factor. The Committee of Fifty concluded that about 45 per cent of the destitution and neglect of children was due to drink. Divorce statistics show that in nineteen years ending 1906 there were in the United States 184,000 homes broken by divorce in which drink was one cause of the divorce. Intemperance was present in about one divorce case in every five.

The report of the Chicago Vice Commission points out the heartrending part which the use and sale of alcoholic drinks play in the social corruption of youth.

If there were no other reason for combatting the alcohol evil than the spoliation of youth with all that it portends to national and human welfare, this would be reason enough. Any custom must stand or fall by the test —does it tend to improve the health, vigor, efficiency and morality of the race? Brought to this test, alcohol has no place in twentieth century social customs or economics. And just here is the ultimate reason for all efforts for the overthrow of the alcohol habit and traffic. — The Scientific Temperance Journal.

A Useful Gauge.—At a meeting of a certain parish council in a southern district a discussion took place upon the proposed cutting down of some small trees. Opinions so greatly differed as to the size of the timber that, whilst some of the speakers contended that it consisted merely of brushwood, or saplings at the most, there were others who asserted that even full-grown trees were standing on the spot in question. At length one member, of particularly portly build said—"I'd like to ask the surveyer what is the average diameter of the bushes, saplings, or trees in question?" "I should say," was the reply, "that it would not in any case be more than eight inches." "Just as I thought!" urged the querying member. "There isn't one of them as thick as my head!"

Wretched from Asthma.—Strength of body and vigor of mind are inevitably impaired by the visitations of asthma. Who can live under the cloud of recurring attacks and keep body and mind at their full efficiency? Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy dissipates the cloud by removing the cause. It does relieve. It does restore the sufferer to normal bodily trim and mental happiness.

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